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MINSTRELSY OF MAINE

Folk-Songs and Ballads of the Woods and the Coast

COLLECTED BY
FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM
AND
MARY WINSLOW SMYTH

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN

WITH HAPPY MEMORIES OF A GREAT TEACHER

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PREFACE

THE editors of this volume fully realized that collecting these songs was a man's job. We knew very well that we could not go into lumber camps and the forecastles of coasting schooners, nor frequent mill boarding-houses and wharves and employment offices and even jails, where the unprinted, and too often unprintable, songs of the kind we must seek originate and flourish. Had a man competent to perform the task expressed an intention of preserving these songs, we should not have undertaken the work. But no man appeared steeped in balladry and versed in folk-music, understanding the hearts of the people and wise to interpret what he found in them. The old songs were fast vanishing. With them would be lost all they represented of the mental horizon of the pioneer, the cultus of the logger and river-driver, the hunter and trapper, the sailor and hand-line fisherman. The next generation, which can know nothing of these men except through the printed page, might have the traditions of their physical performance, but it must lack any authentic record of what they thought and felt and talked about.

So we volunteered for a service for which we professed no special fitness, and soon we found that it was far from being a forlorn hope. Every one was willing to help us; and many, both men and women, sometimes old friends but oftener entire strangers, gave freely and often lavishly of their time and energy, rendering a service for which thanks are an inadequate return.

The songs thus gathered were so diverse in character and so far exceeded the limits of a single volume that we were constrained to make a selection, and we chose for this book those which show the Maine man, particularly

in his rôle of the pioneer, as working to make something of æsthetic interest to himself. Our thesis is the modern ballad of Maine as the pioneer's creative expression. It deals with the materials he worked with, the artistic results attained, the effects of traditional transmission within known periods of time and the facts connected with the dispersion of modern ballads. The term 'ballad' has purposely been left undefined; no hard-and-fast line has been established in the selection of material; Maine songs have not been segregated from those of New Brunswick, and the theme has not been developed logically. Seeing that this book ought to be largely raw material for others to use, we felt that we must not trim it too closely to the pattern of theories of our own. We have not undertaken to prove anything beyond the facts underlying the songs; we have not spoiled our good cloth by cutting into it; yet a theory has guided the presentation of the subject and has been recognized as interesting.

In limiting our selection to the coast and woods songs we have had to leave untouched many groups of songs; such as: all our local historical, early American, Revolutionary, naval and Civil War songs; songs of disasters, prize-fights, criminals, and murders; Forty-Niner songs, of which we have found a dozen; temperance, Masonic, and prison songs; dance and game songs; and, most important of all and largest in number, all our English and Irish traditional songs. Of the titles listed by Professor Child in his great collection of English and Scottish Ballads, we have found in Maine — in good texts, partial texts, fragments and traces — the large number of forty-nine songs that can be identified. Not one of these appears in the present book. The friends who have been at much pains to secure these texts for us will be disappointed not to see them, but may be assured they are carefully treasured for future use.

Yet even as a collection of woods and coast songs, this volume does not include all we have found, even in the

limited territory covered, a strip through the center of Maine, extending from northwest to southeast, comprising little more than Piscataquis, Penobscot, and Hancock Counties. The only section thoroughly worked over is what is called 'the back side of Mount Desert.' Here, at Great and Little Cranberry, Baker, and Gott Islands, Bernard, Manset, Southwest Harbor, Somesville, and Northeast Harbor, Miss Smyth has done intensive work. The songs of the woods are largely of Mrs. Eckstorm's collection.

One of the difficulties in making this book has been to prepare one popular enough for the general reader, yet precise enough for the student of folk-song. Combination tools are seldom satisfactory to the expert craftsman. He who reads for entertainment only will wonder at our presenting fragmentary texts, or two texts varying but little, when with trifling editorial ingenuity they might have been combined into one better than either; while the specialist may complain at so few texts being given when we had more. Yet it is for the student's sake that we have printed every song as we received it, have given its source, have stated whether it came from singing, recitation, a written copy or a printed one, the name of the one who gave it and the date when it was given us. If, in rare cases, a word has been supplied, it stands in brackets. The expert may depend upon the temper and the edge of the blade presented him, even if the haft of it is carved to suit the general reader.

On the other hand, it was due contributors, and often was promised them, that the verses they sent in should be rectified when necessary, the spelling revised, and wholly unintentional errors corrected. We therefore have printed their songs as we should have taken them down from their own recitation. We have used our common sense in making readable versions, though never, save in the most obvious instances, trying to make sense out of nonsense, good grammar out of poor, correct proper names out of traditional corruptions.

Our acknowledgments for the many favors received are expressed individually with each song. Among those who could not be thanked in this way are Mr. William Otis Sawtelle, the originator and custodian of the unique 'Islesford Collection, Inc.,' who has placed his historical treasures at our disposal; the Reverend A. G. Hempstead, editor of the social service paper of the Great Northern Paper Company, who has given permission to use anything we wanted from the files of 'The Northern'; Professor Merritt L. Fernald, of the Gray Herbarium, Harvard University, for notes on the occurrence in Maine of *Elymus arenarius*, the strand wheat; Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, New Brunswick, for many favors during many years; Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, of McElhattan, Pennsylvania, and the Harvard University Press, for permission to reprint copyrighted matter.

Among periodicals, favors are acknowledged from the 'Canadian Lumberman,' Toronto; the 'American Lumberman,' Chicago; the 'Lewiston Journal,' the 'Bangor Daily Commercial,' the 'Bangor Daily News,' and 'The Northern.' The Vickery and Hill publications, of Augusta, have shown special kindness.

Among libraries, courtesies have been received from the University of Maine Library, the Bangor Public Library, the Maine State Library, the Maine Historical Library, the Portland Public Library, the Boston Athenæum, the Providence Public Library, and in particular from the John Carter Brown Library of Providence, the John Hay Library of Brown University, and the Yale University Library, whose staffs have given much appreciated assistance and whose rich stores of material have been used freely by us, sometimes during a period of years.

FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM
BREWER, MAINE

MARY WINSLOW SMYTH
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

September 8, 1927

LIST OF BOOKS ON AMERICAN FOLK-SONG

THE following are the principal books on American folk-song. Many of them are referred to in this volume by author only.

CAMPBELL AND SHARP: OLIVE DAME CAMPBELL and CECIL J. SHARP, 'English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians.' Putnam, New York, 1917. Contains airs.

CHILD: FRANCIS JAMES CHILD, 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads.' One volume edition edited by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1904. Not American, but necessary for a foundation knowledge of balladry.

COLCORD: JOANNA C. COLCORD, 'Roll and Go, Songs of American Sailormen.' With Introduction by Lincoln Colcord. Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1924. Airs.

COX: JOHN HARRINGTON COX, 'Folk-Songs of the South, Collected under the Auspices of the West Virginia Folk-Lore Society.' Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1925. Some airs.

DEAN: MICHAEL C. DEAN, 'The Flying Cloud and 150 Other Old Poems and Ballads. A Collection of Old Irish Songs, Songs of the Sea and Great Lakes, the Big Pine Woods, the Prize Ring and Others. Compiled by M. C. Dean.' The Quickprint, Virginia, Minn., 1922. Paper.

FORD: WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD, 'Broadsides, Ballads &c. Printed in Massachusetts, 1639–1800.' Maine was then a part of Massachusetts. Vol. 75, Publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1922. A check-list of all prose and poetical broadsides found in twenty-five of the best libraries.

GRAY: ROLAND PALMER GRAY, 'Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks, with Other Songs from Maine.' Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1924.

JOURNAL of the American Folk-Lore Society. The Journal contains many folk-songs, very frequently with the airs.

LOMAX: JOHN A. LOMAX, 'Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads.' Sturgis and Walter, New York, 1910; 2d ed., 1922. Some airs.

MACKENZIE: W. ROY MACKENZIE, 'The Quest of the Ballad.' Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1919.

McGILL: JOSEPHINE McGILL, 'Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains.' Boosey, New York, 1917.

POUND: LOUISE POUND, 'American Ballads and Songs.' Scribners, New York, 1922.

RICKABY: Franz Rickaby, 'Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy,' Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1926. Airs.

SANDBURG: Carl Sandburg, 'The American Songbag.' Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1927.

SHOEMAKER: Henry W. Shoemaker, 'North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy, as Sung in the Backwoods Settlements, Hunting Cabins and Lumber Camps of the "Black Forest" of Pennsylvania, 1840–1923.' Altoona Pa., Times Tribune Co. First ed., 1919; sec. ed., 1923. Paper.

STURGIS and HUGHES: Edith B. Sturgis and Robert Hughes, 'Songs from the Hills of Vermont.' G. Schirmer, New York, 1919. Paper. Airs.

WYMAN and BROCKWAY: Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, 'Lonesome Tunes, Folk-Songs from the Kentucky Mountains.' The H. W. Gray Company, New York, 1916. Airs.

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MINSTRELSY OF MAINE

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN POET

THE Maine pioneer overcame the hard conditions of his daily life through his ability to do things himself. He had to be farmer, carpenter, blacksmith, mason, hunter, trapper, lumberman; upon occasion he was doctor and surgeon; and he was also his own poet. The idea that a select few are ordained to write poetry for others to read would not have been well received by the pioneer; any one ought to be able to do that himself — and he proceeded to do it. All he asked was a good tune, a little time to think, and an idea which for its best expression did not require profane swearing. Give him time and he could produce the verses. Or he might make them without the time allowance; for impromptu rhymes were common as dandelions. They also seeded themselves in memory in much the same way. One day the writer's father, walking along the river-front in Bangor, saw across the street from a hay-merchant's warehouse a local character known as 'Pres' Jones, who used to speak explosively and to jump involuntarily, and he overheard these words:

> Gilman *Cram* — so they *say* —
> Has *got* a place — to put his *hay*.
> Gilman *Cram* — *if* he has —
> Ain't worth a *damn*.

Produced without reflection, caught on the wing, the rhyme has lived a full half-century.

Nearly twice as long is the life of another impromptu jingle, to the tune of 'Dandy Jim of Caroline':

Jumping up, O Dudley O,
Found a fo'pence ha'penny O;
Turned about and spent it out,
Jumping up, O Dudley O.

We might go farther back by many years to the days of Captain James Budge, famous for his doggerel, who is still remembered by his

Down by the shore
There is a store,
Occupied by a Fed.
Prouty the lame
Lives in the same,
And Reynolds overhead.

Or, still back of this to Heber Eldredge, who in 1800 expressed himself upon an unedifying ministerial matter:

A minister, a drunken cur,
As ever yet was seen,
Came from the west and built his nest
Down by Condeskeag stream.

Till twenty-four, or something more,
He served his master Dagon,
Then from Methodist to Calvinist
He altered his persuasion.

It is not remarkable that men make up jingles; but it is that others remember them and pass them along. Why should Mother Goose be so much better known than Shakespeare? All the wigs in the Puritan pulpits could not have exorcised her from Boston; no dread of excommunication could have forced those early grandames to forget 'Hickory, dickory, dock,' and other rhymes dear to babes. A singable bit of nonsense always stands a good chance of reaching a green old age, though a very good poem may perish by the way.

Reverting to the little patch of ground which we love

best to scratch in for buried wheat, there was here (and if here, then elsewhere in Maine) an unlimited amount of local rhyming. Every one had the knack of it. It was facetious, ironic, satiric, epigrammatic, in season and sometimes out of season. Upon one occasion an itinerant preacher, who preached entirely in rhyme, nearly set his whole congregation jigging to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle' as he announced the death of a respected mother in Israel in these verses:

The Lord God he took his rod
  And shook it over Goshen;
And poor Mis' Lowe was called to go,
  And death it was her po'tion.

Rhymed advertisements were common, and one firm, which specialized in them, has left a long series of metrical duns; all they advertised was unpaid bills:

Davis and Weed are friends indeed,
  To those who pay in season;
But those who pay at Judgment Day
  Are asked to give the reason.

A century ago, or more, in Hampden, some officious person posted a notice above an old sleigh belonging to one Isaac Dunning, asking him to remove it 'by request of Briggs and Brothers and ten others.' A rhyme in a notice like that was only a mark to shoot at; before the next day, beside the original notice was posted a conspicuous reply to it:

The said I. Dunning has grown so cunning
  He minds his own affairs;
And Briggs and Brothers and those ten others
  Had better mind theirs.

Even to-day one who watches the newspapers finds the old spirit still alive, and opinions of all sorts, couched in rhyme, are printed from day to day, not so much for the poetry as to relieve some one's mind. It is a whimsi-

cal, somewhat detached attitude, holding life up and studying it, as a raccoon, lightly trapped, holds up and studies the trap on his fingers.

> Who would not live in blooming Aroostook,
> Where the grass is green and the wild flowers grow,
> Unmindful of cold and the dull, stormy weather,
> And nine long months are under the snow,

ironically sings one newspaper poet, while a lady unburdens her mind in six stanzas upon the question of a railroad coming to a back-country town:

> Some claim if the railroad ever comes
> It will be way off to the west;
> We shan't worry about those yarns,
> As Frederick Danforth knows best;
> We are the most unselfish folks
> That live in all creation,
> But we'd rather have no road at all
> Than for Springfield to get the station.

Only yesterday (for a Bangor paper of January 7th printed the lines), a boy of fifteen, after walking twenty-eight miles from the school he was attending in Lee to his home in Topsfield that he might spend Christmas at home, arrived to find his father sick with the measles and himself subject to quarantine. Would the ordinary boy of fifteen have worked off his disappointment in rhyme? But this one did, and some one else sent them, with his name, to the newspaper, under the title of 'A Measley Shame':

> When I was coming home from Lee,
> I was as scared as I could be.
> I'd walk a way and run a way
> And that's the way I put in the day.
> When I reached Mr. Bogg's camp
> I was all played out from my long tramp.
> I hadn't had a bite to eat,
> Nor a place to stop and rest my feet.

But when I got rested and something to eat,
My strength came back to me complete.
When I told them I had walked from Lee,
They said I was smart as I could be.
And now I guess I'm home to stay,
By the looks of Papa's face to-day,
But I think it is a measley shame
That I can't go back to school again.

There was a time when almost every one in Maine could make verses of some sort. The gentleman was expected to be able to turn a neat line in tribute to a lady; the lady, to thank him for gifts and favors in elegant, though often rather feeble, quatrains. Acrostics, society verses, rhymed epistles, epigrams, and clever skits were produced in such quantity that the wilderness of the old District of Maine blossomed with the flowers of poesy.

And if the gentleman kept his quill well cut, the laborer was busy also 'making up his rhymes in his head.' One of the greatest producers of poetry is the man who can hardly read and write. He delights in turning over in his mind some collocation of pleasant sounds, which represent an emotion. It may never become vocal, but the rhythm helps him to swing his pick or his axe and keeps his mind free from worries. No one would call these lines on the Oldtown fire a great poem, and it well may be that, like all the rest of 'The Bucksport Hen' (which cackled once in 1894), it was the work of the versatile Richard Golden, advertising 'Old Jed Prouty'; yet instead of inventing them it would have been much easier to use one of the many local broadsides for which we have often paid our good money, receiving very similar effusions.

'Twas the night of the Oldtown fire
  That the firemen worked so hard,
The fire did begin at twelve o'clock at night,
  'Twas the hardest fire we ever saw —

The night of the Oldtown fire,
At twelve o'clock at night.

Jim Greenlaw climbed the ladder
To put the fire out,
His hands got cold and he lost his grip,
And fell down to the ground.
The hose was busted and the fire went out —
On the night of the Oldtown fire,
At twelve o'clock at night.

Oh, friends, you will never know
What a terrible fire it was —
The night of the Oldtown fire!
Bill Kenyon's tanyard is a ruin now
Since the night of the Oldtown fire.
No more the boys will go to work
At twelve o'clock at night without thinking of
The night of the Oldtown fire
At twelve o'clock at night.

This seems poor stuff to us, but the man who makes it swings his pick more easily for having the monotonous rhythm of the words in his head. It enables him to work to music, unheard by others, and is grateful and comforting to his mind. To him it is stimulating mental exercise.

'Making up songs' is a sport among those who work at hard manual labor. A millman described the process: 'Ust to have a lot of fun with that feller; ust to make up songs together. He'd make up a verse and come and sing it in my ear' — for the saws were shrieking — 'and then I'd make up a verse and go sing it in his ear; so we'd keep it up.' Concerning the nature of these songs, he admitted that they were like the Virginian's song of seventy-nine verses, 'seventy-eight of which were quite unprintable.' But they added zest to a day of toil.

A woman says that she and her husband make up poetry for their own amusement. 'We sit down at the

table, he on one side and I on the other side, and we write. And then I read him what I have written and he reads me what he has written.' There is here no sidelong glance at glory, no chance of disappointed ambition, no pride in being a poet; with these two verse is as wholesome a mental exercise as cube root or complex fractions. Many years ago another woman told the writer that her husband was writing an epic on the Creation. He was a manual laborer. They lived humbly. But they entertained great thoughts instead of great people and were happy in it. Another, a man, likewise employed in daily labor, confided his desire 'to write a book after the style of Plato's Dialogues.' It seemed a style worthy of imitation; and if it pleased him so to exercise his mind, why should one suggest that he go to the 'pictures' instead?

In Maine the creative desire stirs all classes. It is probably everywhere the same when one looks beneath the surface; but here there is a well-defined impulse to create. Those who confide in you confess that either they write poetry or they are planning to write their lives. (Far be it from us to betray a trust by saying more to any one.) Now there is nothing more interesting to any one than the story of his own life. It is a subject he knows something about. Usually it is dramatic — to the actor. It nearly always has a hero or a heroine of outstanding qualities. And it is a long chance that, if properly written up, it would make a wonderful movie. More than once the writer has been asked to coöperate by doing all the hard work while the party of the second half stood by to furnish the facts, and once she was permitted to see a manuscript which the author, who had dictated it to another, wished to have typewritten and copyrighted. It was a true story, he said, of his own life as a sailor; it was all so, strictly true. But the facts of natural history are inelastic; and when, having been shipwrecked in the Straits of Magellan, he was fed by flying fishes which dropped on the wreck and

had a desperate encounter with a sword fish (found only north of the Equator), even his affidavit to the facts would have lacked something of being reassuring. So far as read — for we stopped with this adventure — the prominent feature of the tale was the way in which his captains looked to him, a foremast hand, for advice and help in times of danger, and later called him aft to address him as 'a noble hero.' We would not stress a few errors in natural history nor carp at a healthy egotism; for it is interesting to find that an unlettered man, most of whose life had been spent in the forecastle of a coasting schooner, was enough of the artist to realize that his own life was as dramatic as the pictures he saw (books being closed to him), and was enough in earnest to surmount great difficulties in making an extended and very entertaining account of it — with a strict eye to its value as a movie. 'Oh, boy! but what a picture that would make!' he said over and over again in discussing his literary adventure.

It may be true that no man is a hero to his valet, but no one is too small to seem a hero to himself, and very often he is consciously the artist. There was an old Irish riverman who once, in telling of an exploit of himself and another river-driver, grew more and more excited and oratorical as he went on, until he leaped to his feet and harangued with many gestures, in a loud voice, as no doubt he had often done before to his audiences of the camp and the saloon, and ended with a flourish which was evidently a part of the regular performance: 'And so I done like a noble hero, me an' "Boney" Davis.' It was effective declamation. It was art. It was calculated to bring the rounds of applause which the conscious artist knows are a part of his effect. The man could neither read nor write, but he was the author of a well-told tale.

In entering upon their creative enterprises some laboriously pile one grain of fact upon another; others do their literary work in a breezy, care-free way. Many years

ago, when the writer was driving one day with her father, they met and were passed by a lean man in a rattling wagon, who pulled up with noise and a flourish, his long, red beard blowing behind him. 'Hold on, Mr. Hardy,' he cried; 'I want to ask you a question. I am writing a book about the Holy Land and I want to know whether the Jordan flows into the Dead Sea or the Dead Sea into the Jordan.' Possessed of the desired information, he probably continued to expound the 'time and times and the dividing of time' of Daniel and the mysteries of the prophet Ezekiel.

The name of Ezekiel brings to mind the delightful story told by Dr. Crothers in 'The Pardoner's Wallet' of the old Maine man who had mastered the 'wheel within a wheel' by making one. He is typical of our people.

> Once upon the coast of Maine [writes Dr. Crothers], I came upon a huge wooden cylinder. Within it was a smaller one, and in the centre seated upon a swinging platform, was the owner of the curious contrivance. He was a mild-eyed, pleasant-spoken man, whom it was a pleasure to meet. He explained that this was 'The Amphibious Vehicle' and that it would move equally well on land or sea.
>
> 'You know,' said he, 'what the prophet Ezekiel said about the "wheel in the middle of a wheel"?'
>
> 'Yes,' I answered.
>
> 'Well, this is it.'
>
> There was something convincing in this matter-of-fact statement. 'The wheel within a wheel' had been to me little more than a figure of speech, but here it was made out of good pine lumber, with a plank in the middle for the living creature to sit on. It was as if I had fallen through a trap door into another age. Here was a literal-minded contemporary of Ezekiel, who, having heard of the wheel within a wheel, had proceeded to make one. I ascended onto the precarious seat, and we conversed upon the spiritual and temporal possibilities of the vehicle. I found that on the scriptural argument he was

> clearly ahead of me, being able to quote chapter and verse with precision, while my references were rather vague. In the field of mechanics he was also my superior. I could not have made the vehicle, having not yet emerged beyond the stone age. As we talked I forgot that we were at the mouth of the Penobscot. We were on the 'river of Chebar,' and there was no knowing what might happen.

We used to know another, or perhaps it was the same man, who expounded the last chapter of Ecclesiastes in a way to delight one. What matter if his notions of 'the silver cord' and 'the golden bowl' were too original to be correct? He was thinking for himself; and exercise, even on a wrong road, is still exercise, provided nothing else is sought beyond muscular or mental conditioning.

The spontaneous making of verses by people who have no intention of printing them is evidence enough of vigorous mental activity. And the enormous quantity of such verse found in Maine — irrespective of its quality; for each produces after his own kind — stands for a definite creative impulse among the people. The world sees Edward Arlington Robinson and Edna St. Vincent Millay, both Maine born; but countless unknown versifiers made rich the soil these grew in. For poets do not grow from sand and barrenness.

In determining national traits, said Dr. Bliss Perry:

> The historians of American literature must ultimately reckon with all these sources of mental and emotional quickening which have yielded to our pioneer people a substitute for purely literary pleasures. . . . A history of our literature must be flexible enough, as I have said elsewhere, to include 'the social and economic and geographical background of American life; the zest of the explorer, the humor of the pioneer; the passion of old political battles; the yearning after spiritual truth and social readjustment; the baffled quest of beauty. . . . It must picture the daily existence of our citizens from the

> beginning; their working ideas, their phrases and shibboleths and all their idols of the forum and the cave. It should portray the misspelled ideals of a profoundly idealistic people who have been usually immersed in material things.'

'A profoundly idealistic people' — no truer word to describe these people of Maine; but not a visionary people. When they have an idea they at once start to put it into objective shape, to make it work, even if it be only the idea of 'a wheel within a wheel.' They are practical, even in their ideals. If they had the vision of the statesman, they wrought like Fessenden and the famous five Washburn brothers, of whom, at the same time, four were governors of four States, while the fifth was in Congress; if they had the vision of the inventor, they might, like the barefoot Maxim brothers, yet stand before kings; if they had the vision of the soldier, it was a Chamberlain who turned the tide of the Civil War at Gettysburg, or a Rogers, who as quartermaster-general of the American forces in the World War, was the brains behind the guns; if they had the vision of the poet — have we not Longfellow and Robinson to point to? In whatever fields they have labored, the men of Maine have lacked neither the vision nor the will to follow it.

The verses here gathered tell the same story of the endeavor of plain people to make a working model of the idea in their brains. Even when the lines are not worth saving as poetry, they are well worth collecting as authenticated documents of the kind which Dr. Bliss Perry was commending as a part of the history of literature because they embody the history of a nation's intellectual life.

I

SONGS OF THE WOODS

Even now when the snow is going,
And logs are hauled no more to the shore,
  And axes no longer are talking,
  Their shades wander down over State Street
  And into the city of Bangor
With the sturdy old stepping of yore.

Like beeves, free of yoke and loosened,
Together keep they still down the hill,
  Along by the Bridge of Kenduskeag,
  To Elder's, the Alleyway Cellar,
  And eat of the meal they had promised
Far away in the fields of the South.

TIMOTHY OTIS PAINE
'The Woodlanders, A Lament over Them'

225098

THE OLDEST WOODS SONGS

In the group which follows are the oldest songs known to have been made and sung in the Maine woods. They cover about fifty years, approximately from 1825 to 1875, and represent the native minstrelsy of the woods. In Maine they have ceased to be sung unless some old man by his own fireside or some woman who learned them from her father recalls the words. Texts are most difficult to obtain here, though in Pennsylvania or in Michigan, in Wisconsin or in Minnesota, they may still be found. In some cases our first knowledge of the song was derived from a Western copy, which, recognized as of probable Maine origin, started a hunt for that particular song. In every such case the song was eventually found in Maine; and we believe that every song of Eastern origin thus far reported by Western collectors has been recovered by us in a Maine version.

Examination of this group will show that they are quite different from the later songs which follow. The singers wholly lack morbidness, introspection, sentimentality; they sing of the class, not of the individual; they rejoice in their work. It is the Yankee singing, the lusty native blood, loud in its song, vaunting its strength and prowess, rejoicing to run the race. It is the song of the white, snow-covered winter landscape; the tall, black pines; the red-shirted troops of lumbermen going in to lay them low. Vivid in color, Homeric in simplicity, here are the old woods and the old Yankee woodsmen.

THE FALLING OF THE PINE

Contributed October, 1926, by Mr. Howard R. Houston, superintendent of schools, Brewer, Maine, who says of it: 'My father, Joseph E. Houston, of Bucksport, went to sea during the summer and in the woods in Maine, New Hampshire and Michigan during the winter, from the time he re-

turned from the War until about 1880, so that he probably learned the above during that time. I first heard it sung in 1895.' Mr. Houston gives the song from memory, as he learned it of his father.

1 You lumbermen are wanted,
With courage bold, undaunted;
Prepare to come to shanty
Before your youth's decline;
For spectators they will wonder
And gaze on you and ponder,
For the noise exceeds the thunder
At the falling of the Pine[1]

2 As the winter grows colder,
Like wolves we do grow bolder,
Our axes we will shoulder
All pleasures to resign.
To the woods we will advance,
Where our axes clear do glance,
And like brothers we'll commence
To fall the stately Pine.

3 The shanty is our station
And the woods our occupation,
Every man unto his station,
With some to score and line.[2]
We'll take eight foot off a block,
And a chip at every knock,
And the wolves and deer do shock
At the falling of the Pine.

4 When daylight is a-breaking,
From our slumber we're awaking;

[1] *The falling of the pine.* 'To fall,' in the woods, is a transitive verb, always used instead of 'to fell.' In the last line of the poem 'fell' is the past tense of 'to fall'; the past of 'to fell' is 'felled.'

[2] *To score and line.* In making the square timber from the round log, the log was 'scored in' to the required depth at several places along each face of the timber and then 'chipped off' by the broadaxe-man. The timber-face was 'trued up' by a small cord, or 'line,' stretched from end to end of the long log, by which the broadaxe-man got his dimension, while a plummet gave him his true face. An expert broadaxe-man, it is said, would plumb by spitting and watching the fall of the spittle.

When breakfast we have taken
Our axes we will grind.
Let the frost be e'er so keen
It will not keep us within,
We will make the valleys ring
With the falling of the Pine.

5 When the winter has diminished,
Our shanty works are finished,
From the woods we are banished
For a little time;
But at the approach of summer,
We will collect our timber,
We will collect our timber
Into handsome rafts of Pine.

6 By water we are surrounded,
But from it we are protected,
And if we don't get wreckèd
All trouble we resign;
For the rapids that we run
Seem to us no more than fun,
For our troubles are all done
When we're on our rafts of Pine.

7 When we get into Quebec
We're the boys that don't forget
Our whistles for to wet
With whiskey or good wine.
With some pretty girl we'll boast
Till our money is all used,
We're the boys that don't refuse
To return and fall the Pine.

8 I beg to be excusèd,
Since my simple pen refuses,
Since my simple pen refuses
To write another line,
But in that Heavenly Paradise
I'm going to raise my voice,

And together we'll rejoice
Like the days we fell the Pine.[1]

Excepting only the 'Lines upon the Death of Two Young Men,' dated 1815, 'The Falling of the Pine' is the oldest woods song known. Both go back to the old square-timber days, when Maine men, working in Lower Canada, made and ran rafts of square timber to Quebec. There had been a time when the same was done upon the Maine rivers; but Springer's 'Forest Life and Forest Trees,' published in 1851, makes no mention at all of square-timber logging in Maine, and has only one slight reference to it in Canada. Long before that time it had ceased to be a Maine industry unless upon some waters in the eastern parts tributary to the Saint John River. Mr. Houston told of finding in the woods of Aroostook County, near Ashland, old square timber of great size which had been abandoned so many years ago that yellow birch trees five inches through were growing upon it.

Square, or 'ton' timber, so called because a certain number of cubic feet of it were estimated to weigh a ton, was the primitive stage of the lumber industry. Intended for export, chiefly to Great Britain, the square timber stowed in the hold of a vessel with much greater economy of space than the log; but the establishment of sawmills, in which the log could be turned into boards, plank and 'dimension' at will, was a better solution of the problem of vessel lading, and the heavy hand-labor of the ton-timber raft was taken over by water-power and steam.

This is the third copy of this song thus far reported, and the only one found in Maine. Colonel Shoemaker prints one from Pennsylvania (pp. 197–99); Mr. M. C. Dean, in 'The Flying Cloud' (pp. 74–75), gives another

[1] The editors have taken the liberty of indicating the separate syllable in 'wreckèd' and 'refusèd,' but have not shown the rhyme of 'Paradise,' 'v'ice' and 'rej'ice,' which was accepted when this was written.

from Minnesota, and Professor Rickaby reprints the same with the tune. Mr. Houston may have brought this song with him from Michigan, but the song probably originated in Maine with the ton-timber industry and was carried from here to Canada and the West. We should set the probable date as about 1825.

CANADAY–I–O

The recovery of a good text of this old song after twenty-five years of fruitless inquiry was one of the high lights of the collector's dull days of labor. It was always a favorite in the Maine woods; but, although she had heard a snatch of it in her childhood, the senior editor knew no more until, in 1890, she heard her guide singing it as he was tending the fire. Fourteen years later he furnished the fragment which forms the second text, which was used by Professor Gray in his book and by Professor Edwin F. Piper, of the University of Iowa, in 'The World Tomorrow' for September, 1923. No complete Eastern text of the original was known until Mrs. Marston very unexpectedly sent in this excellent copy of it, as she had learned it in her youth in Penobscot County.

The first copy printed from any source was Colonel Shoemaker's, under the title of 'The Jolly Lumbermen,' who located it upon Colley's Run, in Pennsylvania, and gave the name and residence of 'the minister of the gospel.' Under the name of 'Michigan-I-O,' Professor Rickaby gives a version, with the air, from North Dakota. It was also used as the base of other songs, and in January, 1914, while talking with Professor John A. Lomax, after he had given a lecture on cowboy songs, the senior editor called attention to his 'Buffalo Skinners' as being only a variant of our own 'Canada I O.' 'The Buffalo Skinners' may be a Western adaptation of a Western form of the song, or it may have been made up by Maine

men who, during the seventies, were on the plains hunting buffalo for their hides. But when, in 1926, Mr. Carl Sandburg rendered 'The Buffalo Skinners' as one of his songs, in a lecture at the University of Maine, and it brought hearty applause, none in the audience knew that it was adapted from an old Maine song, once sung by every lumberman in the Maine woods.

A

Sent in by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, of West Gouldsboro, Maine, who wrote of this and other songs: 'They are all memories of my childhood, which, I assure you, was many years ago.'

1 Come all ye jolly lumbermen, and listen to my song,
But do not get discouraged, the length it is not long,
Concerning of some lumbermen, who did agree to go
To spend one pleasant winter up in Canada I O.

2 It happened late one season in the fall of fifty-three,
A preacher of the gospel one morning came to me;
Said he: 'My jolly fellow, how would you like to go
To spend one pleasant winter up in Canada I O?'

3 To him I quickly made reply, and unto him did say:
'In going out to Canada depends upon the pay.
If you will pay good wages, my passage to and fro,
I think I'll go along with you to Canada I O.'

4 'Yes, we will pay good wages, and will pay your passage out,
Provided you sign papers that you will stay the route;
But if you do get homesick, and swear that home you'll go,
We never can your passage pay from Canada I O.

5 'And if you get dissatisfied and do not wish to stay,
We do not wish to bind you, no, not one single day;
You just refund the money we had to pay, you know,
Then you can leave that bonny place called Canada I O.'

6 It was by his gift of flattery he enlisted quite a train,
Some twenty-five or thirty, both well and able men;

We had a pleasant journey o'er the road we had to go
Till we landed at Three Rivers, up in Canada I O.

7 But there our joys were ended, and our sorrows did begin;
Fields, Phillips and Norcross they then came marching in;
They sent us all directions, some where I do not know,
Among those jabbering Frenchmen up in Canada I O.

8 After we had suffered there some eight or ten long weeks
We arrived at headquarters, up among the lakes;
We thought we'd find a paradise, at least they told us so,
God grant there may be no worse hell than Canada I O!

9 To describe what we have suffered is past the art of man,
But to give a fair description I will do the best I can;
Our food the dogs would snarl at, our beds were on the snow,
We suffered worse than murderers up in Canada I O.

10 Our hearts were made of iron and our souls were cased with steel,
The hardships of that winter could never make us yield;
Fields, Phillips and Norcross they found their match, I know,
Among the boys that went from Maine to Canada I O.

11 But now our lumbering is over and we are returning home,
To greet our wives and sweethearts and never more to roam,
To greet our friends and neighbors; we'll tell them not to go
To that forsaken G—— D—— place called Canada I O.

The date of this song must be the spring of 1854, when the men who went to Canada in the fall of '53 were coming out of the woods. Inasmuch as Mrs. Marston's version, which long antedates Colonel Shoemaker's, also names 'a minister of the gospel' who deluded the men into going to Canada, it is clear that he did not live at Colley's Run, Pennsylvania, and that Professor Rickaby is right in explaining it (p. 200) as a fancy name for an agent recruiting men to go across into the Michigan

woods — or, in this case, the Canadian woods. The term was evidently in use in Maine as early as 1850 as a cant term.

B

Fragment, written down in 1904 by Mr. Joshua Eldredge, of Edinburgh, Maine.

1 'O say, my jolly fellows,
How would you like to go,
And spend one pleasant winter
Up in Canaday-I-O?'

2 'A-going up to Canaday,'
Is what the young men say,
'And a-going up to Canaday
Depends upon the pay.'

3 'O yes, we'll pay good wages,
We'll pay your passage out,
Providin' you'll sign papers
That you will stay the route.

4 'Or if you should get homesick
And say to home you'll go,
We could not pay your passage
Out of Canaday-I-O.'

5 Then we had a pleasant journey,
The route we had to go,
Till we landed in Three Rivers
Up in Canaday-I-O.

6 Then Norcross' and Davis' agents
They would come prowling round,
And say, 'My jolly fellows,
Why don't you all lay down?'

7 Our foods the dogs would laugh at,
Our beds was on the snow,

We suffered worse'n poison
Up in Canaday-I-O.

This woods song is entirely unlike the sea-song, also called 'Canada I O,' which was much sung in Maine, both in the woods and elsewhere, and was common in English broadsides and in early song-books.

THE SHANTY BOYS

Sent in, 1926, by Mr. Frank E. Carr, of Monmouth, Maine, who learned it of an old Canadian woodsman, Mike McGoverin, who worked for him more than thirty years ago.

1 Come all you jovial fellows, to you I'll sing a song,
It's all about the shanty boys, and how they get along;
They are a set of jovial fellows as you could wish to find,
They while away the wintry months cutting down the pine.

2 First in the fall, when winter it draws near,
Straight to the wildwood their passage they do steer,
Straight to the wildwood all winter to remain,
And in the springtime to return again,
The farmers and the sailors, likewise mechanics, too,
And all sorts of tradesmen that follow the lumbering crew.

3 The choppers and the sawyers, they lay the timber low,
The swampers and the skidders, they hustle to and fro;
Along comes the teams all at the break of day,
'Load up your teams with a thousand feet, to the river haste away.'

4 Snap, crack, goes my whip, I whistle and I sing,
I sit upon my timber sled as happy as a king;
My horses always ready, for me I'm never sad,
There is no one half so happy as a jovial shanty lad.

5 'Come Jack, come Joe, come Jim, and for some water go,'
But in the middle of the slashing, 'tis 'Dinner!' the cook will cry,
In the middle of the slashing, 'tis 'Dinner!' the cook will cry;

You'd laugh to see them bound around in case or lose their pie.

6 They all go to work again with a well-contented mind,
They work away till the sun goes down, no fault you'll hear them find,
They work away with a royal will until the sun goes down;
'Pick up your tools,' the foreman cries, 'for the shanty we are bound.'

7 Arriving at the shanty with wet and cold feet,
We all pull off our shoes and socks and supper we must eat;
Supper being over, we from the table go,
They all pick up their pipes and smoke till everything looks blue;
At nine o'clock precisely into our bunks we climb,
And dream away the wintry nights, cutting down the pine.

This is old and good. It has the right ring of an old Maine song, when the men sung about their work and the delight they took in it. It surely belongs to the days of the big pine and the old ways. The allusion to farmers and sailors working in the woods is not a blunder; in the old days both classes often went into the woods in winter; the same man might be mate of a schooner in summer and foreman of a gang of lumbermen in winter. No other trace of this song has been found in Maine and it may not have originated there, although finding different versions of it in Professor Rickaby's book (where it is called 'Jim Porter's Shanty Song') and in Colonel Shoemaker's collection (as 'The Shanty Boy'), with a scrap of a Montana form quoted by Professor Gray (p. xvii) with the statement that it 'originated about 1847 near Muskegon, Michigan,' shows that to wander so widely it must have considerable age. The oldest Pennsylvanian and Michigan songs seem to have a common source in Maine, so that quite likely this, too, was a Maine song.

In judging these songs it is a canon of criticism that

if there are in the song two references, one of which indicates a later date and the other an earlier, the later date is the addition, the earlier one in the original song. In this song the reference to sailors working in the woods is undoubtedly earlier than the mention in one of the Rickaby versions of 'boot-packs,' which is a Western term hardly fifty years old. The song must date back to the forties, very likely it is older.

THE SHANTY BOY AND THE FARMER'S SON

'The Shanty Boy.' Taken down, in 1902, by Mr. Sidney Sykes, at John Ross's camps, Lobster Lake, near Moosehead, Maine, from the singing of Blind Tom Watts.

1 As I roamed out one evening all in the summer time,
Carelessly I rambled till I came to Boiestown,
Where I heard two girls conversing, as slowly I walked by,
Of them one loved a farmer's son, the other a shanty boy.

2 This girl that loved the farmer's son, these words I heard her say:
'The reason that I love him, it is home with me he'll stay —
Home with me in the winter time, to the shanty he'll not go,
And when the spring it does come in, his land he'll plough and sow.'

3 To the ploughing and sowing of his land the other girl did say:
'If his crops should prove a failure, his debts he could not pay;
If his crops should prove a failure, or the price of grain be low,
Oftimes the sheriff would sell his land to pay the debts he'd owe.'

4 'To the selling of his land don't you be a bit alarmed,
For there is no need of being in debt when you're on a good farm.
For 'tis on the ground you'd raise the bread you eat, nor toil in storm of rain,

When your shanty boy must work each day his family to maintain.'

5 'How I love my shanty boy that goes away in the fall;
He is both stout and hearty and fit to stand each squall;
How I would enjoy him in the spring, when he'd come home;
His money with me he would spend quite free, when your mossbacks they've got none.'

6 'How you praise your shanty boy! To the woods he must go;
He's ordered out before daylight for to work in storms of snow;
When happy and contented with my farmer's son I lie,
Sweet tales of love he'll tell to me as the storm it does roll by.'

7 'Oh, I could not listen to the soft tales of love that your farmer's son would say,
For the most of them they are so green that the cows they would chew them for hay!
How easily you can tell them when they come into town,
They'll stand all on the corner and they'll gaze and gawk around.'

8 'What I have said of your shanty boy I hope has not offended thee,
But from those engagements I hope soon to be free.
If ever I get a chance with a shanty boy I'll go,
And I'll leave the poor old mossback with his buckwheat for to sow.'

The usual title for this song in Maine is believed to be 'The Shanty Boy,' but to prevent confusion with other songs of much the same caption, the longer title has been given it. The mention of Boiestown, which is on the Miramichi River, in New Brunswick, indicates that this song was brought to Maine from New Brunswick; if so, it must have been current there at least a half-century

ago; for the present copy, which had already aged enough to bring it to its prime, was taken down in writing long before the song appeared first in print. A Michigan copy published by Tolman and Eddy in the 'Journal of American Folk-Lore' (vol. 35, pp. 399–401) with another from Iowa, and a second Michigan copy given by M. C. Dean in 'The Flying Cloud' (p. 51), and reprinted with the air by Professor Rickaby (p. 48), with one by Colonel Shoemaker (pp. 215–17), show that it is well distributed and without great variation. Professor Tolman remarks, 'This modern American lumberman's song resembles a mediæval debate,' and Professor Kittredge comments upon its resemblance to the Latin debate 'De Phillide et Flora.' That old form still survives in Great Britain, where songs discussing the superiority of one class or one occupation to another are common, soldiers and sailors, sailors and farmers, farmers and serving-men being championed by the debaters. If the mention of 'Boiestown' in the copy we give indicates that the song originated in the Maritime Provinces, then the form may be regarded as a survival of the old debate and not a spontaneous revival of it in this country.

The use of 'shanty' and 'shanty boy' for 'lumber-camp' and 'lumberman' deserves comment. They are prevailingly Western in use; when found in Maine at present they are comparatively recent introductions from the Provinces or from the West, and in the West they mean respectively what we mean by 'wangan-boat' and 'river-driver.' The senior editor never heard either word used by any old woodsman. Here a 'shanty' was a rude woods tavern on the long 'tote-roads,' where the droghers, toting supplies to the camps, could put up their cattle and get accommodations themselves. It sometimes meant a poorly built camp, or 'shack,' or even a place where liquor was dispensed. Yet in all these oldest songs both words are frequently found instead of the common 'lumber-camp' and 'lumberman.' Clearly the use was

poetical. Probably the words were carried West through the songs and there found an extension of their meaning. Captain Fred C. Barker, of Rangeley Lakes, known to sportsmen everywhere, writes, 'I worked on the drive in 1870, when hardly man grown, but I don't remember of the river-drivers being called "shanty boys."' Mrs. Luther B. Rogers, of Patten, writes: 'I never heard a lumberman here use the term "shanty." He always says "camp" or "hovel," or on the drive "wangan."'

THE LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET

A

'The Woodsman's Alphabetical Song.' Sent in, 1926, by Mrs. Ella M. Patterson, of Hampden Highlands, Maine.

A is for Axes, you very well know, and
B is for Boys that use them so;
C is for Chopping, which they do begin, and
D is the Danger they oft times get in.

Chorus.

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
No mortals on earth more contented could be,
With a Hi! Dera! Ho! Dera! Down!
At the woodsman's shanty there's nothing goes wrong.

E is for Echo that through the woods rang, and
F is for Foreman, the head of the gang;
G is the Grindstone that swiftly goes round, and
H is for the Handle so smooth and so round.

Chorus.

I is for Iron, with which they do mark pine, and
J is for Jolly Boys, all in a line.
K is for the Keen-edge our axes we keep, and
L is for the Lice to keep us from sleep.

Chorus.

M is for the Moss that we chink into our camps,
N is for the Needle with which we mend our pants,
O is for Owls that hoot by night, and
P is for the Pines that always fall right.

Chorus.

Q is for Quarreling, which we don't have round, and
R is for River, which we drive our logs down;
S is for Sled, so stout and so strong, and
T is for the Team to draw it along.

Chorus.

U is for Use, which we put our teams to, and
V is the Valley which we draw our sleds through, and
W is for Woods that we leave in the spring
And now I have sung all that I'm going to sing.

That's all.

B

'The Lumberman's Alphabet.' Sent in, 1926, by Mr. Frank E. Cram, of Monmouth, Maine.

A's for the Axe, we very well know,
And B's for the Boys that can use them also;
C's for the Chopping we soon can begin,
And D's for the Danger we often stand in.

Chorus.
But merry are we, yes, merry are we,
No mortals on earth are so happy as we,
To me iderry, oderry, iderry down,
Give a shanty boy rum and there's nothing goes wrong.

E's for the Echoes that through the woods ring,
And F's for the Foreman that headeth the gang,
G's for the Grindstone that oft times turns round,
And H's for the Handles so smooth and so sound.

I's for the Iron that marketh the pine,
And J's for the Jovial that is never behind;
K's for the keen edge our axes doth keep,
And L's for the Lice that bite while we sleep.

M's for the Moss we chink in the camp,
And N's for the Needle that mendeth our pants;
O's for the Owl that hooteth by night,
And P's for the Pine that we always fall right.

Q's for the Quarrel we never allow,
And R's for the River in which our logs flow;
S's for the Sleds, so large and so strong,
And T's for the Teams that draw them along.

U's for the Use that we put the pine to,
V's for the Valley the river runs through;
W's for the Woods we leave in the spring,
And now that's about all I'm going to sing.

Now there are three letters I can't bring in rhyme,
So will leave them off now, but will bring them next time;
For the train it is ready, the whistle doth blow,
So it's Good-by to my darling, I'll to the woods go.

Numberless copies of this old song might have been procured, but these illustrate the range of the variations. The earliest known printed copy appeared in the 'Maine Sportsman,' February, 1904, with the remark that the chorus was used only after the first, second, and last stanzas, unless the crew was in a mood to prolong the song by more repetitions of the chorus. Gray gives a copy taken down in Vanceboro, Maine, 1917; Rickaby gives one form, with the air, from Wisconsin, and another and the air, from North Dakota; and Tolman, in the 'Journal of American Folk-Lore' (vol. 35, pp. 413–14), has a Michigan form which was picked up in Iowa.

THE LUMBERMAN'S LIFE

A

Sent in, 1904, by Mr. W. H. Venning, of Sussex, New Brunswick, who obtained this copy from a New Brunswick lumberman. Professor Gray's 'A' version came from this text, though in copying it for him it seemed best not to reproduce all the vagaries of the original spelling, which, even in the present reprinting, are considerably modified.

1 The lumberman's life is a wearisome one,
But some say 'tis free from all care,
With the ringing of an axe from daylight until dark,
In the middle of some forest you'll hear.

2 At night we come in to our camps bleak and cold
And till nine in the evening we play,
And through broken slumbers we do pass
All the cold winter nights away.

3 At three in the morning the cook he does rise up,
Saying, 'Turn out, my boys, 'tis day,'
And as soon as the morning star does appear
To the greenwoods we must away.

4 Transported we are from the maiden so fair
On the banks of the bushisle stream,
And the wolves and the owls, with their terrifying howls
They disturb us of our nightly dream.

5 Transported we are from the bottle and the glass,
And the friends that we left far behind;
There is no one comes here for to wipe away a tear
When sorrow fills our troubled mind.

6 Now the spring is coming in and our hardship's just began,
And the water it is piercing cold;
With our clothes dripping wet and our limbs are nearly froze
And our phyvies[1] we scarce can hold.

[1] *Phyvies:* peaveys, cant-dogs.

7 Over rocks, shoulds and strans gives emplyment to all hands,
While our well-banded craft[1] we do steer,
And the rapets that we run they do seem to us like fun,
We avoid all slaverage fear.

8 You may boast of your farmers, but the lumberman's charm
Do far more exceed them all;
I'll enjoy my true love's heart, until death it does us part,
Let her riches be great or small.

B

From Captain F. C. Barker's 'Lake and Forest as I Have Known Them' (Boston, 1903). This form is from the Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

1 Oh, the lumberman's life is a wearisome one,
Though some call it free from care.
'Tis wielding the axe from morning till night,
In the middle of the forest so drear;
It is lying in the camp so bleak and cold,
While the wintry winds do blow,
And as soon as the morning star doth appear,
To the wild woods we must go.

2 Transported we are from the haunts of all men,
From the banks of the 'bonnishere stream,'
Where the wolves and the owls, with their terrifying growls,
Disturb us of our nightly dreams.
Transported from the glass and the little laughing lass,
All pleasures are left behind;
There is no one here to brush away the tear,
When sorrow fills the troubled mind.

3 When springtime comes in, double trouble then begins,
When the water is piercing cold,
Dripping wet are our clothes, and our limbs are almost froze,
And a pickpole we can scarcely hold.
. . . . . .

[1] 'Craft' is a slip of the pen for 'raft'; 'well-banded' means strongly 'locked down.'

Every rapid that we run we call it not but fun,
For we are void of all foolish fear.

4 Had we ale, wine, or beer, our spirits to cheer
While in the woods so wild,
Or a glass of any 'shone,' while in these woods alone,
It would pass away a long exile.
But lumbering I'll give o'er, and I'll anchor safe on shore,
I will lead a sober, quiet life,
Nevermore will I roam, but contented stay at home,
With an ever true and faithful, loving wife.

C

'A Shantyman's Life. Composed and written by George W. Stace, of La Crosse Valley, Wisconsin.' A broadside in 'Harris Collection of American Poetry,' Brown University, imprint of D. Andrews on the foot of the sheet; but in the title list (printed for each one hundred titles), it stands as List 5, number 98, De Marsan, showing that it was printed at the time De Marsan succeeded Andrews, or before the Civil War.

1 Oh, a Shantyman's life is a weary one,
Though some call it free from care,
It's wielding the axe, from morning till night,
Midst the forest dark and drear.
A lying in the shanty, bleak and cold,
Where the stormy winds do blow;
And as soon as the morning stars appear,
To the wild-wood we must go.
Transported we are, from the pretty maidens fair,
On the banks of the Black River Stream,
Where the wolves, and the owls, with their terrifying howls,
Disturb our nightly dreams.

2 At two o'clock, our early cook,
Calls out, 'tis break of day.
In broken slumbers, we do pass,
The long winter nights away.
Had we Ale, Wine, or Beer, our Spirits to cheer,
Whilst in the desert wild,
Or a glass of any thown, whilst in the woods alone,
'Twould shorten our long exile,

But we've parted from the glass, and the smiling
lovely lass,
All pleasures left behind;
No kind friends near, to wipe the falling tear,
When sorrow fills the troubled mind.

3 When spring comes in, double hardships begin,
And the waters piercing cold,
Dripping wet our clothes, our limbs are almost froze,
To our oars, we can scarcely hold,
But the rocks, shoals, and sands, give employment to
all hands,
Our well-bended raft to steer,
And the rapids, that we run,
To us they are but fun,
Void of all slavish fear.
Now a shanty boy, I do love the best,
And I never will deny the same,
For his heart scorneth those conceity beaus
That call it a disgraceful name.

4 It makes me, indeed, my very heart to bleed,
To see the danger he daily does stand,
But all this he will repay, in some future happy day,
When joined in wedlock band.
All rafting he'll give o'er, and anchor safe on shore,
Lead a quiet and sober life,
Never will he roam, from his peaceful, happy home,
But he'll marry him a pretty little wife.

No printed copy of this song has been found between the De Marsan sheet and Captain Barker's, leaving a gap of over forty years. This might seem presumptive evidence that the Wisconsin version is the original, the more easily as it states the name and residence of the reputed author. But a woodsman would claim 'Hamlet,' if he had added four doggerel lines to the Soliloquy; and the eight lines preceding the final four of the 'C' version are so out of key that they may be the Wisconsin claimant's contribution to a much older song imported from

Maine, though probably originating in New Brunswick.

Internal evidence favors this supposition. Captain Barker's version is so much smoother and more melodious than the others that it seems nearer the original. That this is older than it seems is indicated by the reference to wolves, which ceased to be common in Maine about 1850. Its speaking of 'pick-poles,' where the New Brunswick version has 'peaveys,' indicates a date before that essential tool was invented, or before 1858. All forms alike show nonsense words, which are only unintelligible corruptions of some version much older than any we know. 'Thown' and 'shone,' 'bonnishere' and 'bush-isle' point to some early common source. This in itself destroys the Wisconsin man's claim to authorship. For if he wrote that song himself he would not have written 'a glass of any thown'; while his 'Black River Stream,' in place of the unintelligible 'bonnishere' and 'bush-isle,' means only that either the printer helped him or else he helped himself out of the difficulty: for Black River, in traveling East, would not have been turned into either of the other two words.

The song is very old, and the whole sentiment of it is so strongly Canadian that it is possible that Captain Barker's version, old as it is, is only a Maine form of a song from 'across the line,' which was carried West in the early forties by the many lumbermen who went to Wisconsin and Michigan, taking with them the equipment, the songs, and the customs of the Maine woods. The whole technique of Western lumbering was based upon Maine practice and conducted by Maine men. In his privately printed autobiography, Senator Isaac Stephenson wrote that the tools, the boats, even the harnesses of horses were all carried to the West from Maine. Nor has there been any one invention in the lumber industry of so much importance as the Peavey Improved Cant-Dog, commonly called the 'peavey.' There are conflicting accounts of the origin of this now

essential tool, with rival claimants to the invention, and it is manufactured by more than one firm; but the true story of its origin was told the senior editor by the late James Henry Peavey, of Bangor, not long before his death, February 22, 1918, on his seventieth birthday. He was the grandson of the inventor and assisted him in making the first peavey cant-dog ever used. In the spring of 1858, Joseph Peavey, blacksmith, of Stillwater, then an old man, while watching some river-drivers working on a jam on the falls just below the bridge at Stillwater, observed what a clumsy, inefficient tool, unsteady in the swift current, was the old loose-jaw cant-dog, without a pick. In the words of his great-grandson, David Howard Peavey, head of the Peavey Manufacturing Company: 'He realized that they needed something different. So he jumped up, went back to his shop and directed his son Daniel to make a clasp with lips, then make holes in the clasp to put a bolt through on which to hang a dog, or hook, and toe-rings below the clasp to the bottom of the handle, then drive a pick into the end of the handle. This tool was turned over to river-driver William Hale, who pronounced it a pleasing success.' James Henry told the writer that, as a boy of ten, he stood on a box and held the handle of the new tool while his father worked the forge under the grandfather's direction. Thus, in an hour's time, in the spring of 1858, in the town of Stillwater, Maine, was conceived and completed a tool which marked a new epoch in the handling of lumber.

DRINK ROUND, BRAVE BOYS

From Springer's 'Forest Life and Forest Trees' (New York, 1851), pp. 152–54. In commenting upon the great decrease of intemperance among lumbermen in the quarter-century preceding, Mr. Springer said: '"The first and most important article," says Mr. Todd, of Saint Stephen's, New Brunswick, "in all our movements from the stump in the swamp to the ship's hold, was *Rum!* RUM!!" To show how truly this one idea ran through the minds of the loggers, I present the following original rum song, illustrating the "spirit of the times," and of the log swamp muse.'

1 'Tis when we do go into the woods,
Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
'Tis when we do go into the woods,
Jolly brave boys are we;
'Tis when we do go into the woods,
We look for timber and that which is good,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
And jolly brave boys are we.

2 Now when the choppers begin to chop,
Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
When the choppers begin to chop,
Jolly brave boys are we;
And when the choppers begin to chop,
They take the sound and leave the rot,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
And jolly brave boys are we.

3 And when the swampers begin to clear,
Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
And when the swampers begin to clear,
Jolly brave boys are we;
And when the swampers begin to clear,
They show the teamster where to steer,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
And jolly brave boys are we.

4 And when we get them on to the sled,
Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
And when we get them on to the sled,
Jolly brave boys are we;
And when we get them on to the sled,
'Haw! back, Bright!' it goes ahead,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
And jolly brave boys are we.

5 Then, when we get them on to the stream,
Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
Then when we get them on to the stream,
Jolly brave boys are we;

So, when we get them on to the stream,
We'll knock out the fid and roll them in,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
Jolly brave boys are we.

6 And when we get them down to the boom,
Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
And when we get them down to the boom,
Jolly brave boys are we;
And when we get them down to the boom,
We'll call at the tavern for brandy and rum,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
Jolly brave boys are we.

7 So when we get them down to the mill,
'Tis drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
So when we get them down to the mill,
Jolly brave boys are we;
And when we get them down to the mill,
We'll call for the liquor and drink our fill,
Heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
Jolly brave boys are we.

8 The *merchant* he takes us by the hand,
Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys!
The merchant he takes us by the hand,
And '*jolly brave boys are we*';
The merchant he takes us by the hand,
Saying, 'Sirs, I have *goods* at your command;'
But heigh ho! drink round, brave boys,
The *money* will foot up a 'spree.'

All traces of this song seem to be lost in Maine, though old men have been found who have said that they remembered when it used to be sung. The only text known is this of Springer, which is quoted by Professor Gray and also is printed by Colonel Shoemaker, 'as sung by John Q. Dyce, Clinton County, 1900.' In a personal letter Colonel Shoemaker says that Mr. Dyce was a Maine man of considerable education, who went to

Pennsylvania. That he owned Springer's book and copied directly from that, is shown by critical comparison of the texts, not only of this song, but also of 'The Logger's Boast' and 'The River-Driver's Burial,' which last never was sung in Maine, but was a contribution to the Bangor Mechanic Association as an original poem and was first printed in the 'Bangor Daily Whig and Courier' for April 3, 1846. The statement is made, not in criticism of Mr. Dyce, but to show that all known printed copies of these three poems are identical.

THE LOGGER'S BOAST

From John S. Springer's 'Forest Life and Forest Trees' (New York, 1851), pp. 132, 133, who says: 'Loggers, unlike most classes of men, are under the necessity of manufacturing their own songs . . . yet they are not without poetical sentiment. The following is inserted as a specimen of swamp-log literature, composed by one of the loggers:'

1 Come, all ye sons of freedom throughout the State of Maine,
Come, all ye gallant lumbermen, and listen to my strain;
On the banks of the Penobscot, where the rapid waters flow,
O! we'll range the wild woods over, and a lumbering will go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

2 When the white frost gilds the valleys, the cold congeals the flood;
When many men have naught to do to earn their families bread;
When the swollen streams are frozen, and the hills are clad with snow,
O! we'll range the wild woods over, and a lumbering we will go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering we will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over, while a lumbering we go.

3 When you pass through the dense city, and pity all you meet,

To hear their teeth chattering as they hurry down the street;
In the red frost-proof flannel we're encased from top to toe,
While we range the wild woods over, and a lumbering we go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

4 You may boast of your gay parties, your pleasures, and your plays,
And pity us poor lumbermen while dashing in your sleighs;
We want no better pastime than to chase the buck and doe;
O! we'll range the wild woods over, and a lumbering we will go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

5 The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient Pine will tumble to the ground;
At night, ho! round our good camp-fire we will sing while rude winds blow:
O! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

6 When winter's snows are melted, and the ice-bound streams are free,
We'll run our logs to market, then haste our friends to see;
How kindly true hearts welcome us, our wives and children too,
We will spend with these the summer, and once more a lumbering go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering we will go,
We will spend with these the summer, and once more a lumbering go.

7 And when upon the long-hid soil the white Pines disappear,
We will cut the other forest trees, and sow whereon we clear;

Our grain shall wave o'er valleys rich, our herds bedot the hills,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving mills;
Then no more a lumbering go, so no more a lumbering go,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving mills.

8 When our youthful days are ended, we will cease from winter toil,
And each one through the summer warm will till the virgin soil;
We've enough to eat, to drink, to wear, content through life to go,
Then we'll tell our wild adventures o'er, and no more a lumbering go;
And no more a lumbering go, so no more a lumbering go,
O! we'll tell our wild adventures o'er, so no more a lumbering go.

This is the only text known of this song, many inquiries having failed to recover a line of it, though old men can recall when it used to be sung. Colonel Shoemaker and Professor Gray print this text, though Colonel Shoemaker comments, 'Sung by Maine Lumbermen on the West Branch of the Susquehanna 1850–75.' That it was known in Michigan is shown by a fragment of a Western variant, printed by Stewart Edward White in 'The Blazed Trail' (p. 269):

Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan,
Come all ye gallant lumbermen, list to the shantey-man.
On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow,
OH! — we'll range the wild woods over while a-lumbering we go.

The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground.
At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow.
OH!—we'll range the wild woods over while a-lumbering we go.

YE ROARING FALLS AT KINGSEY

A broadside in the collections of the Maine Historical Society, Portland. The upper left-hand corner is torn off, but the missing portion is easily supplied.

[Cut of Coffin] Cut of Coffin

LINES

[ON THE DEATH] OF TWO YOUNG MEN, WHO WERE
[DROWNED AT SAINT] FRANCIS (L.C.),
SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1815

1 Ye roaring falls at Kingsey,
Which hurl with mighty force,
St. Francis' limpid waters
Down through your rapid Course,
Long have your rocky channels
Convey'd successive floods,
Unknown in Poets Annals,
Unseen by Fabled Gods.

2 My Friends give your Attention,
A providence I write
Above my comprehension,
Beyond all human sights.
Two men of our Acquaintance
Who little thought of Death,
In one surprising moment
Was call'd to yield their Breath.

3 In Eighteen hundred fifteen,
September twenty fifth,
A raft of oars and timber
Was there turn'd down adrift.
Three men to guard this lumber
And keep it in their view,
Assay'd to follow after,
By paddling a Canoe.

4 But soon they were turned over
By a prodigious swell,

And Towne alone escaped
The heavy news to tell.
He saw the others floating
His anguish who can tell?
Could yield them no assistance;
Now take a kind farewell.

5 John Ames, their chief canoe-man,
Too late their danger found;
And cry'd, 'O! Lord have Mercy
For surely we shall Drown.'
The third a youth named Hopkins,
A Son to Mr. Towne;
Swam almost out of danger,
Before that he sunk down.

6 Here I must leave these Victims,
That perished in the flood;
Their bodies on the bottom,
Their Souls return'd to God;
Their friends I must remember,
Oh could I comfort give;
A Widow, Orphans Parents
Brothers and Sisters grieve.

There are six more stanzas so much more pious than entertaining that it seems possible to omit them. The poem is chiefly noteworthy as the earliest song pertaining to river-driving that we have found, and as showing Maine men engaged in driving ton-timber rafts on Canadian waters at a very early date.

THE DROWNING OF JOHN ROBERTS, 1852

Received March, 1926, from Mr. Irvin H. Carr, of Mariaville, Maine. Though not quite complete, the text is remarkably good for a song so old and so local. Professor Gray gives a portion of it under the title 'West Branch Song,' and includes the initial 'Come-all-ye' stanza, lacking in Mr. Carr's copy.

John Roberts, as we understand,
It was the name of this young man,

And his fate we hope will a warning prove
To all who do these lines peruse.

2 It was on one morning, a cloudy sky,
This young man left his home to die;
While from his home he did depart,
A gleam of hope twined around his heart.

3 He hired out with David Brown
To help him drive his lumber down;
To the West Branch he quick did go,
Which soon did prove his overthrow.

4 He ventured out to break a jam
Which had commenced on the Roll Dam,[1]
And as he started for the shore
He fell, alas! to rise no more.

5 He fell amidst the dashing spray,
Where foaming waters filled the way,
And by the current he was dragged along
Into a boil so fierce and strong.

6 We think he got his fatal blow
While struggling 'neath the undertow,
By some large rock beneath the wave,
Where he soon found a watery grave.

7 Our boats was left upon the rear,[2]
We could not reach our object dear;
Three times he rose within our view
And seemed to bid us all adieu.

[1] A 'roll dam,' or 'rolling dam' is a dam without gates, built at the head of falls or rough water, on the smaller rivers and streams. It cannot retain any head of water, like a dam with gates, but, by increasing the depth of water above the falls and presenting a smooth lip to the current, keeps the logs from stranding at the head of a 'pitch' and prevents jams forming. The logs ride up an incline of smooth timber and slide down a similar incline, making the 'roll.'

[2] *The rear* means the up-stream end of the log-drive. The down-stream end was 'the head of the drive,' and the logs between were 'the main drive.'

8 They swept the stream from shore to shore
His lifeless body to procure,
Trusting to God to course the way
Unto his tendermint of clay.

9 On the third day at three o'clock
Young Roswell Silsby took a boat,
And with a grapple all in his hand,
He dragged him from his bed of sand.

10 And then a bier was made,
And on it was John's body laid,
Drawn from the grave where he must lie
Till Gabriel's trumpet rends the sky.

11 May that good God who reigns on high,
Send his salvation through the sky,
And fit us all to see his face,
And dwell in Heaven that happy place.

The recovery and identification of this very old song has been one of the satisfactions of the collectors. On September 3, 1925, Mr. William Wallace Tibbetts, of Otis, Maine, gave us a fragment of eight lines, saying that it was something he learned in 1858, when he was twelve years old, but that all he knew about it was that it was on the death of John Roberts, of Great Pond. It was identified as the same song which Professor Gray had recovered as a fragment. Then the senior editor recalled that in the fall of 1853 her father was deer-hunting at Williams's Pond, now called Great Pond, on Union River, and on looking up notes she found that in the spring of that year Charley Roberts, a river-driver, while sitting on the bank at the Hulling Machine Rapids on the inlet to the pond, eating his luncheon, had been killed by a dead tree falling on him, and that this happened at the same place where his brother John Roberts had been drowned the spring before. The roll dam was just above the Hulling Machine, on the West Branch of

Union River. There never was any roll dam on the West Branch of the Penobscot, so that Professor Gray's conjecture of the location is untenable.

THE BURNING OF HENRY K. ROBINSON'S CAMP IN 1873

Transmitted in 1921 by Mr. Leonard Patterson, of Berlin, New Hampshire, with the following note:

'Knowing that you are interested in things that have happened on the Old Penobscot in years gone by, I am sending you a song written in '73 by a teamster by the name of Henry Thompson. My father, the late George Patterson, of Brewer, was boss for Henry K. Robinson, a big lumberman at that time, who lived on the farm, later owned by Ambrose Pendleton, on South Main Street, Brewer.

'But about the song. This is the way I have heard my father tell it many, many times. The boys were all out in the woods one afternoon and the cook thought that he would like some deer steak for supper. So he took his rifle and started out. When he returned the camp was burned flat. They all turned to and built the camp up again, and about two weeks after they had got moved into their new home, one evening they asked Mr. Thompson to sing a song, and he sung this that he had made up about the camp burning down.'

The camp was on Ripogenus Stream, the outlet of Harrington Lake, which lies a few miles northward of Ripogenus Dam. Henry K. Robinson lived in the brick house on the present Pendleton Street, Brewer, and was a very energetic and capable lumberman of the old pine days.

1 Come all you rambling young men and listen unto me,
While I relate a story that happened in seventy-three.
We hired with Henry K. Robinson into the woods to go,
For to pass away the winter, through stormy sleet and snow.

2 It was early in December, on Wednesday the third day,
That myself and Jimmy Grady we started on our way;
We hoped that night, if all was right, the Iron Works to gain,
And the next day to Roach River go, through stormy sleet and rain.

3 And early the next morning, before it was quite light,
We started for the Grant Farm unto Weymouth's camp that night.

Our legs being tired and weary, the fourth day on the road,
It was our delight when we hove in sight of the place of our abode.

4 The next day being Sunday, which God has given to us
That we might love and worship him and in his mercy trust,
All things he has prepared for us, no doubt as he thought best,
When he gave us six days to labor and the seventh we might rest.

5 And early the next morning, before it was quite light,
Mr. Robinson looked around the camp to see if all was right.
He called the boss up to him and unto him did say:
'Come, George, you are my leading man, come show the boys the way.'

6 There was Grady and Deplissey and likewise George and Al,
They were chosen out of our number the timber for to fall;
They started for the forest to find the trees that's sound,
And soon they brought their lofty tops all tumbling to the ground.

7 All names I will not mention, as you may understand,
There were twenty-five or thirty, all good and able men,
All working with good courage while scattered to and fro,
And it was their delight, coming home at night, to see the landings grow.

8 But soon misfortune came to us, as you will all soon hear,
It was in the month of January, just twelve days from New Year,
When Charlie came and told us that our camp had burned down,
That our clothing and our bedding laid in ashes on the ground.

9 And when the boys all heard the news, they all looked very sad,

Saying, 'We've lost our place of shelter and all the clothes we had.'
A cold night coming on and nowhere for to go,
The sky it was our covering and our bed was in the snow.

10 But all that night by good moonlight, for cold we did not fear,
We hovered there, with watchful care, till daylight did appear.
And when the daylight came at last, like ravens we were fed,
When Georgie stepped out in the yard and unto us he said:
'Come, boys, at last this night is past, with many a chill and pain,
Let us all take hold like heroes bold, and build our camp again.'

11 Three days of hard labor, each man he done his best,
For to have his camp built up again and have a chance to rest,
And the third night, by good moonlight, we moved into our camp once more,
We settled down, both safe and sound, as we were once before.

12 And now that camp is finished and we have settled down again,
I will give you the initials that you may guess my name,
There is 'H' for hard, and 'N' for none, and 'R' for royal role,
Just add 'YE' and you will see my Christian name is told.

13 Then there is 'T' to take each letter and place it where it belongs,
And then proceed to 'OMP' for 'H' will not go wrong;
Then spell the sun that rules the day, gives forth its silvery light,
Those letters told, my name unfold, if you will just place them right.

14 And to conclude and finish, this winter's nearly gone,
And springtime is a-coming when we will all return home,

For to greet our wives and sweethearts, how happy it will seem,
And we'll go no more on the rapid shore of Rapogenus Stream.

SANDY STREAM SONG

This old and once very popular song of the late Edwin A. Reed's operation on Sandy Stream, near Mount Katahdin, in 1874–75, with its history, was preserved by Mr. Reed's nephew, Professor Windsor P. Daggett, of the University of Maine, who printed it first in the 'Bangor Daily Commercial,' June 23, 1917, with a picture of Mr. Reed and a sketch map of the scene of the operation. July 21, 1907, Professor Daggett reprinted it in the 'Lewiston Journal.' In his 'Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks,' Professor Gray makes the singular mistake of saying, 'The newspaper account is unsigned.'

As the circumstances which gave rise to this song have been several times reprinted, it seems needless to repeat them. The date must be the spring of 1875, following the winter's operation. The song is accurate in its particulars and pays a hearty tribute to the energy and high character of Mr. Reed, who, in the face of disheartening disasters and great financial loss, refused to go into bankruptcy and paid in full the losses incurred by the unfortunate Sandy Stream drive, in which the burning of his stores and driving-camps was only a minor incident. Mr. Reed was born in Springfield, Maine, April 29, 1843, the son of Francis Augustus and Julia Ann (Hersey) Reed, and died in Orono, June 30, 1915.

The following is the text given the senior editor by Professor Windsor P. Daggett, about 1918. It contains one stanza not in any other copy.

1 Come all you river drivers,
Wherever you may be,
I pray you'll pay attention now
And listen unto me.

2 Of the hardships that we underwent
We did but little dream,
As with brave hearts we marched along
To drive on Sandy Stream.

3 'Twas the twentieth day of April
We left the town of Lee;
Bein' full of fun and frolicksome
We jogged on merrily,

4 Until we arrived at Medway
Late in the ev-en-in'
To stop that night and enjoy ourselves —
When all hands did begin!

5 The landlord then in one of his fits
Like a demon did appear,
(With eyeballs fierce and glaring,
He would fill your heart with fear.)

6 He ordered us to stop our noise
Or quit his house straightway,
And he'd keep no more an open door
In that one-horse town Medway.

7 So early the next morning
Our employer, he did say:
'Come now, my boys, get ready,
For we must haste away.'

8 We marched along in single file
And good time we did make,
Until we arrived at a logging camp
At Millinocket Lake.

9 Now some being tired and sleepy
Lay down and went to sleep,
While others, being wide awake,
Happened a watch to keep.

10 Simon Norton, being wide awake,
When the fire it first began, —
To put it out, he quickly saw,
Was beyond the power of man.

11 The alarm of fire being given,
Each man sprung to his feet,
With blinding eyes and wild alarm,
Took the first thing he did meet.

12 Some lost their boots, some lost their shoes,
And some their hats likewise;
Our provisions were our greatest loss,
Lying burning before our eyes.

13 Through that livelong night, in that sad plight,
We wandered to and fro,
With nothing there to shelter us,
But to lie down in the snow.

14 Our provisions being all destroyed,
We waited for the morning gleam
To pursue our way through the rugged files
To the camps on Sandy Stream.

15 When morning light it did appear,
Our employer led the van,
And by his strenuous efforts proved
To be no common man.

16 He plowed along most bravely
Though tired, weary and lame,
Until he arrived at his logging camps
On the banks of Sandy Stream.

17 Without loss of time he did dispatch
A man with food straightway
To meet those weary travellers
And help them on their way,

18 Until into camp they all did come
And forgot in pleasant dreams
Their laborous voyage and loss by fire
On the way to Sandy Stream.

19 Now we are safely landed
And patiently do wait
For the blue etherial vaults of heaven
To open their flood gate.

20 May the rain come down in torrents,
All with the morning gleam,
And keep the foaming waters up
While we drive on Sandy Stream.

21 Three cheers for our employer,
All danger he does scorn;
He fears no ills, he pays his bills,
And things go merrily on.
With this faint attempt at poetry,
I'll now conclude my song.

THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS

In Holman Day's 'King Spruce' the crazy prophet Eli has a favorite song of which one stanza is given:

Oh, the little brown bull came down from the mountain
Shang, ro-ango, whango-wey!
And as he was feeling salutatious
Chased old Pratt a mile by gracious,
Licked old Shep and two dog Towsers,
Then marched back with old Pratt's trowsers,
Whango-whey!

Obviously this was not woods stuff; but the mention of a little brown bull indicated that at some time Mr. Day had heard the Wisconsin song of 'The Little Brown Bulls' sung in some Maine camp. Upon the possibility of finding the song a search was undertaken which lasted

ten months before a copy was procured, though from time to time some one was encountered who could remember having heard it sung in the woods.

The only other copies seen are those in Professor Rickaby's 'Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy.' Professor Rickaby says: 'This is an old Wisconsin classic, dating from the days when oxen were used in the woods almost entirely. It resounds with that valorous spirit of the days when supremacy among men and animals was measured in terms of ability to do work, to stand physical exertion.' He was told that 'the ballad was composed in Mart Douglas's camp in northwestern Wisconsin in 1872 or 1873.' It is from this region that the Maine copies seem to have come. Mrs. Nina C. Daggett, of Brookton, writes that her brother 'learned it in Wisconsin in 1882, while working in the woods near Lake Superior.' A fragment contributed by Mr. H. M. Crocker, of Lee, who says he had not sung or thought of the song for twenty-five years or more, has the lines,

> After the steers were beaten the chorus begun:
> 'The biggest day's work on the Chippeway is done;
> Come fill up your glasses and fill them brim-full
> And drink you a health to the little brown bulls.'

Mrs. Ruby G. Noyes, of Topsfield, in transmitting the song for her father, says that 'one of father's very dear friends was working at that camp when the event took place and the scaler was a cousin of his.'

The reason for this song being popular in Maine is that the winning brown bulls were handled by Maine men. In the Western versions Gordon is called 'Yankee Bull' instead of 'bold' Gordon, and his chain-man, 'Kennebeck John' is Stebbin instead of Griffin. Mr. Amos J. Noyes, of Topsfield, seems to be the most notable singer of this song, no less than three people from other towns having written that he was the man to ask for it.

A

As sung by Mr. Amos J. Noyes, of Topsfield, Maine, and taken down by Mrs. Ruby G. Noyes, November, 1926.

1 Not a thing on the river McCluskey did fear
As he swung his goad-stock o'er the big speckled steers;
They were long, fat and thick, girt eight foot and three —
'Ha! ha!' said McCluskey, 'the laddies for me.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

2 The next came bold Gordon, whose skidding was full;
He would bet two to one on his little brown bulls;
They were short, thick and soggy, girt six foot and nine,
'Not fit,' said McCluskey, 'to handle our pine.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

3 Oh, three to the thousand our contract did call,
Our skidding was good and our lumber was tall;
McCluskey he swore to do the day full,
He'd skid two to one, beat the little brown bulls.
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

4 'Oh, no,' said bold Gordon, 'that trick you can't do,
Though I very well know you've the pets of the crew;
But mind you, my boy, you'll do the day full
If you skid a log more than the little brown bulls.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

5 A day was appointed and soon did draw nigh
With twenty-five dollars their fortunes to try;
All eager and anxious next morning was found,
While judges and scalers appeared on the ground.
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

6 The first came McCluskey, with a whoop and a roar,
And his big speckled steers with a cud in their jaw;
'It's chewing your cud, boys, and keep your jaw full,
And we'll easily beat them, the little brown bulls.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

7 The next came bold Gordon, a pipe in his jaw,
And the little brown bulls with a cud in their maw;
But little we thought, as we saw them come down,
A hundred and forty they would swing around.
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

8 Said McCluskey to Sandy: 'Now strip to the skin,
We'll dig them a hole and we'll shove 'em therein;
We'll teach the damned Yankees to fear the brave Scot,
We'll mix them a dose, boy, and they'll get it hot.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

9 Says Gordon to Griffin, with blood in his eye:
'This day we will conquer McCluskey or die.'
Says Kennebec John: 'My boy, never fear;
You ne'er shall be beat by the big speckled steers.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

10 The sun it went down and our foreman did say:
'Come in, lads, come in; it's enough for the day;
We've counted and scaled for each man and his team,
And we very well know just which one tips the beam.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

11 When supper was over McCluskey appears
With a belt ready made for his big speckled steers;
He meant to conduct it according to law,
So he went and tore up his new mackinaw.
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

12 'Hold on,' said our scaler, 'hold on for awhile,
For your big speckled steers are behind just a mile;
You've skidded a hundred and ten and no more,
While Gordon has beat you full ten and a score.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

13 Then the shanty did ring and McCluskey did swear,
By the handfuls he tore out his long yellow hair.
He stepped up to Gordon; 'The colors we'll pull,'
Saying, 'Here, take the belt for your little brown bulls.'
Darry down, down, down, darry down.

14 Here's a health to bold Gordon and Kennebec John,
For the best day's work on the river ever done.
So fill up your glasses and fill them up full
And we'll all drink our health for the little brown bulls.

B

Sent in, November 1926, by Mr. A. D. Hutchinson, of Brownville Junction, Maine, who wrote: 'Am sending you the words as I learned them from an old woodsman when he and I were working in the same camp twenty eight years ago this fall up on Aroostook waters. He had formerly worked in the Wisconsin lumber woods, so I presume that is where he learned the song. He used to sing it quite often in the evenings, so some of the boys nick-named him "the little brown bull."'

1 Not a thing on the river McCluskey did fear
As he sang out 'whoa-hush!' to his big spotted steers.
They were young, quick and sound, girt eight foot and three;
Says McCluskey, 'The Scotchmen are the laddies for me.'
Down, down, darry down.

2 The next was bold Gordon and his little brown bulls,
Short-legged and soggy, girt six foot and nine,
'Too small,' said McCluskey, 'to handle our pine.'
Down, down, darry down.

3 For three to the thousand our contract does call,
Our hauling was good and our pine they stood tall.
McCluskey declared he would take the day full
And he'd skid two to one to the little brown bulls.
Down, down, darry down.

4 'Oh, no,' says bold Gordon, 'that you cannot do,
Though 'tis very well known you've the pets of the crew;
But remember, my lad, you will have your hands full
To skid one more log than the little brown bulls.'
Down, down, darry down.

5 Now a day being appointed and soon did draw nigh
For twenty-five dollars their fortunes to try;
With cant-hooks and chains the woods they did sound,

While judges and scalers appeared on the ground.
Down, down, darry down.

6 With a whoop and a yell came McCluskey in view
With his big spotted steers — they're the pets of the crew —
Each chewing his cud. 'Boys, oh, keep your jaws full,
You can easily beat them, the little brown bulls.'
Down, down, darry down.

7 Says McCluskey to Sandy, 'Come, strip to the skin,
We'll dig them a grave and we'll tumble them in;
We'll fix them a dose and we'll feed to them hot;
We'll teach the blamed Yankees to face the bold Scots.'
Down, down, darry down.

8 Then along came bold Gordon with his pipe in his jaw,
With his little brown bulls with their cuds in their maw;
But little we thought, as we saw them come down,
That one hundred and fifty that day they'd jerk round.
Down, down, darry down.

9 Says Gordon to Kennebec, with blood in his eye,
'This day I will conquer McCluskey or die.'
Then up speaks bold Kennebec, saying, 'Never you fear,
You ne'er shall be beat by their big spotted steers.'
Down, down, darry down.

10 The sun had gone down and our foreman did say:
'Turn out, boys, turn out, it's enough for the day;
We counted and scaled them, each man to his team,
And it's very well known now which one kicks the beam.'
Down, down, darry down.

11 Then supper being o'er and McCluskey drew near
With a belt ready made for his big spotted steers,
To make which he had torn up his best mackinaw;
He was bound to conduct it according to law.
Down, down, darry down.

12 Then up speaks the scaler, saying, 'Hold you awhile,
For your big spotted steers are behind just a mile;
For you are one hundred and ten and no more,
While Gordon has beat you by ten and a score.
Down, down, darry down.

13 The shanty did ring and McCluskey did swear,
While he tore out in handfuls his long yellow hair.
'Here's the belt to you, Gordon; down my colors I'll pull,
And now take the belt for the little brown bulls.'
Down, down, darry down.

14 Now here's to bold Gordon and Kennebec John,
For the biggest day's work on the river being done.
Come, fill up your glasses, boys, fill them up full,
Drink a health to bold Gordon and his little brown bulls.
Down, down, darry down.

SHANTY SONG

Sent in by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, of West Gouldsboro, Maine, May, 1926.

1 I courted a girl in Albany and one in Montreal,
Another in Philadelphia, but the best at Lewiston Falls.
Then shove the grog around, my boys,
Chorus around the room,
We are the boys that fear no noise,
Although we are far from home.

2 A dollar in the tavern is very easily spent;
If we had it in old Ireland, we would have to pay down rent.
Then shove the grog around, my boys,
Chorus around the room,
We are the boys that fear no noise,
Although we are far from home.

3 Now when you go to Albany to give the girls a call,
They are not at all to be compared with the girls at Lewiston Falls.
Then shove the grog around, my boys,
Chorus around the room,
We are the boys that fear no noise,
Although we are far from home.

No other copy of this song has been seen. As all Mrs. Marston's songs are old ones, this probably had its day long ago and passed out.

THE RIVER–DRIVER

Taken down, 1926, from the singing of Miss Doris X, who learned it of her brother, who learned it of a man who had worked in the woods.

1 It was at the age of twenty-one
When I hired on the drive;
It was after six months' labor
In Quebec I did arrive.
It was there I met my Molly dear,
And with her I meant to roam,
For I'm a river driver
And far away from home.

2 Two bottles and two bottles,
And some was dreadful wine,
That you may drink with your true love,
And I will drink with mine;
That you may drink with your true love,
And I will drink alone,
For I'm a river driver
And far away from home.

. . . . . .

3 I'll eat when I get hungry,
I'll drink when I get dry,
I'll get drunk when I am ready,
And get sober by and by;
And if my Molly don't like it,
I'll leave this land and roam,
For I'm a river driver
And far away from home.

This is Lomax's 'Jack o' Diamonds,' which in itself is a form of Cox's 'The Rebel Soldier.' But both are derived from the English song, 'The Forsaken Girl,' and this river-driver version is quite as likely an original

adaptation of that as a recrudescence of the Southern forms.

DRIVING LOGS ON RAINBOW

From Mr. Franz H. Blanchard, of Brewer, Maine, 1925, who heard it sung at Ebeeme Pond in 1894, and who says it was written by a river-driver.

1 O, April on the first day brought
From farther down a helluva lot
Of lousy, ill-begotten men
For driving logs on Rainbow.

2 'Twas April on the second day
Old Woodman to these men did say:
'I will not give but a dollar a day
For driving logs on Rainbow.'

3 The men they then did curse and swear,
And in their anger they declared
They'd hang old Woodman, if they dared,
All on the River Rainbow.

4 O, Rainbow that's an awful place,
And down the stream the men do race;
They couldn't get time to wash their face,
All in the River Rainbow.

5 O, Rainbow that's a terrible hole,
And down the stream the logs do roll;
They always jam in the Devil's Punch Bowl
Upon the River Rainbow.

Rainbow Stream, the outlet of Rainbow Lake, not far from the Grant Farm, was always peculiarly difficult to drive. The Woodman mentioned was probably Charles Woodman, of Bangor. The date appears to be some time in the seventies. This is probably only a fragment of a much longer song. It seems to be related to a miner's song called 'When I went out to prospect,' which was sung to the air of 'The Sleigh Ride.'

DRIVING LOGS ON SCHOODIC

From Mr. William L. Powers, principal of the Washington Normal School, Machias, Maine, who wrote that he learned the lines in 1875, in Brownville, Maine.

1 John Ross from off the drive has fled,
He has left the molasses and the bread,
He's eaten bean-swagan till he's nearly dead,
All on the banks of Schoodic.

2 One night there was a terrible blow,
And on the shore the logs did go;
That night we lay in the rain you know,
All on the banks of Schoodic.

3 For Schoodic is a hell of a hole,
And down the stream the logs do roll,
They pass right through the Peek-a-boo Hole,
All on the banks of Schoodic.

Mr. Powers says that the authorship of these verses was locally attributed to one Frank Staples and that the date of composition must have been considerably earlier than the year he heard them, which he is able to fix with precision. Mr. Powers remarks upon the name of John Ross, so closely associated with the West Branch, appearing in connection with Schoodic; but 'Schoodic' only means 'burnt land' and is found in a number of widely separated places in Maine, and this may refer to Schoodic Stream which flows into the West Branch a mile below Shad Pond.

THE BLACK STREAM DRIVERS' SONG

Many years ago Black Stream, a tributary of Kenduskeag Stream, on Penobscot waters, annually brought down a good drive of heavy logs, cut in Stetson, Corinna, Exeter, Levant, and other towns not far from Bangor. Mr. Walter B. Smith, of Bangor, recalls that one cold,

rainy afternoon, in his boyhood, when the men had been sluicing, they came into J. R. Sawyer's big cooper shop, in Levant, and gathered round the great open fire to dry off and get warmed up. As they grew more comfortable, they began to sing. Most of it was solo singing, but sometimes a song was 'lined out' and some verses seemed impromptu. The only one which Mr. Smith remembers he inclines to think was made up on the spur of the moment and soon forgotten except by the small boys, who were troubled by the wickedness of it; for the river-drivers set their song to a tune which was familiar to all the boys who were hanging about to hear the singing. At every prayer meeting it was absolutely certain that Elder Brown would give out the hymn,

> Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
> Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
> And tell its raptures all abroad.

This stately, long meter hymn by Dr. Doddridge had been adapted to Sunday School use by adding a trashy chorus:

> O, happy day, O, happy day,
> When Jesus washed my sins away;
> He taught me how to watch and pray
> And live rejoicing every day;
> Happy day, O, happy day,
> When Jesus washed my sins away.

And it was to this chorus, so often sung in Elder Brown's prayer meetings, that the wicked river-drivers set these profane words, a solo and a chorus in which everybody joined:

1 Who feeds us beans?
Who feeds us tea?
Who feeds us bread
That hain't sog-gee?

'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes.

2 Who makes the big
Trees fall kerthrash,
And hit the ground
A hell of a smash?
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes.

3 Who gives us pay
For one big drunk,
When we hit Bangor
Slam kerplunk?
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes,
'Tis Johnny Ross and Cyrus Hewes.

MAULING LIVE OAK

'Pounding Live Oak.' Sent in, 1926, by Mrs. Lillian M. Young, of Cambridge, Maine, who says she learned it 'from an old gentleman, now dead, nearly thirty years ago, only he called it "Pounding Live Oak." He repeated it to me and I wrote it off years and years ago; but it seems that either he or I overlooked a part of the fifth verse.'

A

1 One day as I was travelling, I happened to think
My pockets were empty, I can't get a drink;
I am an old bummer, completely dead broke,
And I've nothing to do but go pounding live oak.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

2 I started at once for to see Captain Swift,
To see and find out would he give me a lift;

He viewed me all over from top unto toe;
Says he, 'You're the boy that live-oaking must go.'
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

3 Then he drew up the papers which both of us signed,
To keep and fulfill, if we both felt inclined;
But the very best wages that he could afford,
Was twenty-five dollars a month and my board.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

4 He bade me get ready without more delay,
As the schooner set sail on the very next day.
We landed on the wharf, some eighty or more
Poor miserable wretches, being tired of the shore.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

5 . . . . . .
. . . . . .

With two pints of whiskey, some tobacco and a spoon,
I was ready to set sail for Mosquito Lagoon.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

6 Bluff was the game that we played every night,
And in it Charles Douglass he took great delight;
He won my tobacco, while others cracked jokes,
Says he, 'You'll get more while you're pounding live oak.'
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

7 Pounding live oak is nothing like fun,
Especially the dry ones will make the sweat run;
It will make your axes glitter and smoke,
You'll need iron handles to pound this live oak.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

8 Instead of the woods on a lighter [1] I went,
I thought it much better to my poor heart's content;
All day with a pole in my hand I would poke,
Till I wished that the Devil had all the live oak.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

[1] *Lighter*, a flat-bottomed scow.

9 It's mosquitoes by day and minges [1] by night,
The sandflies and beagles they bother me quite;
And if [ever] at home my head I do poke,
To Hell I'll kick Swift and his cursed live oak.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

B

'Mauling Live Oak.' Fragment from Mr. Franz H. Blanchard, of Brewer, Maine, 1925, who learned it at Ebeeme Pond, in 1894, of Ad Pomroy, a Maine man who went South to work. Mr. Blanchard could remember only these lines.

With two pints of whiskey, some tobacco and a spoon,
I was ready to set sail for Mosquito Lagoon.

Oh, 'Bluff' was the game that we played every night,
And in it Charles Douglass he took great delight,
He won all my tobacco, I say 'twas no joke,
Says he, 'You'll get more when you're mauling live oak.'

Now mauling this live oak I'll say it's great fun,
Especially the dry ones that makes the sweat run,
And when your axe handles will sliver and smoke —
You need iron handles for mauling live oak.

C

'Cutting Live Oak.' Sent in, 1926, by Mr. Frank E. Carr, of Monmouth, Maine.

1 Come all you old bums, and I'll sing you a song,
And if you don't like it you can bum right along.
I am an old bummer, completely dead broke,
And I can do nothing but cut the live oak.
Derry down, lie down, O, my derry lie down.

2 I went right along to see Captain Swift,
To see, by the way, if he'd give me a lift.
He looked me all over from top to toe,
Saying: 'I think you're the boy that live-oaking can go.'
Derry down, lie down, O, my derry lie down.

Minges, a Maine word for midges, gnats, 'no-see-ums.'

3 He brought up the papers, to which we both signed,
To keep in full memory, if we felt so inclined;
It was very small wages that he could afford,
It was only five dollars a month and my board.
Derry down, lie down, O, my derry lie down.

4 We had to make ready without much delay,
As his ship was a-sailing the very next day.
It was two pints of whiskey, a pipe and a spoon,
And away I struck out for Mosquito Lagoon.
Derry down, lie down, O, my derry lie down.

5 Cutting this live oak is nothing but fun,
Especially the dead ones the sweat doth make run;
Our axe handles crackle and sliver like smoke;
We need iron handles to pound that live oak.
Derry down, lie down, O, my derry lie down.

6 The mosquitoes and flies do bite us by day
And the bedbugs and fleas by night.
If ever Old Medford his nose in does poke,
It's: 'To Hell with Old Swift and all his live oak.'
Derry down, lie down, O, my derry lie down.

LAKE CHEMO

This was the most popular song, not patriotic, ever sung about Bangor. It was known over a radius of hardly more than fifteen miles, but within that area every one knew 'Chemo,' and even to-day, fifty-six years after it was written, if any one starts, 'I left old Lake Chemo a long way behind me,' there is sure to be some one near who at the worst can straggle in on the chorus. Every buckboard party, going on a picnic in the eighties and nineties, sang 'Chemo Again,' and at the local dances Charlie Howard was never let off without playing 'Chemo' for a waltz. The tune was 'Norah McShane,' with a variation near the end which was an improve-

ment. It has sometimes been confused with 'Fair Harvard.'

Except for a few copies printed in Boston for the original party, from one of which this text is taken, it has never been printed entire that we know. Mr. Holman Day twice printed the first verse (in 'Forest and Stream,' 1903, and in 'Kin o' Ktaadn,' p. 107), and writes that he got it from a Brewer man, the late Brian J. Dunn. We believe him mistaken in saying that it was ever a popular woods song. Beyond Carmel on the west and Clifton on the east of Bangor, with Oldtown and Brewer for the north and south limits, we have never found a trace of it, although it may have been sung anywhere by Bangor people. Within this limited space it has held its own by pure tradition for more than half a century. The copies which we have found are all remarkably alike, with only one noteworthy variation. Around Bangor they sing, 'I'll pack up my traps for old Chemo again'; but in the hill country of Clifton, where there are no canoes and the man carries the load on his own back, they all seem to agree upon 'I'll strap up my pack for old Chemo again.' Whether it is 'this August' or 'next August' seems entirely a seasonal variation.

The text was obtained from Mrs. Josiah T. Taylor, of Bangor, the daughter of Mr. James Wilton Rowe, of Great Works, who wrote the song in 1871, after going on a camping party to Leonard's Pond, now known as 'Lake Chemo.' Those mentioned in the song were Dr. Skinner, of Boston, James Cushman, of Ellsworth, Charles Baker, of Bangor, Robert Douglass, of Oldtown, and Mr. Crawford, who was then working at Great Works. Miss Scott lived at Scott's Landing, on the lake; Miss Nichols was her guest. Mrs. J. W. Rowe and Miss Annie L. Rowe, of Bangor, were of the party and have given the date and circumstances. One more, however, should be recorded, which is how the song changed the name of the lake.

'Chemo' is a corruption of the Indian 'K'chi-mehgwaak,' 'the big bog,' and originally did not apply to the lake at all, but to a vast bog near its outlet at the northwesterly end. Residents of Oldtown, Bradley, and Great Works, lying north and west of this bog, called both that and the lake 'Chemo'; but residents of Clifton, Holden, Brewer, and Bangor, who approached the lake from the other end, always called it Leonard's Pond and reserved the other name for the bog alone. Mrs. Evie P. Chick, who lives less than a mile from the lake, in Clifton, writes that she well remembers the change of name. 'The blueberry bog there was always called Chemo, if I remember correctly, and later the lake took the name.' But the lake took the name only because the song was so popular that the old name became disused; it is now entirely forgotten.

1 I left old Lake Chemo a long way behind me,
With many a tear back to Oldtown I came,
And if I but live till one year from this August,
I'll pack up my traps for old Chemo again.
There pickerel are plenty and perch in abundance,
The whiskey and new milk they both flow like rain,
And if I but live till one year from this August,
I'll pack up my traps for old Chemo again.

2 'Tis pleasant to think of the shed-tent we slept in,
Tho' the walls were thin cloth and the roof was a pole;
How familiar the chirp of the birds in the morning
And the Doctor digging the beans from the hole.
There pickerel are plenty and perch in abundance, etc.

3 I think of fish-chowder red-hot from the kettle,
And pork that we frizzled so nice on the fire,
With big, roaring Crawford raising the Devil
Till three in the morning before he'd retire.
There pickerel are plenty and perch in abundance, etc.

4 As the sun was setting in most royal splendor,
And the birds were singing their songs in the trees,
Then one of our party was seen without clothing,
Promenading the beach and enjoying the breeze.
There pickerel are plenty and perch in abundance, etc.

5 The name of this poor and unfortunate fellow
Is kept from the public just merely to show
The respect that we have for each one of our party;
The names of the most are here given below.
There pickerel are plenty and perch in abundance, etc.

6 There was Rowe, Cushman and Baker, and Douglass and Skinner,
With their wives and their sweethearts and others a score,
And last, but not least, came Miss Scott and Miss Nichols,
Two gushing young damsels from over the shore.
There pickerel are plenty and perch in abundance, etc.

7 Now all you old fogies who want recreation,
Just go out to Chemo, if you want some fun,
There you'll find all our names engraved on a shingle,
Outshining in brilliance the rays of the sun.
There pickerel are plenty and perch in abundance,
And whiskey and new milk they both flow like rain,
And if I but live till a year from this August,
I'll pack up my traps for old Chemo again.

THE PROSE RHYTHM

That the essential of poetry resides in the way the mind reacts upon the subject-matter, rather than in the form into which it is cast, is interestingly exemplified by the unschooled woodsman's idea of what is poetry. While he may be exceedingly proud of very bad rhymes, yet he knows that poetry is the way you feel about a thing; if you write what you feel about it, you make poetry, whether you have rhymes or not.

We have an example in something that the writer never meant to be seen by any eye but his own. It was found in the summer of 1888 by the Reverend Samuel C. Whitcomb, of Pittsfield, Maine, and by him communicated to the writer the following winter. He wrote: 'On a tongue of land about a mile from the head of Caucomgomoc Lake, a few rods from the shore, is a hunter's winter cabin. It is evidently the property of one John Quilty, a trapper with a partiality for beaver. On a smoothed piece of cedar we found this record in pencil':

> These are long days in prison waiting for open water. Many times I see the mouldering ice fild limits roving life, and I wish to stand in my canvas coch, or frind of the wave and wind. — April 25, 1888. John Quilty.

Is a word of explanation needed for those who do not know the wilderness? Before the lake froze over, John Quilty had gone in for a fall and winter hunt in his canoe, and now he is impatiently waiting for the ice to break up so that he can come out again in his 'canvas coach, the friend of the wave and wind.' It is just such poetry as a Norse viking would have written under the same circumstances. And he knew that he was writing poetry, though he made no rhymes.

'Who was this John Quilty?' I asked our guide two years later, wishing to know what sort of man wrote verses and threw them away in the wilderness.

'John Quilty? He? Why, he's the regular poet of the West Branch Drive!' He seemed surprised that I had never heard of such a notable, and he went on with some energy: 'I wouldn't have you to think that that fellow couldn't write no po'try! Why, there's men in these woods that could write po'try as good as Longfellow and Emerson, if they was only booked up enough.' When has the merely literary qualification of an education been more neatly hit off than in that trenchant 'booked up'?

Nothing more of John Quilty's has been recovered, for his chronicles of the West Branch Drive seem to be forgotten; and only one more example of the prose rhythm has been found. In 1891 the following was sent me by an entire stranger, with the request to get it printed. It was forwarded to 'Forest and Stream,' but whether printed or not is not known.

CHESUNCOOK LAKE

I

There lived all on the wild and lonly
shores of Chesuncook Lake a herment by
the name of William Cunningham for years he lived
alone
all on the banks of hermet brook.

II

in a sad and lonley cabin
as human being had ever entered he lived
in this Cabing till God called him to
his arms and relesed him of his pain
his body was taken to the foot of Moosehead
Lake and buried there by friends.

Composed by A. S. D.
Chesuncook Lake, Maine

Every woodsman would recognize this as poetry. He would not deride it for lacking rhyme. If it had been 'something funny,' he might have said, 'That ain't no pome'; but this is serious and is no more to be laughed at than 'Thanatopsis,' which also does not rhyme.

Because they are so rare, these two examples of the prose rhythm are of peculiar interest to any one who wishes to know what is the uneducated man's theory of art. That he has a theory, explicit or instinctive, is necessary, for creative work is not fortuitous; even the medley of the kaleidoscope gets its pattern from the reasoned mirrors within it. The uneducated man often has good intelligence, is a clear thinker, and is sensitive to beauty. He is capable of artistic conceptions, but hampered in the expression of them. In a certain degree he deserves to be judged by his intentions rather than by his performance. Yet allowing no handicap, just wherein, may we ask, are these prose rhythms less poetry than the free verse of many who are styled poets?

WOODS SONGS OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD

By 1880 the old native woods songs had been largely replaced by a different type of song, imported from the Provinces or made by Irishmen or Province men. During and after the Civil War men had come from New Brunswick in great numbers to work in the woods. The songs they brought with them were novelties, and in time the old songs, worn out with long use, were replaced by this later type.

The Province songs are so different in texture that generally there is no difficulty in picking them out. They also have what the old Maine songs lacked, the ballad touch, borrowed from the old English and Irish, more rarely from the Scottish, ballads popular in the Provinces after they had almost died out in Maine. Sometimes a new song is curiously aged in appearance from the amount of ballad material it embodies. During the last fifty years probably the favorite songs in the Maine woods have been 'Gerry's Rock' and 'Peter Amberley.' 'Gerry's Rock' at its beginning is a plain Yankee tale of a river-driving accident; but it ends in a pure ballad. 'Peter Amberley' is a perfect example of the Province-made song. Though by actual date 'Katahdin Green' and 'John Ross' belong with the earlier period, they have had to be placed among songs of this section on account of the balladry underlying them. Of nineteen songs in this section only three appear to be of Maine origin. 'Jack Haggerty' is Western. 'Harry Dunn' and 'George Whalen, though brought here from the West, were of Province origin. All of the others are supposed, and all but two of them are known, to have been composed by men born either in Ireland or in the Provinces. The Maine men did not

cease to make up verses, but we do not find their product as popular as this later type of songs.

KATAHDIN GREEN

No complete copy of this old song has been obtained, but fragments from five different sources, gathered through twenty-two years, attest its popularity and wide distribution. It is so closely related to Dan Golden's song about his first winter's work for John Ross, the Bangor lumberman, that some verses of it are commonly sung as a part of that song. Daniel Golden, who claimed to have composed 'John Ross,' regarded the two songs as distinct, for he sang both under different titles; yet he used the final stanzas of 'Katahdin' as a toast to John Ross in the other song.

A

'Katahdin.' Fragment from the singing of Daniel H. Golden, of Bangor, Maine, woodsman and river-driver. Taken down, 1904.

1 Now Katahdin is a pretty place
And pretty girls are in;
You'd think it was some nightingale
When they begin to sing,

2 *And* see the little salmon-fish and trout
Gently glibe in the stream,
And see the pretty lambs disport
And play upon Katahdin green.

3 And now my pen is weary,
No more it will write down,
I hope John Ross's lumber all
Will safely come to town;

4 And as we gently glibe along
We'll make them tavings roar,
And we'll drink a health to old Katahdin
And the girls which we adore.

B

'Old Katahdin Green.' From Mrs. Annie V. Marston, of West Gouldsboro, Maine, in 1926, who learned it in her childhood.

1 Katahdin is a pretty place,
And there are pretty girls therein;
You would think they were some nightingales
When they begin to sing.

2 And as we gently glide along
We'll make those taverns roar;
Here is a health to Judge McDonald
And the girls that we adore.

3 When I arrived at Chesuncook Lake,
The people came gathering around;
They said I was not fitting
The greenwoods to cut down.

4 They said that I might go as a cook,
If I'd be neat and clean;
And then was the time I wished myself
On old Katahdin green.

5 The little lambs do sport and play
Along by the river side,
Where the salmon trout and the pickerel
In the streams do gently glide.

C

From Mr. Percy Doane, of Brewer, Maine, 1926, as the finish of 'John Ross.'

1 When I reached Katahdin
The people gathered 'round;
They said I was not able
The lumber to chop down.

2 So they thought it better to take a trip,
The woods for to explore,
So I bid farewell to old Katahdin
And the girls that I adore.

3 Katahdin is a pretty place,
Where pretty girls are seen;
You'd think they were some nightingales
When they begin to sing,

4 Where the little lambs do skip and play
All on the mountain side,
And the salmon-trout and the pickerel
Unceasingly do glide.

D

Fragment recalled, 1926, by Mr. A. A. Alward, recently from Calgary, Alberta, who formerly lived in Aroostook County. As he was not a singer, the rhythm is halting.

1 Some rambling thoughts come in my head
The wilderness to explore,
Where the togue and the trout do swim about
All on the seapond side.

2 No money he'd to pay them
That he hired by the route,
But when the lumber was in the pond
The route may all go free.

3 And now my pen is weary,
No more I will write down,
I hope John Ross's lumber all
Will safely come to town,

4 And as we gently glide along,
We'll make them taverns roar,
And we'll drink a health to old Katahdin
And the girls that we adore.

In singing 'John Ross,' Dan Golden drank the health of 'old Jesuncook' — that is, Chesuncook Lake — instead of Katahdin, as when he sang 'Katahdin Green.'

The song shows peculiarities. Here are fragments picked up over a wide range of country during twenty-

two years, which rather singularly agree in mentioning some disconnected facts and disagree about whatever might have bound them together. There are straggling attempts to tell a story about a green hand who went into the woods, who the experienced judged could not qualify as a chopper, but who might go as cook. The song also has something to do with John Ross, one of the best known of all Penobscot head lumbermen. But it is insistent upon fishes in purling streams, a green Katahdin covered with playful lambs, and pretty girls who sing like birds never heard in this country. Nothing could be more absurd than such a picture. It is idealism run mad — a real Watteau landscape, with amiable shepherdesses in inappropriate costumes, gracefully posing. Katahdin is not green. There probably never was a live lamb within twenty miles of it, and they would have broken their pretty necks if they had tried any 'disporting' upon its precipitous sides. An English *scena*, with nightingales and quiet streams, green meadows and white lambs, has been slipped on over the bald head of old Katahdin, which towers up through them like a grenadier in petticoats. And here are crews of two dozen or more hard-headed lumbermen, who perhaps can see Katahdin from their camp doors, singing this rubbish about the pretty lambs on Katahdin green, as if they knew no better. We begin to understand why, in the old ballads, so many people could afford to have their horses shod with gold before and silver behind and to sail vessels with sails of taffeta and masts of gold. The first cost was no more than that of Woodchopper Bill Smith's 'gold shoes and gold trunk and gold amberil'' which he claimed to have brought home from the Mexican War.

What has happened appears to be this: Some old song, probably Irish, has been lifted bodily, with no attempt to disguise it, and dedicated to Katahdin. The old part of the song has survived; the attempt to combine some recent tale with it has proved futile; we have the masonry

of the old song, but have lost the mortar of the new. The close association of 'Katahdin Green' with 'John Ross,' which are sure to have several stanzas in common without any copy of either seeming to be complete, suggests that Dan Golden may have made up both songs, and the fellow who was judged 'not fitting the green woods to cut down' was himself, the declared hero of 'John Ross.' If so, he may have tried to wreck two old songs in getting material to make one new one, and the song has split along the 'fault,' as a geologist would say, where he joined the two old songs, perhaps with different tunes. Just what happened we have been unable to decipher, but it gives us pause when we think that probably it is only what happened many times before in the making of the older ballads. The problems underlying these woods songs are too similar to those of the evolution of still older ballads for us to pass unmeritorious songs as necessarily insignificant.

JOHN ROSS

This song appears to have had no original title, but it has gradually acquired that of the well-known lumberman who appears in the first stanza. The story of how it was made is given in a later chapter 'How Dan Golden Made Up a New Song,' and his own version of it stands as the 'A' version. In order to give a text for ready reference, we place the 'B' version here.

B

Title supplied. Taken down from the singing of Mr. John Foley, of Bangor, Maine, February, 1926.

1 O, the night that I was married, O,
And laid on marriage bed,
Up rose John Ross and Cyrus Hewes
And stood at my bedhead,

2 Saying, 'Arise, arise, young married man
And go along with me
To the lonesome hills of Suncook
To swamp them logs for me.'

3 'Twas early Monday morning,
Just at the break of day,
I started out from the Franklin House
Before it was break of day.

4 The stage started at seven o'clock,
For Moosehead Lake did steer,
And I could not help but thinking of
My darling Mary dear.

5 It was between Roach River and the Grant Farm
When Murphy's son played out;
Dan Golden, like his comrade brave,
Did see his journey out.

6 'Say, Johnny, have you any matches?
This night we will camp out;
And tomorrow morning at seven o'clock
The Grant Farm will make out.'

7 And it's when we got to the Grant Farm
'Twas there we had some fun;
If ever you saw a smiling face
It was Murphy's only son.

8 He says, 'Me boys, we toughed it out,
As plainly you may see,
And if ever I return again
A blacksmith I will be.'

Mr. Foley went out to tend the railroad crossing which he guards, and when he came back into his little hut, he was singing gayly:

9 And now my pen is weary,
No more I can write down;

But I hope John Ross's lumber all
Will safely come to town.

And as we gently glide along
We'll make those taverns roar,
And drink a health to old Katahdin
And the girls which we adore.

'I couldn't think of any more of it at the time, but it came to me when I was out on the crossing,' he said. 'Yes, most likely Dan Golden did make it up; it's about him anyway.'

THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCK

'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' From the 'Maine Sportsman,' January, 1904, vol. XI, no. 125. This, the earliest printed form of the song as yet found, was sent in by some one who learned it in the Maine woods.

1 Come all of you bold shanty boys, and list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy and his untimely fate,
Concerning a young river-man, so manly, true and brave;
'Twas on the jam at Gerry's Rock he met a watery grave.

2 It was on Sunday morning as you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled up mountains high, we could not keep them clear.
Our foreman said, 'Turn out brave boys, with heart devoid of fear;
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Eganstown we'll steer.'

3 Now some of them were willing while others they were not,
For to work on jams on Sunday they did not think we ought;
But six of our Canadian boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock with the foreman, young Monroe.

4 They had not rolled off many logs when they heard his clear voice say:
'I'd have you boys be on your guard for the jam will soon give way.'

These words were scarcely spoken when the mass did break and go,
And it carried off those six brave youths and their foreman, Jack Monroe.

5 When the rest of our brave shanty boys the sad news came to hear
In search of their dead comrades to the river they did steer;
Some of the mangled bodies a-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank was that of young Monroe.

6 They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair;
There was one fair girl among them whose sad cries rent the air —
There was one fair form among them, a maid from Saginaw town,
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies for her true love who'd gone down.

7 Fair Clara was a noble girl, the river-man's true friend;
She lived with her widowed mother dear, down at the river's bend;
The wages of her own true love the 'boss' to her did pay,
And the shanty boys for her made up a generous purse next day.

8 They buried him with sorrow deep, 'twas on the first of May;
'Come all of you, bold shanty boys, and for your comrade pray!'
Engraved upon a hemlock-tree that by the grave did grow,
Was the name and date of the sad, sad fate of the shanty boy, Monroe.

9 Fair Clara did not long survive, her heart broke with her grief,
And scarcely two months afterward death came to her relief.

And when the time had passed away and she was called to go,
Her last request was granted, to be laid by young Monroe.

10 Come all of you bold shanty boys, I would have you call and see
Those green mounds by the riverside, where grows the hemlock-tree.
The shanty boys cleared off the wood by the lovers there laid low —
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon and her true love, Jack Monroe.

B

From a written copy furnished by Mrs. L. C. Foster, of Carmel, Maine, 1925; taken down by her son from the singing of a man working with a road-making crew. In twenty years or so the song had become localized at Oldtown on the Penobscot.

1 Come all of you brave shanty boys and listen while I relate
Concerning a young river boy and his untimely fate,
Concerning a young river boy, so manly, true and brave;
'Twas on the jam at Garry's Rock he found his watery grave.

2 It was on a Sunday morning, as you will plainly hear,
The logs were piled up mountain high, as we could not keep them clear,
Until our foreman says, 'Turn out, brave lads, devote your hearts from fear;
We will break the jam on Garry's Rock and for Oldtown we will steer.'

3 Now some of them were willing and some of them were not,
For breaking jams on Sunday they did not think they ought
Until six of our brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Garry's Rock, with their foreman Jack Monroe.

4 They had not rolled off many a log when they heard his clear voice say,
'You had better be on your guard, my lads, for the jam will soon give way.'

These words he had hardly spoke when the jam did break and go,
And it carried off these six brave lads and their foreman, Jack Monroe.

5 When the rest of those brave river boys the sad news came to hear,
In search of their dead comrades to the river they did steer;
While some of their mangled bodies a-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank was that of Jack Monroe.

6 They dragged him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair,
There is one fair form among them whose sad cries rent the air;
Yes, there is one fair form among them, a girl who is from Oldtown,
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies for her true love who was drown.

7 Fair Clara was a noble girl and the river boys' true friend,
She and her widow mother dear lived down at the river bend,
And the wages of her own true love the Boss to her did pay,
And what the river boys made up was a generous purse next day.

8 When she received the money she thanked them every one,
But it was not to be her luck for to enjoy it very long;
For scarcely had six weeks gone by when she was called to go,
And her last request was, 'Let me rest beside of Jack Monroe.'

9 We buried them with sorrow deep, it was on the third of May.
Come all of you brave shanty boys and for your comrades pray.

And engraved upon a hemlock tree that near the bank did grow
'Twas the name and date and the sad, sad fate of the river boy Monroe.

Come all of you brave river boys, I will have you come and see
Those green mounds by the river side, which is near that hemlock tree;
For the river boys cleared off the wood and the lovers they laid low, —
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon and her true love Jack Monroe.

There are two forms of the ballad 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock,' an early and a late one. The 'A' version represents the standard form of the late version, and the 'B' version is the widest variant we have found in Maine, though one from Michigan, sent in by Mr. James McGillivray, of the State Department of Conservation, is unique. The two versions which follow represent the older form of the ballad, which appears to have been rewritten about thirty years ago. It will be observed that in these early copies the name of the heroine is variable. She is 'Miss Clara Jenness' and 'Miss Carro,' and in other copies she is 'Miss Clark,' 'Miss Clara Dennison,' and 'Clara Everson.' Clearly her name gave trouble to the poet and in the end compromises were rejected and out of pure fiction she was called 'the handsome Clara Vernon.' Whether the hero was Jack Monroe, or whether he had a name impossible to put into verse, is unknown; but one correspondent acutely observes that 'Jack Monroe' is 'a name which lends itself to easy rhyming' and it sounds as fictitious as 'Clara Vernon.' The old form of the song is readily distinguishable by the variable name of the heroine and by finding the head, not the body, of young Monroe on the river-bank.

C

'Gerry's Rock.' Sent in, April, 1926, by Mr. Frank E. Carr, of Monmouth, Maine, who got it recently from John Rols, who learned it from a woodsman, name unknown.

1 Come all ye loyal shanty boys, wherever you may be,
I would have you give attention and listen unto me,
Concerning six brave shanty boys, so loyal, true and brave,
Who broke the jam on Gerry's Rock and met a watery grave.

2 'Twas early Sunday morning, the truth I pray you hear,
The logs was piling mountains high, we could not keep them clear,
When the Boss he cries: 'Turn out, my boys, with hearts deride of fear,
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rocks and for Logantown we'll steer.'

3 Some of them were willing, while others did hold back,
To go to work on Sunday they did not think it right;
When six of our brave shanty boys they did consent to go
To break the jam on Gerry's Rock with the foreman, young Munroe.

4 When the shanty boys these tidings came to hear
To search for their dead bodies straight to the river [they] did steer.
Among those lifeless bodies to their hearts grief and woe
All cut and mangled on the beach lay the head of young Munroe.

. . . . . .

5 They raised him from his watery grave, brushed back his curly hair;
There was one fair form among them whose cries did rend the air;
There was one fair form among them, a maid from Logantown,
Whose groans and cries did rent the skies for her truelove that was drowned.

6 Miss Clara was a lovely girl, likewise the woodsman's friend,
Her mother was a widow, living by the river's bend;
The wages of her own truelove the Boss to her did pay,
And a liberal subscription she did receive next day.

7 Miss Clara did not suffer long with her great grief and woe;
In the space of six months after death called on her to go;
Her last request was granted, to be buried by young Munroe.

8 On a mound by the riverside there stands a hemlock tree.
Our boys cut all around that tree — two lovers there lie low;
Here lies Miss Clara Jenness and her truelove young Munroe.

D

'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' Received March 18, 1926, from Mrs. Guy R. Hathaway, of Mattawamkeag, Maine, who wrote: 'We have had a hard time trying to get it together from two or three different ones who used to know it.' Mr. Cram, a neighbor, furnished most of the text.

1 Come all of you brave shanty boys, wherever you may be,
I pray you pay attention and listen unto me,
Concerning six brave Canadian boys, so manfully and brave,
Breaking a jam on Gerry's Rock they met a watery grave.

2 It being on Sunday morning, the truth you shall hear,
Our logs were piled up mountain high, we could not keep them clear;
The foreman says: 'Turn out, my boys, without no dread or fear,
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Logantown we'll steer.'

3 And some of them were willing, whilst others did stand back,
For to work upon a Sunday they did not think 'twas right,
Whilst six of those brave shanty boys did volunteer to go
To break the jam on Gerry's Rock, with their foreman young Munroe.

4 They had not been on the jam long when the boss to them did say:
'I would have you be on your guard, for the jam will soon give way.'
And scarcely had he spoke those words, when the jam did break and go,
Carrying off those six brave shanty boys and the foreman young Munroe.

5 When the rest of those brave shanty boys sad tidings came to hear
For to search for their dead bodies to the river they did steer,
And amongst those reckless bodies to their sad grief and woe,
All cut and mangled on the beach was the head of young Munroe.

6 They raised it from the watery grave, combed down his raven hair;
There was one fair form among them whose groans did rent the air,
[There was one fair form among them], a girl from Sidney town,
Whose groans and cries did rent the skies for her lover who was drowned.

7 They buried him quite decently, being on the first of May;
It's come all of you brave shanty boys and for your comrade pray.
They engraved it on a tree close by his grave doth grow,
His age — his name — the drowning of that hero young Munroe.

8 Miss Carro was a handsome girl, likewise [the] Rogueman's friend,
Her mother was a widow, lived by the River Glenn,
And the wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay
And a little subscription she secured from the shanty boys next day.

9 Miss Carro did not long survive to her sad grief and woe,
In a space of six months after Death called on her to go,
And her request was granted to be buried with young Munroe.

10 Now it's come all of you brave shanty boys, who'd like to come and see
A little mound by the river side, where grew a hemlock tree.
The shanty boys they cut their woods — two lovers they lie low;
There lies Miss Carro in her grave and her foreman young Munroe.

WHAT THE OLD COCK ROBIN SAID

Unique among the woods songs found is the one entitled 'What the Old Cock Robin Said,' which owes its preservation to a succession of accidents. In the winter of 1901–02, Mr. Sidney Sykes, born in Birmingham, England, and long in New Zealand, went into the Maine woods for his health. Being an experienced bookkeeper, he took the position of camp clerk in the upper West Branch Penobscot camps belonging to John Ross, of Bangor. As a favor to the senior editor he interested himself in writing down some of the songs he heard sung in the woods. One day in one of the lumber camps he found on the floor two small sheets of paper, written with a blue scaler's pencil, rubbed and greased from being carried long in their owner's pocket and in places indecipherable from wear. As it was a song, he sent it in with others.

On observing that it was a New Brunswick song, full of local allusions, the editor sent first a copy, and then the original, to Mr. W. H. Venning, of Sussex, New Brunswick, who had lived in Saint John many years and had been both an editor and a practical compositor. He was able to explain all the local references, but acknowledged that in places the text was too difficult for him.

A quarter of a century of search has produced no other copy, nor even a fragment, though old men say that they can remember when it was sung in the Maine woods. A restored text is necessary, as the original is so difficult that the point of the song, and its merits, are lost in a close copy. It is thoroughly mediæval in form and feeling, a satire put into the mouth of birds. No prototype has been found, and perhaps there is nothing nearer it in form and spirit than the monk Lydgate's 'London Lyckpenny,' written early in the fifteenth century, which satirizes the extortions of London officials and tradesmen, where 'for lack of money I could not speed.' Yet even this does not employ the mediæval device of speaking birds.

1 I took a walk one sunny day,
Rambling out through Courtney Bay,[1]
'Twas at the close of one bright day in spring,
To enjoy the evening breeze
That whispered through the trees,
And hear the pretty small birds gaily sing.
Chorus:
And hear the pretty small birds gaily sing.

2 After walking all around
A shady tree I found,
And sitting down a moment just to rest,
When a voice above me spoke,
Saying, 'Soon I prove to you
How Honesty, fair Justice is the best.'
Chorus:
'How Honesty, fair Justice is the best.'

3 Then I looked up with surprise
When a strange sight met my eyes,
There were fifty robins gathered o'er my head;
When the oldest robin spoke,
With his aged feathers broke,

[1] Courtney Bay is on the east side of Saint John City; the harbor is on the west side; the whole city lies on a narrow peninsula.

And this is what the old Cock Robin said:
Chorus:
And this is what the old Cock Robin said:

4 'Now, comrades, all draw near
And a story you shall hear,
As you gaze from off the branch of this old tree;
And the building you behold,
Its stony walls look old,
And its name is called the old St. John P. P.' [1]
Chorus:
'And its name is called the old St. John P. P.'

5 'When Quinton left for town [2]
This place soon got run down,
And old Ketchum came across to take his place,[3]
And from Carleton, noble town,[4]
Where the edgings go their round,[5]
And the midnight prowler and his faithful race.' [6]
Chorus:
'And the midnight prowler and his faithful race.'

6 'Where the giant body grew [7]
And all the Paris crew,[8]
And his people all was fed on gaspereaux,[9]

[1] Across Courtney Bay is the Penitentiary, known familiarly as the 'P. P.'

[2] John Quinton was the first warden.

[3] Charles Ketchum was his successor.

[4] Carleton, across the harbor, is now a part of the city.

[5] 'Edgings,' cut from the boards as waste in making them of even width throughout, were hauled from the mills to Carleton for sale as fuel.

[6] 'Carleton was formerly infested by thieves and bad characters.' — Venning.

[7] 'Ketchum was an immense man, fat and stout; would weigh 250 pounds.'

[8] *Paris crew.* 'The celebrated rowers, called the "Paris Crew," because they won first prize in the Paris Regatta at the first great French Exposition, were all Carleton men.' These two lines have been slightly rearranged.

[9] *Gaspereaux*, alewives, equivalent to saying that Ketchum's people were very poor. In the spring, when they are running upstream, alewives are the cheapest food there is and may be had for the labor of catching them.

This is the spot of fame
Whence this Charles Ketchum came,' —
And this is what the old Cock Robin said.
Chorus:
And this is what the old Cock Robin said.

7 'Now Charles he was no fool,
His keepers was his tool,
He could lead and drive them all around the yard;
And if a convict wouldn't squeal [1]
Dutch justice he would deal
And tell him that his case was mighty hard.
Chorus:
And tell him that his case was mighty hard.

8 'Every simple law he would
[Misconstrue] all he could,[2]
And the people had them down as one was dead.[3]
There is one that holds the swag,
His name is George O. Craig.' —[4]
And this is what the old Cock Robin said.
Chorus:
And this is what the old Cock Robin said.

9 'The convict's meat was small,
And some had none at all,
Though full and plenty was sent in each day;
They made coffee out of peas

[1] Mr. Venning read this line, 'If a captive wouldn't yield.'

[2] Lines almost totally erased by wear. Enough is left to get the rhyme words as above, and all but the word in brackets *might* be there. In desperation Mr. Venning proposed,

'Every captive he would fight
With Charley day and night,'

which certainly never was written in this space.

[3] Written thus, but more likely the common phrase 'as good as dead,' mistaken by the writer.

[4] 'There was a secretary by the name of Craig, pronounced Cragg, but whether in Quinton's or in Ketchum's day I do not remember.' — Venning.

That would make you grin and sneeze,
And gave you rotten fish on each Friday.'
Chorus:
'And gave you rotten fish on each Friday.'

10 'The New Government was sharp,
And their little game was blocked,
When they heard how that the convicts they were fed;
They gave orders for to fly,
Dorchester for to try' —[1]
And this is what the old Cock Robin said.
Chorus:
And this is what the old Cock Robin said.

11 Now these robins what they heard,
Took stock in every word,
And said their squealing game was done up fine,
And the suckers was first-rate
From seventy-four to seventy-eight,
But a new crowd held the fort in seventy-nine.
Chorus:
But a new crowd held the fort in seventy-nine.

12 These birds did dance with glee,
As they perched high in the tree,
They spread their wings and bowed their noble heads,
And they softly bid good-night
As they started on their flight,
After hearing what the old Cock Robin said.
Chorus:
After hearing what the old Cock Robin said.

Once reduced to type this song appears much easier to read than it really was. Mr. Venning's local knowledge and expertness as a printer made clear most of the hard places, but still one word remained which could not be deciphered: what kind of a crew was it which 'arose' in

[1] 'Dorchester is the place where the "State Prison" is. At the Confederation of the Provinces, all the convicts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island were moved to Dorchester.'

Carleton? It might be a *faers* crew or a *piars* crew, but Mr. Venning's 'faery crew' was rejected as fantastic and the editor's 'pious crew' as wholly improbable. 'It looks to me like *pairz*,' wrote the editor, 'which might be *Paris crew;* but that would be meaningless.' But it was not. Mr. Venning leaped upon the word with exultation and brought forth the explanation of the Paris Regatta, unknown except to those familiar with the old local history of Saint John.

The song, as it now stands, owes its readableness to Mr. Venning's labor, who worked for hours over it with a powerful magnifying glass and by his knowledge of the locality put sense into apparent nonsense. 'I knew John Quinton (the first warden of the Penitentiary) very well,' he wrote, 'and his successor Charles Ketchum still better. There was a secretary named Craig, but whether in Quinton's or Ketchum's time, I forget. That this evident skit on Ketchum found its way into a Maine lumber camp is "one of the things no fellow can understand."' And again he wrote: 'The history you give of the song is, to my mind, the most "interesting" part of it. . . . Here was a Maine lumber camp in the virgin wilderness. Among its occupants were a travelled Englishman from the other side of the world; a gambler, educated for the priesthood; a Russian Finn, probably driven from his country by oppression that human nature could bear no longer; a negro cook from Australia, and men of half-a-dozen other races, all bossed by a Penobscot Man! Here are all the materials for a Romance of the Forest, where Truth would, indeed, be stranger than fiction.

Fiction dares not be so improbable as this. It would not invent a man from New Zealand as being interested in Maine woods songs; it would not assume that he could know the only person in Maine who at that time would preserve them; nor that she would be acquainted with the one man in all the world most competent to decipher

and explain the rubbed and greasy paper, written with a blue scaler's pencil against the backing of a rifted slab; nor that it would lie for a full quarter of a century, waiting its ultimate preservation in print as a song so unique in structure and device that the best experts must reckon with it.

THE LUMBERMAN IN TOWN

Taken down, 1901, by Mr. Walter M. Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, from the singing of Mack Dyer, of East Eddington, Maine, who said that it was 'a very old song.'

1 When the lumberman comes down,
Ev'ry pocket bears a crown,
And he wa-a-anders some pretty gal to find.
If she's not too sly, with her dark and rolling eye,
The lumberman is pleased in his mind,
The lumberman is pleased in his mind.

2 The landlady comes in,
She is dressed so neat and trim,
She looks just like an ev-en-in' star;
She's ready to wait on him, if she finds he's in good trim,
Chalk him down for two to one at the bar,
Chalk him down for two to one at the bar.

3 The lumberman goes on
Till his earnt money's all spent and gone,
Then the landlady begins to frown.
With her dark and rolling eye, this will always be her cry:
'Lumber man, it is time that you were gone,
Lumber man, it is time that you were gone.'

4 She gives him to understand
There's a boat to be a-manned,
And away up the river he must go:
Good liquor and a song, it's 'Go hitch your horses on,
Bid adieu to the girls of St. Johns,
Bid adieu to the girls of St. Johns.'

5 To the woods he will go,
With his heart so full of woe,
And he wa-a-anders from tree after tree;
Till six months have gone and past, he forgets it all at last:
'It is time I should have another spree,
It is time I should have another spree.'

6 When old age does him alarm,
He will settle on a farm,
And he'll find some young girl to be his wife;
But to his sad mistake, she mock love to him will make,
And kind death will cut the tender threads of iife.
And kind death will cut the tender threads of life.

This is one of the finest of the old woods songs, and if nothing else showed that it came from the British Provinces, we might guess it from the melancholia in it; this self-pity is not a characteristic of the native of Maine. In singing it, the stanza was sung through as a solo, and then the whole crew came in with a rousing chorus, beginning with the fourth line of every stanza. The last word of every line was emphatic, and the rhyming words in the long fourth line so very emphatic that it seems probable that they were emphasized by a stamp of the foot or by a blow of the fist upon the table or deacon seat. 'Lumberman' had so strong a beat upon the last syllable that it was really two words.

Mr. Franz H. Blanchard acutely observes, 'This is a variation of the sailor song,

'"When the sailors came ashore Jack had money golden store,
Jack was led like a horse by the halter."'

This song also was well known in the woods. An English variant, called 'Jack's Disaster,' is given in John Ashton's 'Real Sailor Songs' (London, 1891). Here again, as in so many imported and remodeled songs, the American version is not a broken-down rendering, but a rewriting which is a decided improvement upon the original.

PETER AMBERLEY

Of Province origin, this song has been remarkably popular in Maine for the last forty years, so that it is hard to tell which is the greater favorite, this or 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' Yet, while 'Gerry's Rock' has been carried westward, there to be given a renewal which greatly increased its popularity and sowed it north, east, south, and west, 'Peter Amberley' has never been reported to the westward of Maine. It is still a Maine and New Brunswick song. It seems to have originated on the Miramichi River about 1880. Upon a copy lately received from there the correspondent has noted that instead of singing, 'I hired to work in the lumber woods,' the loggers there sing, 'I hired with old Bob Ritchie.' Taken in connection with the references to 'the northwest Miramichi,' 'Boiestown,' and Prince Edward Island, there can be little question that the song is based upon a New Brunswick accident, while the internal evidence points to Province authorship. Some have claimed that Amberley was killed in the Maine woods, but they have shown no proof of it. It is quite possible, however, that the statement that he composed the verses himself, while waiting for death after being crushed by a load of logs rolling upon him, is true. The lines are full of old balladry and simple in their pathos, fit to be the authentic farewell message of a dying boy.

The song seems to have traveled entirely by word of mouth, until very recently. The first copy in print was the equivalent of nine four-line stanzas, given by Mr. Holman Day in 'Forest and Stream,' December 19, 1903. A copy just twice the length of this, or nine eight-line stanzas, appeared in the 'Maine Sportsman,' December, 1903, and no more until, in 1924, Professor Gray printed three versions, one of them obtained from the editor, one the copy from the 'Sportsman,' and another new one. His version 'C,' which purports to be the one in the

'Sportsman,' deserves a word of comment because it lacks the last three stanzas of that copy. The 'Sportsman' printed the song in two columns, the right-hand column occupying only part of the page. The printed leaf, which the senior editor lent Professor Gray, was folded down the middle, and the lower part of the page was cut away on the right and in single column. He copied the first six stanzas, but did not notice the last three which were folded back on the upper half of the sheet. Therefore all reprints from Professor Gray's 'C' version may be known by their lacking those last three stanzas. It has already been a number of times reprinted, as in the 'Canadian Lumberman' and in 'The Northern' and in several newspapers of Maine.

The earliest version known to the editors is the following incomplete one:

A

'Peter Emily.' Taken down, January, 1902, by Mr. Sidney Sykes, at John Ross's camps, Lobster Lake.

1 My name is Peter Emily, as you might understand,
I was born on Prince Edward Island, close by the ocean strand.
In eighteen hundred eighty-two, when the flowers was in full bloom,
I left my native country my fortune to persume.

2 I landed in New Brunswick, in that lumbering countree;
I hired to work in the lumber woods, which proved my destiny;
I hired to work in the lumber woods, where they cut the tall spruce down;
When loading two sleds from the yard I received my deathly wound.

3 There is danger on the ocean, when the seas roll mountains high,
There is danger on the battlefield, where the angry bullets fly,

There is danger in the lumber woods, where death lies solemn there,
And I have fell a victim to that great and monstrous snare.

4 Here's a due to my old father, it was him that drove me here,
I think his punishment too hard and his treatment too severe;
It is not right to press a boy, or try to keep him down,
It's apt to drive him from his home when he is far too young.

5 Here's a due unto a dearer friend, I mean my mother dear,
Who reared a son who fell as soon as he left her tender care.
Little did my mother know, when she sang sweet lullaby,
What countries I might travel in, or what death I might die.

This is fully as effective as the longer form, Version 'B.'

B

Peter Emberlie.' Printed in the 'Maine Sportsman,' December, 1903.

1 My name is Peter Emberlie
As you may understand,
I was born in Prince Edward Island
Down by the ocean strand.
In eighteen hundred eighty,
When the flowers were in their bloom,
I left my native country
My fortune to pursue.

2 I landed in New Brunswick,
That lumbering counter-ee,
I hired to work in the lumberwoods,
Which proved my destiny;
I hired to work in the lumber woods
To cut the spruce logs down,
While loading two sleds from the yard
I received my deathly wound.

3 There is danger on the dark blue sea
Where the waves roll mountains high,

There is danger on the battlefield
Where the angry bullets fly,
There is danger in the lumber woods
Where death lurks silent there,
And I have fell a victim
All to its monstrous snare.

4 Here's adieu unto you, Father,
'Twas you that drove me here.
I could not well agree with you,
Your treatment was severe.
A man should never force a boy
Or try to keep him down,
For it often drives him from his home
When he is far too young.

5 Here's adieu unto a better friend —
I mean my mother dear,
Little did I think I would fall a victim
When I left her tender care.
It's little did my mother know
When she sung sweet lullaby,
In what country I should end my days
Or what death I should die.

6 Here's adieu to Prince Edward Island
That garden in the seas;
No more I'll roam its flowery banks
To enjoy a summer breeze;
No more I'll watch those gallant ships
As they go sailing by,
With colors flying gaily
Above their canvas high.

7 Here's adieu unto my younger friends,
Those Island girls so true,
Long may they live to grace the Isle
Where my first breath I drew.
The world will roll on just the same
As before I passed away;

What signifies the life of man
When his body it is clay?

8 There is a land beyond the tomb
To which I'm nearing on,
Where man is more than mortal
And death can never come.
A deathly glaze has closed my eyes,
I am no longer here,
My spirit it must take its flight
To another, heavenly sphere.

9 It's when I'm dead and passed away
There's one thing more I crave,
That some holy ordained father
Will bless my silent grave;
Near the city of Boiestown
My mouldering bones must lay
To await the Saviour's calling
On that great Judgment Day.

The song was well distributed throughout Maine, copies having come from sections wide apart — from Washington County, Penobscot County, and Somerset County, with the statements that they were learned many years ago. Mr. Franz H. Blanchard says he first heard it in Kenduskeag as early as 1886; Mr. Herbert W. Seeley, of South Robbinston, learned it about forty years ago near Millinocket from Charlie Powers, then the only resident on the site of the city. The most recent copy received was from Mr. J. L. Anderson, of Bangor, in 1926. The various copies differ considerably in length and in the date assigned to the accident, but most notably in the name of the hero, who is Peter Emily, Peter Emory, Peter Emberlie, Peter Amberley, and Peter Ramble. Mr. Blanchard, who is a discriminating critic in woods matters, says that in his opinion 'Amberley' is the best form of the name; he formerly knew a man who claimed to have known Amberley personally. The closing stanzas of Mr. Blanchard's copy are effective balladry.

C

'Peter Amberley.' From Mr. Franz H. Blanchard, of Brewer, Maine, 1924.

Adieu to Prince Edward Island
And the Island girl so true;
I never would have left you
Had I not been forc-ed to.

No more we'll stroll those grassy banks
And enjoy fair evening breeze,
For here I lie and here must die
Beneath these mountain trees.

For in a place near Boiestown
My mouldering bones will lay,
And the birds will sing their praises
That guides my soul away.

And now my song is ended,
I've nothing more to fear,
Those deadly pains that rack my frame,
My end is drawing near;

Those deadly pains that rack my frame
Will surely be my doom,
And soon I will sleep that silent sleep
Called slumbering in the tomb.

THE LITTLE BARBER

Taken down, in January, 1902, by Mr. Sidney Sykes, of New York City, at Lobster Lake, near Moosehead, from the singing of Jack McGuiness, of Bangor, who wrote the song.

This song, which is also called 'Johnny Holmes,' was printed under that title by Professor R. P. Gray, in 1924, from the text which follows. There has been some difference of opinion as to who wrote the song, but Mr. Sykes's statement, 'written and sung by Jack McGuinness,' seems to be correct. Quite recently Mr. John Foley, of Bangor, told the editors the circumstances under which

the song was composed. Holmes was clerk of camp for John Ross in his operations on Lobster Lake and had gone in with Mr. Ross to visit the camps. At the camp where they were to spend the night, Holmes asked one of the men to sing and several others joined in urging it. The man declined. Then Holmes again urged him. Again the man said that he did not feel like singing. Finally Holmes said: 'Oh, go on! Sing anything, anything you like.' So then, with the full permission of Holmes, the man sang this new song, mercilessly lampooning Holmes himself. Holmes was so vexed that, rather than spend the night in that camp, he walked out four miles to the Ross Farm on Moosehead Lake for a place to sleep. Quite likely the song was prepared beforehand and Holmes merely walked into a trap laid for him. Mr. Foley thinks the song must be fifty years old; the editor would place it about the middle eighties, or a little later.

1 Come all you jolly lumbermen, wherever you may be,
I'll have you pay attention and listen unto me;
It's of a jolly barber which I am going to tell,
It's on Penobscot where this man is known right well.

2 He shaved three years for Hunter, a year for Slippery Sam,
He shaved a crew for Ross one year, down on Chesuncook Dam.
Then he went to Canaan to see what he could do;
He got in co. with Weeks and there he shaved another crew.

3 He shaved six years for Loveland, for Smith a year or two,
And now he's back to Lobster to shave John Roland's crew.
If he begins a-shaving here, the crew will let him know
That they will surely kill him, or down river he must go.

4 When Loveland hired the barber, he gave him to understand
He was to shave all the crew, each and every man.

He shaved the crew, the bosses, too, and all around the place,
The next he shaved was Loveland and he done it before his face.

5 When Loveland found he was getting beat, these words to him did say:
'I think I've had you long enough, I'll settle with you today;
I think I've had you long enough, your pockets you did fill,
They say you built two houses down on the Baptists' Hill.'

6 He shaved the crew, the bosses, too, and all around the farm,
They say he built two houses where Loveland built a barn.
The year he shaved for Isaac Terrill, when Gibbons was the boss,
He shaved the crew a little mite to pay for the mare they lost;
He shaved the crew a little mite, the boys they did complain;
The one he shaved the worst of all, they called him Bill McLean.

7 About the first of April, when Ross he did arrive,
He said unto his barber, 'Come, let us take a drive;
Bring your razor with you and see what we can do,
We will go up to Lobster Lake and shave John Roland's crew.'

8 When he got up to Lobster Lake, he met a great surprise,
It was there he met the little cook that blackened both his eyes.[1]

[1] Many years ago John Ross, the employer, who was present when this song was first sung, told the senior editor that the 'little cook' was the same Mickey Dunroe who figures in other woods songs. He claimed that Holmes had stolen his crooked-knife. (A crooked-knife is a knife peculiar to Indians and hunters, intended to be drawn toward the user. It has a handle sharply bent away from the user for a thumb-rest, and the blade, which is very narrow, is commonly, though not always, curved at the tip to one side at right angles to the bend in the haft.)

The lumbermen named were operating on the West Branch above

Johnny stood and gazed on him with his squinted eyes,
Saying, 'Mickey, I'll be square with you and that before I die.'

9 About this jolly barber, I am going to unfold,
He belongs on St. John River and his name is Johnny Holmes;
It's on the St. John River he begun his wild career,
He robbed and stole, so I've been told, and that's what drove him here.

10 About this jolly barber, he's of a medium size,
His face is very narrow, a squint in both his eyes;
His face is very narrow, in his nose there are a crook,
The Devil ain't a match for him for charging on a book.

11 These verses are not many, but I think they're very true;
He never was in a concern, but he always shaved the crew;
He cut your hair and shaved you, without either shears or comb,
The Devil ain't a match at all for squint-eyed Johnny Holmes.

12 If he shaves John Roland's crew, the truth to you I'll tell,
He'll waken up some morning and find himself in Hell,
With the Devil dancing round him, saying, 'Johnny, I've got you here,
So you must go far down below and suffer most severe.'

13 These verses are not many, but I think they are complete,
When we get down to the City, boys, on it we'll have a treat;
We'll raise her and we'll roll her, with courage true and brave,
And with his poisoned razor he'll give us all a shave.

Chesuncook in the late eighties and early nineties. Erastus Loveland, a head lumberman, was drowned at Passadumkeag Rips, June 24, 1886. 'Slippery Sam,' another head lumberman, for several years was the partner of the writer's father in a small operation, and, in spite of this sobriquet, was a most satisfactory partner, fair and honest in every way.

'The Little Barber' is a classic, the type of the unlettered man's literary revenge. It is the sharpest of the satires that have come to our notice, and, considering the circumstances of its first delivery, the most remarkable. It will be observed that, though personally present, Mr. Ross himself is not spared. The woods are full of songs reviling cooks and employers, now long dead, who were unlucky enough to stir up the muse of some man who could 'make up a good song.' This one shows how much easier it is to get into a song than it is to get out of one; for fifty years is a long time to have one's evil manners not only writ in brass, but brazenly sung all over the State and beyond. The victim of this song, fleeing in the cold, winter starlight four miles across the crunching snow in order to get a bed away from his tormentor, knew that he could never live to see the day when that song would be forgotten.

CALVIN C.

Taken down, in August, 1925, from the singing of Mr. Horace E. Priest, of Sangerville, Maine, who learned it in a lumber camp forty-five years ago.

1 Come all you aged people, come listen to me,
While I sing you the praises of old Calvin C.
There's a man in this wood he's all covered with hair,
All but his big feet he resembles a bear.

2 You meet him in the woods, an' he will whistle an' whine:
'By George, I'll take care of that Charlie of mine,
For Dooit has kicked him an' that isn't fair
For a man to lay hands on old Calvin's young bear.

3 'He kicked him, he choked him, he dragged him around,
Till the blood from his nose it had covered the ground,
He lost one of his mittens down by the black mare,
Oh, what will become of old Calvin's black bear?

4 'He wanted him badly to handle his team,
To haul in some logs to the Monument Stream,

But he had to go out and that lay up with care, —
So away went old Calvin and took his young bear.

5 Now cub and his father's gone back to their work,
They say that Dooit's been stealing their pork,
But if he ain't careful he will kick him again,
An' leave Calvin's old bones on the Monument Stream.

6 In under the hill in that little brown hut
There's Caroline and Lucy all covered with smut,
There's Charlie and Larry and Nora so fair,
An' old Calvin Curtis as black as a bear.

7 Now Dooit is happy, boards at the hotel,
His friends gather around him, they all wish him well;
But as for old Calvin they'd answer their prayer,
They're in hopes by next year there'll be a bounty on bear.

Nothing is known about this lampoon or who made it up. There is a Monument Brook on the Saint Croix system, flowing into Cheputneticook Lake, and the strong resemblance between this and 'The Possum Song' indicates that they may both have originated in Washington County not less than fifty years ago. The last line contains the point of the song. Every one is hoping that the next legislature will restore the bounty on bears; then there would be a chance for some hunter to bring in old Calvin's skin. It is assumed that it would be so hairy that the town clerk would cut off the nose and ears and burn them, as the law required, and pay over the bear bounty of ten dollars, without finding out his mistake.

THE COOK AND THE TEAMSTER

From 'The Northern,' November, 1924, contributed by Mr. W. M. Creegan, with a note which fully explains its source. 'It has all the earmarks of a true woods song; such idioms as "for to light," "never to hire," repeating the "in a passion" because the author was lost for other words, and ending with the familiar "come all ye," being all good usage. It amused me to hear Bob Turner (brother of Paul) sing it five years ago at Seboomook. You can see it has a good rhythm, and it was sung to a rollicking air. He

told me he heard a colored woodsman sing it thirty-five years before. Barney McHugh, of course, was one of the oldest cooks of whom tradition makes mention. I don't know yet what the moral is.'

1 There was a jolly cook,
His name was Telephone;
He never was a fighting man,
But always in a foam.

High, low, Jingle Joe,
I'm from Jolly G!
High, low, Jingle Joe,
'Oh, bang 'em well,' said he.

2 He said he could cook a codfish
As good as Barn McHugh;
He said he could do most anything
That any cook could do.

3 'Twas early in the morning,
The teamster he arose;
And he went out to feed his hosses
As an honest teamster goes.

4 After feeding of his hosses
Like a right and honest man,
He come into the cookroom
For to light his pipe again.

5 He hauled out a long knife
That was never known to fail;
And while cutting off a sliver, boys,
He slashed her on a nail.

6 The teamster in a passion
And in a passion flew;
And said unto the old cook,
'This nail was druv by you!'

7 'The nail was druv by me,' said he,
'And that I'll not deny;

For by God I'll run this cookroom, sir,
Or by my breadboard die!'

8 The teamster, being an able man,
Thumped him on the head;
And knocked him into the dingle,[1]
Just like a greaser dead.

9 The cook, he got onto his feet
And in softened tones he spoke;
Says he, 'I'll go to Paddy's camp
As soon as the road is broke.' [2]

10 So early the next morning
When they rolled 'em out in camp [3]
The boys they were not sorry
For to see him have his tramp.

11 Thus on that stormy morning, boys,
The boiler took his tramp;
'Twas forty-five or fifty miles
To Paddy Lynch's camp.

12 Come all ye jolly lumbermen,
That lumber in the west;
Never to hire a brindle greaser
For the white one is the best.
High, low, Jingle Joe,
I'm from jolly G!
High, low, Jingle Joe,
'Oh, bang 'em well,' said he.

The last stanza indicates that this may be a Western song; for certainly we have no 'greasers' in Maine. Barney McHugh is local enough, but he may be a late, local addition.

[1] *Dingle:* a compartment for stores. The old lumber camps had two, the 'wood dingle' and the 'cook's dingle,' both at the front end of the camp.

[2] In Maine after a storm the road is 'broken out' by sending a snow-plow or heavy teams over it.

[3] 'Roll out!' is the call for getting up in the morning.

HENRY'S CONCERN

Taken down by Mr. Sidney Sykes, January, 1902, at John Ross's camps, Lobster Lake, near Moosehead Lake, Maine, who said that it was written by 'Larry' Gorman, then of Ellsworth.

1 You bushmen all, while here I call, until I do relate,
It's my experience in the woods while in this Granite State.
The snow-clad hills and winding rills, the mountains, rocks and plains,
You'll find it very different from the good old State of Maine.

2 The difference in the wages, boys, is scarcely but a dime;
Every day you do not work you're forced to lose your time:
To pay your passage to and fro you'll find but little gain;
You'll do as well to stay at home in the good old State of Maine.

3 Every month with pen and ink they'll figure up the cost;
The crew is held responsible for all things broke or lost —
An axe, a handle, or a spade, a cant-dog, or a chain —
They'd call us fools to stand such rules in the good old State of Maine.

4 To lose your time and pay your board, or work in sleet or rain,
We never heard of such a thing thro'out the State of Maine;
And for the grub I'll give a rub, and which it much deserves,
The cooks they get so lazy they'll allow the men to starve.

5 The meat and fish is poorly cooked, the bread is sour and cold,
The beans are dry and musty, and doughnuts hard and old;
If you were to eat one it would give your jaws great pain —
The grub we oft times have's a change, in the good old State of Maine.

6 The rules and regulations, as I've mentioned here before,
Are typewritten and posted up on every door;

You lose your time and pay your board, or work in sleet and rain,
They'd call us fools that stood such rules, in the good old State of Maine.

7 It's for the sub-contractors, too, I have a word to say.
If you work for a jobber there, you're apt to lose your pay;
There's no lien-law in the state, the logs you can't retain;
The lumber's holden for your pay in the good old State of Maine.

8 If you do not like the style, you can go down the line,
And if you leave them in the lurch, they'll figure with you fine;
They cut your wages down and charge you car-fare on the train, —
We never heard of such a thing thro'out the State of Maine.

9 Now my song is finished and my story's to an end;
If I have made a statement wrong, I'm willing to amend;
I liked the foreman and the crew, of them I can't complain,
A better crew I never knew, throughout the State of Maine.

10 Now here's adieu to camp and crew, to Henery and Sons,
Their names are great throughout our state for the biggest sons of guns.
I wish them all prosperity till I return again;
I'll mend my ways and spend my days in the good old State of Maine.

When Larry Gorman was given his time by the New Hampshire firm and then put his head back through the office door and sung derisively,

Pork and beans
And beans and pork
And pork and beans again,

his employers probably thought themselves well rid of him and did not look upon him as a disturber of the labor market. But the woods poet is a man of influence, and

what this song of 'Henry's Concern' has done in the way of keeping good men from going to New Hampshire to work is hard to estimate. Like 'Canaday-I-O' it was a warning to all who heard it, and the information it conveyed was sure to be remembered. The good employer and the bad employer, celebrated in song, each had reason to respect the power of the woods poet; for he sent men to them or held them back from applying for work. The song which follows excoriates one of the camp cooks of the same New Hampshire firm.

IN CAMP WITH THE HENRYS

Sent in, 1926, by Mr. Frank E. Carr, of Monmouth, Maine, who learned it more than thirty years ago of Mike McGoverin, who had worked for the Henrys in New Hampshire.

1 Come all you young fellows, and hear what I say,
I'll sing you a ditty, a lumberman's lay;
Eight years in the camps of the Henrys I've been,
But the likes of this winter I've never yet seen.
To me fol-de-dum-dardy,
Ri-fol-de-dum-day,
May the nightmare of blazes
Chase Martin away.

2 First, in the fall, we went to Camp Two;
We'd a jolly old foreman and a fine jovial crew.
Our cook he was splendid, he fed us all fine;
We were the heartiest fellows that worked on the line. — *Cho.*

3 Then we got shifted and sent to Camp Three;
Five other teamsters were my company.
Our chance had been rough, for the great want of snow;
But we got our orders and the boys had to go. — *Cho.*

4 Then we got shifted and sent to Camp Five —
I'll never forget, boys, when I did arrive;
My heart stopped with sorrow when I opened the door,
And saw all the dirt that was spread on the floor. — *Cho.*

5 There stood big Jack Lawless, with a voice stout and grim;
He said to us teamsters: 'What camp are you from?'
His shoulders bent forward, his britches braced high;
His legs looked like spindles in his old corduroys. — *Cho.*

6 Dinner being ready, they invited us in.
Old Martin the cook, he was dough to the chin;
His biscuits were raw and his pea soup was cooked rare;
Bean-swagan[1] and brown-swagan was on his bill o' fare.
— *Cho.*

7 Soup, so 'tis called, was a very rare dish,
For we were chiefly fed on potatoes and fish;
But once in a while he would make us a stew, —
'Twould remind you of Old Country potato burgoo. — *Cho.*

8 Here's health! but my britches are covered with dirt,
The bones of the codfish's gone clean through my shirt;
If I once get away, I will never roll back,
So adieu to Old Martin and Big Mountain Jack. — *Cho.*

9 Old Martin, the cook, has got a wife down in Maine;
'Tis from her all this cooking, these notions he's gained:
Her supply it was short, her stock wasn't big, —
She cooked for Old Martin and one little pig. — *Cho.*

THE WINTER OF SEVENTY-THREE

Composed by Lawrence Gorman, of Brewer, Maine. From a copy loaned by Mr. Franz H. Blanchard, the same text that, under the title of 'Lumberman's Song' (which we have changed to facilitate reference in indexes) was printed in 'The Northern,' July, 1923.

1 All men who follow the lumber woods, attention pay to me,
To an interesting ditty, which I now sing unto thee.
I'll tell you what we do endure, both rain and sleet and cold,
And hardship that we undergo, most bitter to behold.

2 On the twentieth of October, in the year of seventy-three,
I left my native island and sailed for Miramichi;

[1] *Swagan*, a woods' name, probably of Indian origin, for a thick soup.

I hired the day I landed there to work in Snowball's mill,
A large three-story building at the foot of Sawdust Hill.

3 Before I hired I asked the Boss, 'What wages do you pay?'
He cleared his head and answered, saying, 'Seven shillings per day.'
'Twas four weeks I stopped in here, a-working with a will,
And soon became acquainted with the folks of Sawdust Hill.

4 At the close of navigation, the saw-mill was shut down,
Which caused a general scatter, and the men went walking round.
I heard of folks which wanted men, which put me in good cheer,
I packed my kennebecker [1] and for Indian Town did steer.

5 When I arrived at Indian Town, much wearied from my tramp,
I fell in with two portash [2] men bound for McCullom's camp.
Bill Darrah and Tom Ingraham it was those two men's names,
Belonging to McCullom's camp and drove two portash teams.

6 They said that I could ride with them a piece if I desired,
And if I'd go along with them they knew I would get hired.
They said: 'It is a good concern, the man we both well know;
His name is Guy McCullom, from the forks of Gaspereau.'

7 I rode along with Darrah and a verse for him I'll make;
He drove a pair of roan and grays, he brought from the Grand Lake;
The horse he weighed twelve hundred, was a noble beast to haul;

[1] *Kennebecker:* carpet-bag, valise; so called because men from the Kennebec River first took them into the woods.

[2] *Portash:* portage, a Province term; in Maine, 'a carry.'

The mare she was a dandy, too, although she was but small.

8 When I came to McCullom's camp, both hungry, tired and cold,
The face of Billy Bryant was the first I did behold.
How proud I felt to meet with him! I asked who was their Boss.
He pointed to a little man, whose name was Charlie Cross.

9 I hired with him next morning and agreed awhile to stop;
Along with Joseph Faulkner he sent me for to chop.
And for a royal teamster John McInnis was his name;
He drove a gray and roan called 'McCullom's family team.'

10 They were two noble animals, their ages nine years old:
They were so full of spirit he scarcely them could hold.
Pat Flannagan he tended them,[1] their swamper's[2] name was Wade,
And Jim McKinnin was sent with him that he might have their trade.

11 The choppers for the other team were McCoughlan and Bill;
'Twas John McPherson swamped for them [and] bobbed them down the hill;
'Twas Billy Ryan tended sled; the teamster was John Spear;
This young man he drove a span of liver-colored mares.

12 Then Guy McCul. and Charlie Cross they cruised the woods all round;[3]
They thought they could do better upon McIneriney's ground.

[1] *Tended them:* not the horses, but the sled. The 'tend-sled' helped in loading on the logs; he was often called 'a barker.'

[2] *Swamper:* a man who cleared out a road for hauling the tree to the logging-road.

[3] *Cruised the woods:* the regular expression for looking for timber, 'exploring.'

On the second day of January we set out on a tramp
And shifted all our wangan [1] up to McIneriney's camp.

13 'Twas soon we got to work again, good lumber there we found;
The spruce stood round quite thick, both handsome, stout and sound;
But Guy, being discontented still, to Charlie Cross he said;
'There is no use in stopping where we cannot use two sleds.'

14 On the fifteenth day of January we did that ground forsake;
We moved onto another branch and camped upon a lake.[2]
Along with Beechie Woodworth, a silly young goo-gaw,
They sent me on the landing [3] to drag a cross-cut saw.

15 There was another Island man there, among all the rest,
Two feet across the shoulders, in proportion round the breast;
And though so big not very cute — Jim Whelan was his name;
On the seventh of March he cut his foot and started off down stream.

16 He shaved his jaws all round about, except a big mustache,
And said when he was going out he meant to cut a dash.
He took a stocking full of gum, the ladies' hearts to gain;
But all the thanks he got from them, they said that he was green.

17 On the twentieth day of March, my boys, the hauling then broke up,
The lake began to open and we could no longer stop.
We packed our duds and started for Bemis Taylor's camp,
Where I met with Pat McLaughlin and hired with him to swamp.

[1] *Wangan:* here meaning the whole equipment of the camp.
[2] To *camp upon a lake* meant to camp on its shores.
[3] *A landing:* the place where the logs were 'yarded' and piled up ready to roll them into the water.

18 The work with Pat McLaughlin, 'twas pretty hard I'd say;
With only three men to a team they went ten turn a day.
I stopped with him for ten days with a discontented mind,
Thinking of my own dear crew and folks I'd left behind.

19 So now the men are all paid off to take their long portash;
There are some men bound for Frederickton and two bound for Pugwash;
More are for Salmon River bound, some live in Miramichi,
And they are all gone out to Indian Town to have a glorious spree.

20 They are all gone excepting me, I'm left to watch the camp,
To watch the squirrels and loupcervier all racing through the swamp;
The dreary winter past and gone, thank God I'm still alive,
And if the spring proves favorable, I mean to stay and drive.

THE BOYS OF THE ISLAND

A

As sung in John Ross's camps, Lobster Lake, near Moosehead Lake, 1902. Taken down by Mr. Sidney Sykes, of New York City.

1 You roving young heroes of Prince Edward's Island,
Give ear to my ditty and I'll tell you the truth;
From a lumberman's calling 'tis my intention
To turn every honest and sensible youth.

2 The lumberman's life, 'tis of short duration,
It's mingled with sorrow, hard work and bad rum;
If the hereafter is according to Scripture
The worst of our days are yet to come.

3 The boys of the Island, on their farms not contented,
They say, 'Let us leave, here we're doing no good,'

Their minds never easy, continually crazy
To get over to Bangor and work in the woods.

4 A new suit of clothes to prepare for the journey,
A new pair of boots made by Sherlock or Clapp,
A large kennebecker all stuffed with good homespun,
And the brave Islander he will embark.

5 The boys of the Island in the woods are contented,
The old bushmen gaze on them with a keen eye;
'Just look at the homespun the lad is a-wearing!
Isn't that enough to tell you that he's a P.I.?' [1]

6 The boys of the Island is oft times in trouble,
God, man and the Devil to them's all the same;
Such up-river tearing, blaspheming and swearing,
Drinking and fighting 'tis their down-river game.

7 Brade Kelley will poison a man with bad whiskey,
For pastime they will banish their lager and ale;
Then on the corner when he does get frisky,
They will call for Tim Carey to take him to jail.[2]

8 The mother of Moses and the law of this country!
I've seen better laws among the heathen Chinese!
On your little P.I. a man can get drunk
And then sober up under the shades of the trees.

9 It's true I'm a native of Prince Edward's Island,
I left my dear parents when eighteen years old;
It was my intention for all to do better
And to return unto them with great handfuls of gold.

10 'Tis true, my brave boys, I have made lots of money,
But the curse of all bushmen being on me,
Also my money it flew like the snow in June
And back to the woods every fall I must go.

[1] *P.I.:* This is the usual Maine name for a Prince Edward Islander. As a term of compliment it rates with 'Paddy,' 'dago,' and 'sheeny.'

[2] Bangor is evidently the place in mind. Tim Carey was a well-known policeman there forty or more years ago. No doubt Brade Kelley was a contemporary.

B

This fragment was found in a brief article — written by some one in Bangor and entitled 'The Log Driver Today' — printed in a local advertising sheet of unknown date. A study of the firms advertising on the back of the sheet shows that it could not have been later than 1894, and it may have been some years earlier.

1 Oh, the boys of the Island they feel discontent,
The times there are hard and they can't make a cent,
So says Rory to Angus, 'Here we're doing no good,
Let's go over to Bangor and work in the woods.'

. . . . . .

2 Now the boys of the Island will work cheap, you bet;
Fifteen dollars a month is the wages they get.
See their socks and their mittens, all knitted three-ply,
You can tell by their duds that they hail from P.I.

The words of this version are strongly reminiscent of 'Ye Sons of Old Ireland,' given by Joyce, 'Old Irish Folk Tunes,' no. 407:

Ye sons of old Ireland, I'm sorry to hear,
There is no money stirring this present new year;
We thought we'd live well when the markets was down;
We could eat and live better when pork was three pound.

Mr. L. I. Flower wrote in 1916: '"The Island Boys" was a lumber song and much in vogue twenty years ago. It is never heard now.'

HARRY DUNN

Taken down, February, 1926, from the recitation of Mr. W. A. Alward, recently from Calgary, Alberta, formerly of Island Falls, Maine. The song originated in Nova Scotia.

1 Come all you Canadian boys that have a mind to roam,
With a longing for excitement to Michigan to rove;
For in less than three months after, a telegram may come,
Saying, 'Your boy was killed in the lumbering woods and his body we'll send home.'

2 I once knew a fine young man, his name was Harry Dunn,
His father was a farmer and Harry his only son;
They had everything they needed and a farm of good land,
But Harry wanted one trial in the lumber woods of Michigan.

3 The day before Harry started out, his mother to him did say,
'O Harry dear, O don't go away, but stay to home on the farm;
For leaving your father and your mother and your sisters three,
Something tells me, Harry dear, your face I never more will see.'

4 But Harry started out for Buffalo Bay where he hired to the lumber king to Michigan to go,
Where he worked away for three long months and oft times he would write home,
Saying, 'The winter is near over and soon I'm coming home.'

5 Harry rose from his berth one morning, no smile was on his brow,
He called his chum outside the door whose name was Charley Boyle,
Saying, 'Charley dear, I had a dream that filled my heart with woe,
I'm afraid there's something wrong at home and I think I'd better go.'

6 But Charley only laughed at him, which cheered him for a time,
He says, 'Harry, let's haste away; it's time to fall those pine.'
They worked away till one o'clock all on that fatal day,
When a hanging limb fell down on him and crashed him to the clay.

7 His comrades gathered round him and took the limb away;
He says: 'Comrades dear, my time is here, my time has came at last;
You pick me up and carry me down and send my body home,
And tell my poor old father I'm sorry I left the farm.'

8 The train that started out with all on board containing one little Harry Dunn,
His mother fell dead on the floor as she saw him.
Her heart was broke, God knows it was, to see her only boy;
His father lingered 'twas only for awhile, but he never was known to smile,
And less than three weeks after they found the poor old man
And now you can see the curse of lumber was to Michigan.

If the first line of the fifth stanza is read, 'on his brow there was no smile,' the rhyme with Boyle becomes clear — provided we pronounce it *Bile*, as a woodsman would do.

This is Professor Rickaby's 'The Hanging Limb.' He gives two versions, one from Michigan and one from Ontario, reprinted from an article by F. M. Waugh in the 'Journal of American Folk-Lore' (vol. 31, pp. 75–76). The song was introduced into Maine from Nova Scotia about 1910 or 1911.

GEORGE WHALEN

Sent in, 1926, by Mr. Frank E. Carr, of Monmouth, Maine, who says he learned it of Mike McGoverin, an old Canadian woodsman, who worked for him more than thirty years ago.

1 Come all young men and maidens,
I pray you lend an ear,
An accident most terrible,
I mean to let you hear;
'Tis of a young undaunted youth,
George Whalen he was called;
He was drownded at McClellan's Rocks
Below the Upper Falls.

2 The water was of raging force,
The river it ran high,
The foreman said to Whalen:
'This jam we've got to try;
You are both young and active,
Of danger you've no fear,
You are the man to take the lead
And get the river clear.'

3 Young Whalen he spoke bravely
Unto his comrades bold:
'Come one and all together,
We'll do as we are told.
We must obey our foreman
As noble men should do.'
Just as he spoke, the jam it broke
And let poor Whalen through.

4 Four brave youths was on the jam,
But three of them were saved;
The heart of noble Whalen
Sank far beneath the wave.
One heavenly cry for mercy,
'O God, look down on me,'
His soul was freed from earthly care,
Bound for eternity.

5 Come all of you bold river boys,
Think of poor Whalen's fate,
Be sure and take a warning
Before it is too late;
For death is lurking round you,
Seeking now to destroy
The pride of many a father's heart,
Likewise a mother's joy.

This is the Western 'James Whalen,' which has worked its way to the East. Professor Franz Rickaby calls it 'the stirring Canadian counterpart of Gerry's Rock,' and says that the tragedy occurred at King's Chute, in

Ontario, in 1878, and that the hero's true name was Phalen. Our version seems an older and more Canadian rendering than that printed in the 'Journal of American Folk-Lore' (vol. 35, pp. 383–84), though shorter by eight lines. This song must not be confounded with the beautiful Irish song, 'Lost Jimmie Whalen,' which was very popular in the woods.

JACK HAGGERTY

Written down, January, 1925, by Mr. Franz H. Blanchard, of Brewer, Maine, who said: 'I heard this song about thirty-five years ago. I learned part of it from Philo Murphy, Jesse's son, of Chesuncook Lake.' (During the seventies Jesse Murphy kept the Chesuncook House.)

1 I'm a heart-broken raftsman, from Greenville I came;
I devoted my departure without any pain;
From the strong darts of Cupid, which have caused me much grief,
My heart it is broken, and I can't find relief.

2 I work on Flat River, I earn quite good pay,
I was steadfast and steady and ne'er played the race;
I'm a boy that stands happy on the wide-rolling stream,
From Cheboygan to Saginaw I'm very well known,
My name is Jack Haggerty, I'm the pride of the town.

3 I'll tell you my troubles without much delay,
'Twas of a fair schoolgirl my heart stole away;
She was a blacksmith's daughter by the Flat River side,
And I always intended to make her my bride.

4 I dressed her in muslins and the finest of lace,
In the costly linens I did her embrace,
I gave her my wages to keep for me safe,
I refused her nothing I could get in the place.

5 One day on Flat River a note I received;
She said from her promise herself she'd relieve
For another true lover, who had long been delayed,
And the next time I saw her she'd no more be a maid.

6 To her mother Jane Tucker, I lay all the blame;
She caused her to desert me and hurt my good name;
She cast off the rigging that I would soon tie
And left me a wanderer till the day that I died.

7 Farewell to Flat River, for me there's no rest,
I'll shoulder my peavey and I'll go out west,
I'll start for Baskhegan some pleasure to find,
And I'll leave my false love on Flat River behind.

8 Now come all you young fellows with hearts strong and true,
Don't depend on a woman one bit or you'll rue;
But if you should meet one with bright chestnut curls,
Just think of Jack Haggerty and the Flat River girl.

This is a Western song which has worked its way eastward. It was certainly known in Maine as early as 1890. Professor Rickaby, in his published volume, does not suggest any date for its composition, although in his preliminary papers in 'American Forests' (vol. 31, no. 383, pp. 62–63) he mentions 1873, as if it were well known at that time: 'The song was sung by thousands of men by 1873 on the Flat River, which flows through Greenville and on Big Muskegon.' Haggerty is believed to have died in 1915. Clearly enough he must have been quite young when he voiced his griefs and denounced the girl with the bright chestnut curls. Our experience with the songs composed by very young men suffering from disappointments in love is that they are less bent on being original in their verses than on enlisting sympathy; consequently they pick up the first song that comes to hand as the mould into which to pour their sorrows. One of Professor Rickaby's copies, in thirteen stanzas, leaves a strong impression that the composer of 'Jack Haggerty' must have known the comic English song, 'Pretty Polly Perkins,' which was very widely sung in America in the sixties. It began:

I'm a heart-broken milkman, in grief I'm arrayed,
Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid.

Professor Rickaby says that every man who has sung or repeated the ballad to him has stoutly averred that he knew Jack Haggerty personally. The distressed hero had friends in Maine also. Most who sing the song here believe that the Greenville mentioned is the town at the foot of Moosehead Lake, and I have been told that Jack Haggerty was 'a real man' who lived in a town not far from 'the Lake.' The substitution of Baskahegan (a lake on the Mattawamkeag system) for the original Muskegon increases the belief in the Maine origin of the song, even though we have no Flat River here.

THE CHAMPION OF MOOSE HILL

Composed by 'Larry' Gorman. From a copy by Mrs. F. A. Pearson, lent by Mr. Franz H. Blanchard, April, 1924. This song was found to be well known in Clifton; 'Muck' Mace was the nickname of the champion.

1 You people all, both great and small,
I pray you lend an ear;
My name and occupation
You presently shall hear.
My name it is bold Emery Mace,
I practise fistic skill;
Oh, that fatal night when I got tight
And got knocked out on Moose Hill.

2 Oh, that fatal day I chanced to stray
To Moose Hill for a spree!
It was the plan of every man
To prove my destiny.
I saw it in their faces,
I read it on the bill,
That if I got tight I'd have to fight
That night upon Moose Hill.

3 I let them run and have their fun,
I hoed right in with them.

There was Mrs. Giles, she was all smiles,
I saw her wink at Nahum.[1]
Then Nahum jumped and grabbed me,
And tried to hold me still,
While Mrs. Giles the club she piles
Upon me at Moose Hill.

4 The first blow that she struck me
Came square across my head;
For twenty minutes I lay there;
They thought that I was dead.
The women they revived me here,
They did try all their skill;
They thought that I must surely die
That night upon Moose Hill.

5 My brother Fred stood at my head,
So mournful he did cry;
The poor little fellow felt so bad,
For he thought that I must die.
For he knew that he alone would be
To pay my funeral bills;
For he knew that Muck had had hard luck
And was penniless on Moose Hill.

6 I didn't die, I'll tell you why,
My skull was only cracked;
But little you know the terrible blow
That lady gave poor Muck.
It would have slain a tiger
Or killed a wild gorill',
But you know that Muck had better luck
Than to be murdered on Moose Hill.

7 I've fought them all, both great and small,
For the best I didn't care;

[1] Perhaps there are worse rhymes than 'them' and 'Nahum' but in Maine one is permitted to say 'um' and 'N'um,' or 'em' and 'Na'm,' which possibly does not so much improve the rhyme as make it more difficult for the outsider.

I never fought with a club,
I always fought them fair.
I beat the Amherst champion
And Fred Titus nearly killed;
But I lost my belt by a single whelt
From the lady on Moose Hill.

8 So now I'm done, my race is run,
My fighting days are o'er;
So I confess my opress
I'll mount the stage no more;
But from the ring I'll gently spring,
And it's sore against my will
That Helen bold the belt shall hold
As Champion of Moose Hill.

THE WESLEY SHACKERS

Title supplied. Text from Miss Emily Sanborn, East Machias, Maine, who says it was written by Wilbur Day, in Machias Jail, December, 1885.

1 It was in the town of wesley
As you shall understand
thair lived a crowd of young men
they was cald the shacker band
And thay was accused of menny
a bad deed let them be guilty or not
but they hunted deer the year around
and for the wardens made it hot.

2 thair was one young man among them
the wardens all knew well
for by this devels rifl
their had menny a poor deer fel
he hunted on an old stream
I would have you all to know
and he said it was the one place
the wardens did not know.

3 It was the month of November
as you shall understand

they went up to old Wesley
to arrest the shackr band
the first one was Dav Fendson
then Eben Cofren and Leveret Elsmore
then they got young Wilbur Day
and that made out the four.

4 they took them to Machias
and put them into jail
they told them that it was no use
for them to try to get bail
they were taken on sespesion
for burning munson's barn
they were tried before old Wilder [1]
and sentenced to be hung.

5 old Hunter came up to the jail
and pricked them with a quill
he put some stuff on to their arms
and was in hope it would kill
he tried to persuade me
but I am sure it was not me
that would tell a lie to clear myself
and punish the other three.

6 he thot that it would be a wize plan
for eny of us to do
but he will find that it is not the rool
of the shacker crew
for we know nothing about each other
and care a little less
and everything they find out
they will have to ges.

7 I would tell you of a story
of offers thay have made to me
they have offered me lots of money
and promised to set me free

[1] Presumably 'old Wilder' was a trial justice. He would seem to have exceeded his authority in sentencing four men 'to be hung' on the suspicion of having burned a barn!

thay say that thay can convict me
but that is but a scair
thay say that I must go to tomstown [1]
but I don't think I will be thair.

8 of corce I am in jail now
whare I have ben twice before
and when I get clear this time
I hant coming any more
I have been put hear falsely I feal
from the bottom of my heart
and when I serve three sentences so
I think I have done my part.

9 now my frends I have no reason
to write a lie
nor not a word of this
will I device
for every word is true
just as sure as my name
is Wilbur Day.

The Wesley Shackers created much disturbance in the early eighties in Washington County by breaking the game laws and committing other acts of lawlessness. The name 'Shackers' probably referred to their living in rude camps, or shacks. This poem — for poem we have to grant it to be — is interesting for its revelation of the writer's mental processes. Unlike the ordinary criminal song, which is made up by some one else about the prisoner, and presents him either as a bold hero or as sentimentally bewailing his fate, the Wesley shacker is reviewing the facts dispassionately; under cross-examination he will 'find himself' and be hard to catch off his guard. Cool, wary, determined, this illiterate shacker has personality; he is as little as possible like the stock criminal of the 'lamentations' and 'murder tunes'; the hunter breed he sprang from stands out curiously sharp in his calculation of the chances against him.

[1] *Tomstown* of course is Thomaston, site of the State Prison.

JIM CLANCY

Taken down August, 1925, from the singing of Horace E. Priest, of Sangerville, Maine, who learned it about forty-five years before in the woods on the Penobscot. As the water-works and its dam at Bangor were begun in 1875 and completed in 1876, the song had made its way into the woods in about five years.

1 To Bangor City last year I came,
To the town I took a fancy,
I enlisted above in the Water Works
'Long of my friend Jim Clancy.

2 Jim he didn't stay but a day or two,
While I stuck on like a daisy.
Bad luck to me soul! had I gone with Jim
My poor heart would ha' been aisy.

3 One Saturday night I got my stamps,
For Brewer town I started,
I met a man and he asked me to drink,
Said I, 'You're very kind-hearted.'

4 I took a drink of the lay-down punch,
Which laid me out complately.
Sometimes I git a leetle mite drunk,
But that night I got bastely.

5 When I awoke my stamps was gone,
In another hotel I was sitting;
My bag and baggage was my only chum,
An' my bedroom door was grating.

6 I loudly for the boss did call,
My stomach bein' in want of a diet,
When a man, with a start, to me did appear,
Sayin', 'Damn your eyes, keep quiet!'

7 I was taken to court that very afternoon
And charged for creatin' a riot;
They said I had knocked a policeman down
While tryin' to keep bein' quiet.

8 I told the story to the judge
To the best of my recollection;
He fined me fifty cents and cost
Or six months in the house of correction.

9 My stamps bein' gone, so I had to go too,
A-makin' brick for the stack, boys;
It was all on account of the lay-down punch,
Or the meeting of those hoboes.

10 And now, young men, when you do go out,
If you have got any money,
Keep away from the lay-down punch
And the hoboes for their cunnin'.

'Jim Clancy' must have been a very local song. A song so true to the place and the period could have been made up nowhere else than in Bangor in the seventies, when lumbermen, river-drivers, sailors, stevedores, brick-makers (locally called 'mud-larks'), and the dam-builders working on the great water-works dam across the Penobscot, found life along the water-front vivid and highly entertaining. It is not forgotten yet how one whose verses are found in this volume once rode a horse into certain saloons on one of Bangor's principal streets, and, when remonstrated with by a policeman, picked the officer up bodily with one hand and was about to ride off with him, when bystanders, by diverting the rider's attention, gave the officer a chance to escape.

HOW DAN GOLDEN MADE UP A NEW SONG

WHEN I asked Dan Golden what was the name of his song, he said: 'It don't have no name; you can call it "Old Dan Golden — His Journey Out."' But others call it 'John Ross.'

That was twenty-three years ago. At least ten years before that I had found in print two lines of an old woods song, no more than the words,

> 'Go you quick-er-ly to the shady vales of 'Suncook
> And swamp them logs for me.'

'What is the rest of that?' I asked Mr. Golden; 'do you know who wrote that?' It was a shock to find the distinguished author present in person. One of the definitions of a ballad laid down by the master was that the author of a popular ballad shall have been dead a long time and his work must be strictly anonymous.

'Well, don't you know that song?' inquired Mr. Golden. 'Why, that's the song me an' my brother Hughey wrote. Hughey, you see, he was my brother — dead now; he got his thigh broke in a log-jam up on Rockabema; know where that is? ever heard of Rockabema? Been there, have you? Well, he got his thigh broke trying to save another man that was all under water; logs rolled and caught him, you see. We made up that song together, and that is a good song. I'll sing that song to you. And I could dance it right out here, if I didn't have on my thick boots.'

But before singing he prefaced his song with a bit of personal history. 'My name is Daniel H. Golden — when you write anything about me again, you will put in my name, won't you? I was born in Paisley, Scotland, and I come to this country in 1865, just after the Rev'lu-

tionary War.' In 1867, when he was eighteen and his wife sixteen, he married the Mary whom he celebrates in verse. Thirty-six winters he worked for John Ross in the woods — 'from 1867, every winter till last winter, and how many does that make?' — and seventeen springs he drove on the West Branch Drive, besides other springs on different drives. He rose to 'handle boat,' and he had, as he himself said, 'a repitation.' I took the song down twice, once from recitation and once from singing, and the two copies differed considerably. The tune went with a heavy beat on the alternating syllables; miss that and you lose the balladry of it.

Now-ow the *night* that *I* was *mar*-ried, *oh*,
And *laid* on *mar*-riage *bed*,
Up *stept* John *Ross* and *Cy*-rus *Hewes*
And *stood* at *my* bed-*head*.

'Yes, when I wor married, that very morning I took my wife Mary — and she wor only sixteen and I wor eighteen — took her to her own door in the coach an' left her there, an' I didn't see her agin for ten months; went right off into the woods to work swampin' for John Ross. I was alwers one of Ross's men, you see; worked for him every winter till last winter and was on the West Branch Drive for him seventeen springs. Got that down?'

But whither in the cold light of the facts vanishes that dramatic opening of John Ross coming in the dead of night to hale him away to the woods? In the enlightenment which comes to us from this veritable traditional song, we question how much better off we should be if we knew the whole truth about 'Sir Patrick Spens,' or 'Kinmont Willie,' or 'Edward, Edward.'

Now the night that I was married, oh,
And laid on marriage bed,
Up stept John Ross and Cyrus Hewes
And stood at my bed-head.

'Oh, rise, oh, rise, young married man,
And come along with me
To the lonesome hills of 'Suncook
To swamp those trees for me.'

Gone is our picture of a grim and unresponsive John Ross, letting nothing stop him, hell-bent on getting his logs out. Yet it clings in memory, too, as the portrait of a masterful man. One has to know what terrible sticklers for the exact facts are these woodsmen to appreciate how much of the artistic temperament is here exhibited in this departure from them.

From the Franklin House we took the stage,
For Moosehead *we* did steer,
And I could not stop for thinking *of*
My charming Mary dear.

When we reached Moosehead
Our sorrows first begun;
Bold Cyrus Hewes was there,
The head leader of the men.

'Boys, tomorrow morning,
Let it be cold or warm,
A five-pound axe and your valise,
You shall start for the Grant Farm.'

Oh, when we heard our sentence
We all hung down our head;
Up stept bold Dan Golden then
And wisht that he was dead.

The incongruousness which is one of the charms of ancient balladry, crops out here.

He says (spoken):
'I told you, if you'd go for Ross
He'd lead you a hard life';
And I wisht myself in Bangor
'Longside of my dear wife.

Now atween Roach River and the Grant Farm
John Murphy's son played out,
And Dan Golden, like a loyal comrade,
Did see his journey out.

I says (spoken):
'Jim, have you any matches?'
('He didn't have any' — which is spoken without interrupting the song)
'And this night we will camp out.'
We hoofed it through, brave boys,
As you may plainly see.

Judicious critics may scent a corruption of the text here; but twice the author gave it as printed. The story is clear to one who knows the region. On the long tramp in from Greenville to the Grant Farm, over rough woods roads, Jim Murphy was unable to keep up, and Dan Golden volunteered to spend the night with him; in the morning they pushed on and overtook the others at the Grant Farm and went on with them to Chesuncook Dam.

If ever you see a smiling face
It was John Murphy's eldest son;
'Boys,' an' says he, 'if ever I return to Bangor
A blacksmith I will be.'

Freed from his encumbrance, our author is once more himself.

Chesuncook is a lonesome place,
I know there's snow on every tree;
And a woe betue John Ross
For parting of my dear love and me!

'Yes, an' when I come out in the spring,' said he, 'I had seven hundred and eighty dollars in my pocket for my year's work.'

Now how is it that a man with seven hundred and eighty dollars of his employer's money in his pocket can

stand up and sing curses upon him for something he did not do? Why does the poet vilify the employer who has just given him, a green Scotch boy of eighteen, money enough to buy him a house and a lot, a horse and a cow, a silk dress for his wife, and still to have plenty left over? And why does he elect to work thirty-six years for the man against whose cruelty he is protesting with curses? Why is he 'woe-betuing' John Ross?

The answer is simple. Dan Golden left his heart behind him when he took the stage that morning. He did not go willingly, and he did not know what he was going into. There came to his mind the song about another young man who, likewise unwillingly, was compelled to leave his bride of a day, and the magnificent air of 'The Lowlands of Holland' was in his heart, if not upon his lips.

First when I was married and laid on marriage bed
There came a young sea Captain and stood at my bed-head,
Saying, 'Rise up, young Riley, and go along with me
To the Lowlands of Holland to fight and never flee.'

''Tis but a day and half a night that I have wedded been;
How shall I go along with you and this my bridal e'en?
How can I leave my bonny bride a hagbut man to be
On the Lowlands of Holland to fight and never flee?'

'The maids of Germany are kind and lavish of their love,
Their lips are like the rose in May, their eyes are like the dove;
And well they love the Englishmen who rove along with me,
On the Lowlands of Holland to fight and never flee.'

'O tell me not of other maids and this my bridal night,
'Twould break my heart to leave my love, my joy and my delight,
Then kind and courteous Captain, take some single man with thee
To the Lowlands of Holland to fight and never flee.'

Six more stanzas follow (substantially the same as given in Logan's 'Pedlar's Pack of Ballads,' 1869), all ending with this vigorous and martial refrain 'to fight and never flee.' We see where Dan and Hughey got the tune and motive of their song, but we wonder that they do not use the refrain. Clearly they were not following this version of the song, but either an Irish form, like that in Joyce's 'Old Irish Folk-Song and Music' (p. 214), or some English broadside more like the later, broken-down form, still sung in England, which is given in the 'Journal of the Folk-Song Society' (vol. 1, pp. 97–98, 1899–1904, and vol. 4, pp. 345–46, 1910–13). The song was common enough, but not one of these versions has anything like the hearty curses which Dan Golden hurls at his employer, John Ross. Was that 'a woe betue John Ross for parting of my dear love and me' wholly the invention of Dan and Hughey?

That also is in the old song in some versions. In 1914 my brother, Walter M. Hardy, heard a Prince Edward Islander, named Murray, sing a fragment which shows the curses as integral to the old song. Murray had a poor memory and we have had to replace a missing line from a Bebbington broadside and the mother's taunts from another old copy. But he did not forget the refrain; he sang it with curses both loud and deep; and this form of 'Lowlands' no doubt was used in the woods.

It's when we were married and lay on our bed,
Up stept a bold sea-captain and stood at my bed head,
Saying, 'Arise, arise, young married man, and come along with me
To the Lowlands of Holland to fight your *en*emy.'
My curse rest on that captain that parted my love and me!

The Lowlands is a cold place, and a place where they grow no green,
Neither flowers nor habitations for a stranger to dwell in;
But the money is as plenty as the leaves upon the trees,

[In the Lowlands of Holland I will take my love at ease.]
My curse rest on that captain that parted my love and me!

[Says the mother to the daughter, 'Why do you thus lament?
Are there not men enough in all this world to please your discontent?'
'There's not a man in all this world this night shall serve for me,
May woe attend that captain that pressed my love away!']

'There will ne'er a sash go round my waist, nor comb go in my hair,
Neither fire, coal, nor candlelight to show my beauty fair.
My curse rest on that captain that parted my love and me!

'And neither will I married be until the day I dee,
Since stormy winds and cruel waves have parted my love and me.
My curse rest on that captain that parted my love and me!'

Thus, in composing this new song Dan and Hughey had some help from the past. They put good stuff into their song and gave it a great air, and it still is remembered. How closely it has held its form may be seen by comparing Dan's own version with the B version on page 80, taken down twenty-two years later. But their real contribution to balladry is their disregard for the facts when a dramatic situation beckons. How often the unknown old balladists may have done the same.

The song has never been in print before, though Mr. Holman Day quoted two stanzas in 1903, and in his 'King Spruce' (p. 43) altered the same to fit his protagonist, Pulaski Britt.

THE LATER WOODS SONGS

THE old lumbering was passing away when the new century came in, driven out by the pulp-wood industry and the control of the watersheds by those interested in the storage of water for power purposes. Steamboats, motor-boats, railroads, and wonderful year-round roads turned the formerly inaccessible places of the woods into public highways and swept away the old industry and all its tools and retainers. With them went the old songs. However musical they might be, Finns and Polackers could not sing in English, and the victrola in camp supplied in part the place of the lusty chorus and the 'good song' by some individual. Composition continued, for there is still the active mind; yet examination of the product shows that it is no longer a song, but a poem. It may be sung, perhaps is sung, but the subject is more didactic or descriptive, and less depends upon having a good air to make it popular. The woods song is adapting itself to the printed page; and whatever their good points, few of these later productions will be passed down entirely by memory for any length of time. Among them we have included several hard to classify, but upon woods subjects. The half-dozen Province songs added at the end may avert our being challenged to prove that the singable song has gone out — we do know some, but they were not made in Maine.

THE HOBOES OF MAINE

Written by Mr. Lawrence Gorman, of Brewer, Maine; copied from a printed broadside, autographed in lead pencil, which was lent by Mr. Franz Blanchard, 1924.

1 All brother Hoboes, I pray come along,
I hope you will listen and join in my song;

I would be delighted to have a thing righted,
Especially now, if there's anything wrong.
I'm poor and neglected, I'm mean and dejected,
I never can visit my birthplace again,
I've joined that great order, since I crossed the border,
So prominent now, called the Hoboes of Maine.

2 There are many young men crossing over the line,
Who have not in their hearts a bad thought or design;
They'll come in great hopes, for they know not the ropes,
And fear not the allurements of women or wine.
They leave their dear mothers, their fathers or brothers,
Their kind, loving sisters they'll ne'er see again;
As soon as they come here, they'll each find a chum here,
And fall into line with the Hoboes of Maine.

3 They'll come by the hundreds, those hardy young bloods,
All neatly attired in their own native goods,
In search of employment and earthly enjoyment,
They'll find it no trouble to hire for the woods.
They'll send them up stream then, to chop and drive team then,
In hopes that their wages will all be clear gain;
But by those man traps they are all handicapped,
And their names are enrolled with the Hoboes of Maine.

4 They'll come down in the spring and they'll hang around some dive;
When their money is gone they will hire for the drive,
Their eyes with a glaze on, most painful to gaze on,
Like bears in the winter, more dead than alive;
With calked boots and greaser, a long-neck apiece,
They are marched to the station and shipped on the train;
I doubt if they wake till they reach Moosehead Lake,
When they'll take the toe path with the Hoboes of Maine.

5 With boots on one shoulder and coat on one arm,
Their destiny next is the Roach River Farm;

Their way they will take over mountain and lake,
As the sceneries around them afford little charm;
They'll look tired and dreary, fatigued and leg weary,
Each one of his lot will sorely complain,
Their toes and their ankles both blistered and rankled,
A common complaint with the Hoboes of Maine.

6 With little regard for a room or a bed,
They'll throw themselves down on a filthy old spread;
They'll lie there till morning, until given warning,
When each will arise with his eyes crimson red.
They'll rise from their beds then, with awful swelled heads then,
Prepare to resume their hard journey again,
O'er mountains and ridges and corduroy bridges,
All cursing the fate of the Hoboes of Maine.

7 That night they will reach the camp where they drive,
Where they are packed thicker than bees in a hive;
Both tired and half-drunk, they roll into their bunk,
As you'd think by their groans they would never survive.
They'll curse and they'll swear then, they'll vow and declare then,
They'll never be seen on Roach River again,
That they'd rather go beg, with one arm and a leg,
Than be caught on the drive with the Hoboes of Maine.

8 Then the City Police they plot and connive
To snare those poor dupes coming off of the drive,
They'll hang round the station, in deep consultation,
In watch of those victims before they arrive.
They'll joyfully hail them, all ready to jail them,
And welcome them back to their city again;
Each man, as he'll walk up, is booked for the lock-up,
To lie there and sweat with the Hoboes of Maine.

9 The man who resists them is used very rough,
He is thrown on the pavement and quickly handcuffed;
You'd think by their twisters, their chains and cell-wristers
They surely had captured some notable tough;

They'll pound and they'll bruise him and shamefully use him,
They'll capture his money, his watch and his chain;
Likewise their design to collect a big fine,
Or to keep out of jail with the Hoboes of Maine.

10 Next morning he's brought to his honor Judge Vose,
Who sits there prepared to give him a dose,
As the victim acts silly from blows of the billy,
His cuts and his scars he will scan very close;
He bids him to stand up and hold his right hand up,
Saying, 'They tell me young man, you've been drinking again;
A fine I must levy, exceedingly heavy,
Or have you break stone with the Hoboes of Maine.'

11 Now I have served out my thirty long days;
Last night I slept in a cold alleyway;
I'm totally busted and cannot get trusted,
Folks would know, if they'd trust me, I never should pay.
I'm shabby and bare now, and never would dare now
To visit my own native country again:
They'd jeer me and boot me and threaten to shoot me,
And bid me go back to the Hoboes of Maine.

12 I'll tell of a man who was given to roam,
Being weary of tramping he thought he'd go home;
I mean not to name him, in case I'd defame him,
But just for a nickname I'll call him Bill Vroam.
He thought he could bluff them, and tried hard to stuff them,
He claimed he had served in the Cuban campaign;
But as soon as they spied him, they identified him;
They knew he belonged to the Hoboes of Maine.

13 But the Hoboes of Maine are still in great hope
That in some future day they will have further scope;
There's too much restriction, too much interdiction —
In some other states they've tasted the hope.

If those would-be rulers kept out of the coolers,
They'd soon become powerful and certain to reign
In the lowlands and highlands and Prince Edward Island,
Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Maine.

The picture of these 'hoboes of Maine' is only too true a one of conditions about the corner of Exchange and Washington Streets, in Bangor, near the old E. and N.A. (European and North American) depot, which stood on the site of the present railroad station. Here they are to the life, with their telescope bags of the nineties, replacing the mealbags of earlier days, their slickers to shed the spring rain, their calked boots hung on their shoulders, and the 'long-neckers,' or bottles of whiskey, present if not evident. It is a grimy picture of dazed, doped, half-drunk woodsmen being loaded in the early morning upon the up-river train at the old yellow depot, to be sent on the drives after a brief carouse upon their winter's wages. Just as François Villon sung of the aspects of life well known to him, though sordid, so Larry Gorman has painted a picture of the homeless woodsman's life in Bangor as it was at the end of the last century.

We need not accept the poet's closing prophecy of the proletariat supreme, nor acquit the woodsman of all responsibility for his condition; but Larry Gorman spoke like a poet and not a mere rhymster when, seeing so clearly the hard lot of the woodsmen of his own day, and painting it with the grim realism of that famous song of the pilgrims going to the shrine of Saint James of Compostela, he did not end with the hopeless tragedy of weakness, wickedness, and despair, but, ardent and yearning, saw a vision and sang of what he saw as a glorious possibility for ruined men.

THE OLD CHESUNCOOK ROAD

Written by William Moriarty, of Oldtown, Maine; printed in 'The Northern,' April, 1922, under the title 'Nigh Bill. As ut wuz, and as 'tis ter day er long ther Gilbert Road.' The Gilbert Road is the automobile road,

made and maintained by the Great Northern Paper Company, from Greenville to Chesuncook Lake, with a branch to Ripogenus Dam and beyond. It follows in general the course of the 'tote-road' over which the old lumbermen hauled supplies in winter and the river-drivers, working on the main West Branch Penobscot, tramped in and out. Taken with Larry Gorman's 'Hoboes of Maine' and other verses here printed, it gives almost a history of this important artery of the old wilderness.

1 'They've changed some, I guess?'
Ther tote roads der yer mean?
if that's ther idee, wall yes,
like ther bunch that erlong them did hike;
rocks and hummocks are gone,
yer hear ther toot ur ther horn
as ther flivvers skim ovah ther pike.

2 Yer leave Bartley's at four;
ther road follers ther shore;
yer turn on ther juce in yer flivver;
and at quarter to five,
ef yer still air alive,
yer fly through ther yard at Roach River.[1]

3 With hops, skips and jumps,
Az yer flash by the stumps,
yer tin Lizzie runs like er ram;
with yer heart in yer mouth
and cussing ther drouth,
'tis five-thirty when yer land at ther dam.[2]

4 We've sure changed our ways
since pod-auger days,[3]
when our bags contained homespun and hooch;
we'd start 'fore daylight,

[1] *Roach River:* now called Kokadjo.

[2] *The Dam:* Ripogenus Dam.

[3] *Pod-auger days:* old times. After the invention of the screw-auger (which was first manufactured at Castine, Maine, in 1810), the old pod-auger, with a straight flange and cutting edge, became the symbol of everything antiquated and out of date. Even a man might be spoken of as an 'old pod-auger.'

drink, sing and fight
ez erlong o'er ther tote-road [1] we'd mooch.[2]

5 We'd stagger and sway
Erlong ther highway
'till we reached Beaver Brook, yer old sinner;
We'd used up seven hours
er tramping through showers
'fore we reached Lily Bay [3] fer our dinner.

6 With our hides full av beans
we'd filled up ther seams
with sour-dough biscuit and fat: [4]

[1] *Tote-road:* supply-road. Tote-roads were distinguished from logging roads; they were permanent, though not meant for summer use; logging roads were temporary, used only while a tract was being operated. The word is very old in Maine, and is not, as often supposed, of negro origin. In the *Century Magazine*, vol. 50, p. 478 (July, 1895), Mr. F. A. C. Emerson, of Garland, Maine, wrote that it was used in Maine eighty years before. Teams used in hauling supplies were called 'tote-teams'; the drivers were 'toters' or 'droghers.' In the old days, when oxen were used, it sometimes took six days to tote a load of supplies from Bangor to the camp where it was consigned.

[2] *Mooch:* The meaning is clear enough, the derivation probably from *marcher*, and allied to the Northwestern 'mush.' Mr. Moriarty probably brought this word back with him from Alaska, where he spent two years, first exploring and hunting in the Copper River Country and then running for a thousand miles down what probably were (though his friend who gives the information does not name them) the Tanana and Yukon Rivers in a canoe of his own making. His wife was a Penobscot Indian woman and he was expert in canoe building, and in all kinds of woodcraft. He died in July, 1926.

[3] Lily Bay was the point where the steamboats landed goods for the toters. A tavern, later a hotel, was always kept here.

[4] *Sour-dough:* Generally supposed to be Northwestern, or Alaskan; but Mr. Moriarty writes: 'The term "sour-dough" was used here as long as I can remember, and the old woods cooks in Maine who could handle a sour-dough tub and get good results from each baking were far more plentiful than they are to-day all over. The use of sour dough passed out about the time the Great Northern Paper Company came here, and bread was made of sour dough long before my time and up to the time mentioned above; then, the term "sour dough," having got lost here, bobbed up in stories pertaining to Alaska and the Northwest, where they named old prospectors "sour doughs."'

when some hoodlum did yell
'yer may all go to he—'
ther wuz a scrap on right off ther bat.

7 We'd all had our feed
when ther er-rig-er-nal Swede * * Kelly.
fell through ther front door with er crash;
up jumps McGown,
on his phiz er fierce frown,
and put him to sleep with er smash.

8 It wud sure make yer shiver,
wuz yer thar at Roach River,
when ther bunch straggled in fer ther night;
all kivered with gore,
some lookin' fer more,
ther hull gang sure looked like er fright.

9 Next morning at four
we walked out ther door,
'twuz shut at our backs with er slam;
we wuz then past all harm,[1]
hed lunch at Grant Farm,[2]
that night we all flopped at ther dam.

10 Then we kivered our heads
with ther old West Branch spreads,
thet wudn't let yer ovah sleep ther clock;
fer in them lived er batch
that wud sure make yer scratch,
uv that hungry brand in gray-back kootie stock.

11 Ther spreads ter day are five and er half by seven,[3]
and ther kooties have reached ther heaven

[1] *Past all harm:* that is, not likely to turn back. Men often 'backed out' when almost to the place of employment, causing the employers great trouble and inconvenience.

[2] *Grant Farm:* For almost a hundred years a woods farm has been maintained here to raise hay and root vegetables for camps farther on. The dam mentioned in the next line was the old Chesuncook Dam, now twenty feet under water since the great Ripogenus Dam was built, which flowed it out.

[3] *Spreads:* The size shows that the spreads of to-day are meant to cover

at Rip Dam [1] by ther slaughter-house route.
thar they're steamed, biled and fried
'till one and all hev died
at ther laundry, where they fite their final bout.

12 Come all yer for-fut, fiddle-stuff men,[2]
and beat this, ef yer ken;
ther saw-log Jacks frum these parts hev passed away; [3]
fur if yer mean ter stick,
yer heve no coz ter kick,
fer yer furnished with clean spreads and medder hay.

13 So, if in ther spring yer alive,
and yer hanker fer ther drive,
and ter frog among ther wood just like er tode,[4]
just jump erboard ther train
und try her once ergain,
und ther flivvers ull take yer ovah ther Gilbert Road.

only two men each. The old spreads were enormous, covering upwards of a dozen men. Men on the drive, in the spring, slept on the bare ground, sometimes with a few fir boughs under them, sometimes with nothing beneath the under spread. The meadow hay of the twelfth stanza is a recent luxury.

[1] *Rip Dam:* the usual abbreviation for Ripogenus Dam.

[2] *For-fut, fiddle-stuff men:* Four-foot wood is pulp wood. Mr. Moriarty explains the term 'fiddle-stuff' as meaning *fir.* 'Years ago when we drove all long lumber, fir was not considered a very good wood to saw up into building material, but at times it was used to make into fiddle-backs. Now and then a nice fir log was found among the others on the shore, when driving the rear, and the boys would get hold of it with their peaveys and sing out, "Pass along your fiddle-stuff." To-day it is used for pulp, the same as spruce, lots of it in all the drives, hence the name "fiddle-stuff."'

[3] *Saw-log Jacks:* the old-time lumbermen, who cut long logs; now nothing but pulp wood goes down the West Branch.

[4] *To frog it like a toad:* a derisive description of the pulp-wood drivers, who wade about after the short pieces. 'There aren't any river-drivers any more,' said one of the old school; 'the men who could *do* things are gone. Now when the pulp gets off into the bushes they just send in a Polacker and he *bear-hugs* it and lugs it out.' Paul Bunyan himself could not have done that to the old log twenty feet long and two or three feet through. Mr. Moriarty, however, expresses it differently. 'There are a lot of good river-drivers in Maine to-day,' he says, 'but they work at other things, as many of them don't care to wade and frog about as they do in driving pulp wood.'

14 Now that I've finished my song —
(and if ther's anything wrong
ther critics will sure produce ther whacks) —
I'll be right heah on ther ground
when ther fool-killer sneaks eround,
and he kin finish me with his old dull axe.

By Bill Moriarty

Written December 26, 1921

The notes on this poem have been given ample space, partly because they have had the advantage of Mr. Moriarty's expert revision, and partly because so many tourists from all parts of the country pass every year over this old road that local terms and customs may have some interest in themselves, while to strangers many of them are unintelligible without explanation.

PAUL KING

From 'The Northern,' September, 1923; 'composed and written by Bill Moriarty.'

I've been readin' Rudyard Kipling,
An' as I set here a-whittling,
Being sort of nervous, I make the shavings fly;
'Pears like Rud was stuck on Gunga Din,
But when compared to our Paul King
We can beat him to a frazzle,
An' I'll tell you why.

Our West Branch Gunga Din

1 His hide's well steeped with jakey,
And he's getting kind o' shaky,
And when half stewed, 'twould do you good to hear him sing,
For he chaws, and he's a smoker,
And a regular herring choker,
He's a Lilly Piccadilly,
Sure t'ing!

2 He's a hoochy-koochy dancer,
And an alcoholic prancer,
He can hand it to Jack Dempsey in the ring;
He can set upon his heels
And eat a rudd of eels,
No matter how he feels,
Sure t'ing!

3 He's worked with John Laroosh [1]
'Twixt here and old Pugmoosh,
He can split your bean wide open with a shout;
It's always early in the morning,
Long before the day is dawning,
When that old Dungarven-whooper yells [2]
'R-o-l-l out!'
Sure t'ing! (Go slow, Paul King.)

4 When they were all tearing out,
Some timber-beast would shout,
'Hurry up and bring the water, Gunga Din!'
There's every kind of shout
As Paul King flies all about,
Paul King, sure t'ing!

5 Calling, 'Paul, Paul, Paul, Paul King,
Get a move on, you lazy thing,
And turn me out some tea, old Gunga Din;
Dump some beans into this plate,
So my crew won't have to wait,
Come, liven up your gait,
Sure t'ing!'

6 I couldn't help admiring him
After all we'd done and said;

[1] John Laroosh is the same John LaRoche, West Branch cook, celebrated in Mr. Burton W. Howe's poem.

[2] *Dungarven-whooper:* Mr. Moriarty, answering an inquiry about this, says: 'A name given to a departed spirit who came back at night to the spot where he was killed and terrorized all within hearing with his whoops and yells, according to one of the old woods stories told by loggers from down in the Provinces.'

He was all smoked up and greasy
From his boot-taps to his head.
I thought of the times he's watered us
From that rusty pail of tin, —
Rud's Hindoo slave would never crave
This job of our Paul King.

7 For he's dried out our socks
And hung up our frocks,[1]
And he's kept the spreads dry under kiver,[2]
And he did all he could,
Besides chopping the wood, —
He was the best wangan man on the river.

8 I've beaned you and I've flayed you,
Held you up and delayed you
For nothing more than just to hear you sing;
By the living God that made you,
It's a wonder some one hasn't slayed you,
You're a better man than I am,
Paul King! Sure t'ing!

It need surprise no one that an all-the-year-round woodsman like Mr. Moriarty is well acquainted with Kipling. But it should be noticed that this is no mere imitation or parody of Kipling. He sees that the cook's assistant on 'the drive' has a job very much like that of the Hindoo water-carrier, and that he is as well deserving of praise; hence this tribute to Paul King, the French Canadian wangan-man, which borrows nothing from Kipling. Paul King is fortunate in having his frailties passed over lightly, but his good deeds handed down in a record which enrolls him among the river-men whose virtues were gratefully remembered.

[1] *Frocks:* probably here for the sake of rhyme, though many years ago some woodsmen, especially hunters, wore a loose outside garment of denim or bed-ticking, falling to the knees, and belted round the waist, similar to the old 'butcher's frocks' formerly worn by marketmen.

[2] River-drivers had no tents, only a rude shelter, sometimes with cloth, sometimes with a bark covering, insufficient to keep the bedding dry in spring rains.

AS 'TWUZ AND AS 'TIZ

From 'The Northern,' February, 1925; written by William Moriarty, Oldtown, Maine.

1 McCarty and Kelly sat beside the road,
Perched on a grassy hummock,
Discussing the chow of logging camps
That you get to prop up your stomach.

2 Said Mac to Kel, 'I wish you'd tell
Uv the old days in the woods,
When Micky Dunroe an' Joe Pretto
Dished up their home-brewed goods.'

3 'Ye might complain, but never again,
Uv the cake bein' heavy as lead;
If ye kicked on the dope, they'd feed ye soap,[1]
Mixed in the gingerbread.

4 'We had codfish an' merlasses,
An' bags uv Injun meal.
Ye cud dream of white pertaters
Thet ye'd never get ter peel.

5 'Ther wuz good salt pork in barrels
In them days uv long ago;
The bread? 'Twuz just salt and soda
Mixed up with sour dough.

6 'An' when ye saw pertaters,
Butter or sugar, coffee or cream,
'Twuz while ye were snorin' the loudest,
'Twuz a delusion uv yer dream.

7 'Sometimes ye'd get some brook trout
That wuz caught along the streams;
But the power thet kept things movin'
Wuz *Pork* and yaller-eyed *Beans*.

[1] A favorite complaint in the old days against woods cooks that they put soap in their batter to make it rise.

8 'But things hev changed fer the likes uv us
From what they wuz years ago;
An' yer bread is made uv compressed yeast,
They've done away with sour dough.

9 'There's turnips an' carrots an' cabbage an' fish
Either fresh, smoked or salt, as ye choose;
An' there's all kinds of meat fer the loggers to eat,
An' papers that give ye the news.

10 'There's fresh beef an' ham, sausage an' lamb,
An' lots of Aroostook pertaters;
There's corn bread an' hash an' Russian goulash,
An' boxes of good canned termaters.

11 'There's macaroni an' cheese, rice an' prunes if yew please,
Tea, sugar, coffee an' cream;
An' spare-ribs ter roast, an' all kinds uv toast —
Why, McCarty, it seems like a dream!

12 'An' if yer feelin' empty
An' want ter fill out the seams,
Try cornbread or cookies or doughnuts,
Or even pork an' beans.

13 'Ye can't see how they do it?
Too expensive they're tryin' ter hint.
Don't ye savvy, Mac, that good food an' sech
Is a wise investmint.

14 'In the old days we cut ter waste,
An' the bosses wuz durned erratic;
But the present bunch hev timed thar pace
An' thar workin's are systematic.'

This poem is really a tribute to the Great Northern Paper Company. Not knowing that at the time he revised and annotated his verses at her request, Mr. Moriarty was dying of cancer, the editor inclined to omit this one; but Mr. Moriarty asked to have it included as

a tribute to Mr. Fred A. Gilbert, of the Great Northern, 'because Mr. Gilbert had always been very good to me.'

A FRENCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A WEST BRANCH COOK OF THE PERIOD 1875–1900

Printed in the 'Lewiston Journal,' December 24, 1921; written by Mr. Burton W. Howe, of Patten, Maine (who died February 19, 1922, aged fifty-five years); reprinted here by permission of his family.

1 Ole John LaRoche was a boss woods cook,
An' she mix up de dough on mos' every brook
Hon Penobscot Stream, an' fer mos' every man,
Fer ole John Ross an' Loverland,
Fer Terrill, Marsh, an' Slippery Sam,
Frum de boundary line to Nort' Twin Dam.

But she mostly wurk fer
Con Mur-fee,
Fer Fred Gil-bert
An' Mc Nul-tee.

2 Dis John she was six feet, two hunderd poun',
An' she live from de place dey call Hole-town,[1]
An' fer fifty year on Penobscot blue
She stir up de dough with her mixin' spoon,
An' she stir up de dough with her mixing spoon
From de las' of March to de Argyle Boom,[2]

But she mostly wurk fer
Con Mur-fee,
Fer Fred Gil-bert
An' Mc Nul-tee.

[1] *Holetown:* Oldtown.

[2] *From de las' of March to de Argyle Boom:* that is, from the beginning to the end of the log-drive. They began to drive the logs as soon as the ice broke up in the streams, the last of March; and the drive ended when the logs, which had been mixed together all the way down the river, were turned into the Argyle, Nebraska, and Pea-Cove Booms just above Oldtown, to be sorted by the log-marks of the individual owners and 'rafted' or 'turned out' for them.

3 An' sometime when de crew come down de lake,
An' smell on de win' de bean John bake,
Den dey hask, 'Whose wan-gin?' — 'Why, John La Rouche.' —
When dey say, 'Head boat!' it would raz de doose;
Fer John was proud of her bill of fare;
Fer it make her mad an' sehhe like bear.

But she mostly wurk fer
Con Mur-fee,
Fer Fred Gil-bert
An' Mc Nul-tee.

4 An' one time when she cook on de Wes' Branch Drive,
An' her hand was sore, an' she had de hive,
She put on de mittun to make de bread;
Dere was one hunderd an' fifty man to be fed,
An' sum of dem swear an' holler an' hoop
When dey fin' big bullfrog in John's pea soup.

But she mostly wurk fer
Con Mur-fee,
Fer Fred Gil-bert
An' Mc Nul-tee.

5 But mos' hall de boss 'white-water man'
Was sumtime heat at John's wan-gan;
Dere was Old Dingbat an' Top Cam-ell,
Some Hole-town Injun an' Joe LaBelle;
An' fer Judgment Day, fer dat final shout
Dey've hired Old John to r-oo-ll dem out,

Ef she don't hav to wurk fer
Con Mur-fee,
Fer Fred Gil-bert
An' Mc Nul-tee!

This excellent little song is based upon facts, though it does not follow them slavishly. It might be called a

'Ballad of Dead Penobscot Cooks'; for, though John LaRoche was a noted West Branch cook, not all the exploits named here were his own. The cook who kneaded his bread with mittens on was Larky Sharkey, of Bangor, who said it made his hands cold to put them into the cold dough. The third stanza narrates an anecdote of Mickey Dunroe, also a Bangor artist in cookery. One evening in spring, as a batteau crew was rowing down one of the Lower Lakes — whether Ambejejis, Pemedumcook, or North Twin does not matter — they saw a smoke ashore, which meant wangan and supper for the asking. So they hailed. 'Whose wangan?' — that is to say, eating place. — 'Mickey Dunroe,' was the reply. — 'Head boat!' ordered the bowman, and the crew rowed away. It was no compliment, and well might make any cook 'mad and sehhe like bear' — 'a bear with a sore head' (stung by bees), being the Maine superlative for bad temper. Finding a bullfrog in the pea soup is a standard woods joke, meaning that it is only dried peas and cold water.

The little chorus is admirable, taking up, as it does, the three stages of lumbering. Cornelius Murphy, of Oldtown, one of the best known of the older Penobscot lumbermen, began in the era of big pine; J. McNulty, of Bangor, following a little later, represents the spruce period; Fred A. Gilbert, of Bangor, with the Great Northern Paper Company, stands for pulp. Thus this West Branch cook had worked for all classes of operators in the woods.

THE DRIVE ON COOPER BROOK

From 'The Northern,' May, 1925, which has this note: 'This genuine woods song is here printed for the first time. The place and the characters are familiar, the occurrences were actual ones and took place in 1923, the last year that Cooper Brook was driven. Mike Gorman, its author, is well known for his ability to "make up a song" on any subject that strikes his fancy. He is the nephew of Larry Gorman, in his day a well-known singer. We are indebted to Mr. Nelson C. Smith for taking down the words.'

Cooper Brook outlets into Lower Joe Mary Lake, which lies very near to Pemedumcook Lake on the West Branch Penobscot.

1 'Twas in the month of April, the truth I'll let you know,
I hired out in Greenville the drive all for to go.
Joe Sheehan asked for my name and marked it in a book;
The place he hired me for to go was way up Cooper Brook.

2 We left Greenville the next morning, 'twas on the first of May;
Got dinner at Kokadjo, all on that very day.
Then seventeen long miles to hike the tote road we did tramp;
At eight o'clock that very night we struck the depot camp.[1]

3 When we got to the depot camp, everything was right;
Joe Sheehan met us at the door — he expected us that night.
The supper was all ready, we had good beans and bread,
And after we did eat our lunch, the bull-cook [2] showed us beds.

4 We rose up the next morning, all hands were feeling fine,
And after we got breakfast some axes we did grind;
We shouldered up our turkeys,[3] the tote road we got on,
And Frederick Beck he led the way to the camp called Number One.

5 When we got to Number One, the cook stood by the door;
His name was Pete McDuffy — got there the day before.
We had a talk about old times, he was feeling kind of blue;
Said he'd just come up from Bangor — had been drinking some home-brew.

[1] A *depot camp* is one where supplies and equipment are stored.

[2] *The bull-cook* is the cook's assistant, with something corresponding to a 'second-maid's' duties. The word is rather recent; formerly called a 'cookee,' and the duties mostly not attended to by any one.

[3] *Turkeys:* 'grips,' 'suitcases,' bags of clothing.

6 We struck out the next morning, to the High Landing we did go;
The ice was hanging from the rocks and there was a foot of snow.
The wood it was in awful shape, and tumbled down each tier;
I says to several of the boys, 'I am not long for here.'

7 Now right below the landing they called the Gravel Bed
They always had a lot of grief,[1] so everybody said.
I walked down to the Elbow to see what I could do,
And there I planned a small canal to sluice this lumber through.

8 I got the slusser scraper,[2] the horses were at hand;
I blew away the boulders there and dug away the sand.
We got the job completed, in three days we had it done,
And when they started sluicing, oh, how the pulp did run!

9 Now right below the Gravel Bed set the cruel Rapid Rock;
The boss he sent me down one day that boulder for to 'pop.'
With forty sticks placed under it, I did the work all right;
The boys that tend out in that place, I know they think of 'Mike.'

10 The morning that we left Church Pond, Sheehan and Beck went right along,
And that same evening we had the rear all safe in Cooper Pond.
And when we got in Cooper, the wind was blowing grand;
We sacked her [3] from the island and took her to the dam.

[1] *Grief:* not sorrow, in the woods, but heart-breaking hard work, great difficulties. This is an old word. Almost forty years ago the writer heard the same expression while on the West Branch — 'I tell you what, there's been lots of *grief* on this river.'

[2] *Slusser scraper:* an official of the Great Northern Paper Company defines it as a scraper for removing slush, slosh, sludge, as we variously call snow soaked with water.

[3] *Sacked her:* the 'her' of course is the boom of pulp wood. To sack is to drag or carry a bulky or heavy load. The idea of bulk predominates; usually it is a load too large to be lifted.

11 It was early the next morning, oh! how the wind did blow!
Our boom had broke right in the sag[1] and drifting down did go.
We all made for the bateau, boys, we had to do it quick;
Twelve thousand cords lay in that boom, but we did not lose a stick.

12 We hoisted gates next morning, the wind was blowing right;
To see that wood a-piling through it surely was a sight.
We are the boys that fear no noise and stick through thick and thin;
And thanks to the Almighty, that's how we got her in!

13 Now here's adieu to the camp and crew and the Great Northern Companie;
Their names are great through all the state, as you can plainly see.
I wish you all prosperity till I come home again;
And if I'm alive I'll try to hire for Cooper Brook again!

THE GRINDSTONE TEAMSTERS AND HORSES

Title supplied. As sung by Michael Gorman, 1926; printed by courtesy of the editors of 'The Northern,' who say they have been unable to learn the name of the composer. The scene was the American Thread Company's operation at Grindstone, Maine, 1926.

1 During the winter twenty-six,
In the woods at Grindstone, Maine,
There worked a hearty lumber crew,
And I'll tell you of their fame.
Alphonse Harvery was our cook,
With a twinkle in his eye;
He can't be beat on baking beans,
Or making nice mince pie.

[1] The *sag* of the boom is the big curve of the chain of logs confining the pulp wood which the wind drives down against it, stretching it in the direction the wind is blowing. The term 'boom' applies first, and specifically to the logs fastened end to end by boom-chains, and secondarily to all the loose logs or pulp wood confined by it.

2 Johnny White was foreman
Of this husky lumber crew;
For it takes a man of experience
To tell them what to do,
And keep a logging road in trim
So a load can never lurch,
For it takes a solid road to hold
A teuton load of birch.

3 There were twenty-five bold teamsters,
With sled and horses, too,
And sixty other shanty lads
Made up the lumber crew.
The leading pair of horses
Was Charlie Laflin's roans;
To see him haul the birch wood
Made all the teamsters groan.

4 Now Kealiher drove Bob and Sauc
But seldom went to church,
He'll go without breakfast, boys,
To get a load of birch.
Joe Sinclair drove a black team,
A very snappy pair,
I don't know what to call them,
For they are neither horse nor mare.

5 Old Sandy was a lame horse,
And Mandy was his mate,
And they were driven by Birmingham,
Who all the time was late.
'Twas Tozier drove the baby dolls,
A black mare and a tan,
But handling birch is heavy work
For a newly married man.

6 We had another teamster,
Who was always talking hoss,
And drove a little pair of roans;
His name was Charlie Foss.

Freddie Smart drove Frank and Dick,
His loads were like a dream,
And when the weather is frosty
You can't see Fred for steam.

7 'Twas Billy Murphy drove the greys
And took a lot of pains
To keep the load upon the road,
And gunned them with his reins.
Fred Patten drove a pair of greys,
They were neither fat nor lean,
Yet they were known about the place
As 'the mountain lion team.'

8 Gene Mountquin drove a dapple grey,
With a bay horse on the right;
He had a kindly smile for all
To keep their spirits bright.
A little pair of saucy blacks
Was driven by Herman White,
An early bird in the morning
And seldom loaded light.

9 George Mulligan drove a roan and grey
And he led them quite a race,
He looked like a New York banker,
With side whiskers on his face.
The best of all our horse lads
You agree with, it seems,
The one 'twas driven by Samuel Young;
He worked his legs with steam.

10 They had five water carts
To take up all the slack,
To harden up the road bed
And to grease the runner track.
Our blacksmith, Asel Savage,
Was seldom found in bed;
When he wasn't shoeing horses
He was working on a sled.

11 'Twas Jackie Logur drove Tom and Kate,
A very nifty span,
He's worked most everywhere on earth,
A travelling sort of man.
Dane Prescott drove the chestnuts
And loaded with a will,
And always held the ribbons tight
To guide them down the hill.

12 The feeder, Charlie Martin,
Fed all the hogs and shoats,
And fed the mules and horses
With hay and western oats.
We had another shanty lad,
A French and Irish boy,
Who played the harp and sang for us;
His name was John Savoy.

13 The monkeys all are working hard,
And skidding up the roads;
The boss is getting anxious
To see some bigger loads;
Roll out, you hungry lumber jacks,
And do your labor good,
For the old log-hauler's coming
For another load of wood.

14 White birch is as heavy stuff
As there is in grand old Maine,
And though the winters they are short,
We'll get it just the same.
Although perhaps we swear a mite,
We reverence the church;
But it takes a rough old crew to haul
Three thousand cords of birch.

Chorus. Heave ho! my lads, in the morning
Before the break of day;
Roll out, you lousy teamsters,
For the birch wood pull away;
But don't forget the winter,

Wherever you may be,
That we juggled birch at Grindstone
For the A. T. Company.
Now Jimmy Atwood was the clerk
And he'll tell it as a joke,
To be a full-fledged lumberjack
You must chew and spit and smoke.
The bull cook, Billy Fortin,
Would cut wood in the storm,
To keep the fires burning
And to keep the shanty warm.

This song well illustrates the way in which the history of an operation or a drive is recorded by the woods poet. To work in all the facts, paying tribute to each man engaged, is not a simple matter; yet nothing but the exact facts will satisfy the crew. Our friend the guide expressed the feeling once. 'They made a song about that drive,' he said; 'I disremembers the whole of it, but there was something in it about

'Old Burke he gave a whoop,
Harrigan made a swagan,
And Black Jack made a soup.'

That's all I can think to tell you about that song now, but that drive was a great drive, and that about the song is all so; you needn't not doubt a word of it, for Black Jack did make a soup just the same's that song says.' The test of the woods poet is his ability to handle facts.

THE WOODS CLERK

'WITH APOLOGIES TO WALT MASON'

From 'The Northern,' April, 1922.

The time has come for long-haired bards to grab their writing tools, and gush about the babbling brooks, and trees and shady pools, and so I resurrect my lyre from out the attic dust, to overhaul its rusty wires, for I must rant or bust. I will not sing of summer stars upon a moonlit sea, nor yet perchance of blushing rose, nor yet of busy bee; but I will prate

of pencil stiffs and other things as good, that grow up where the ink does splash upon the four-foot wood.

They show you moving pictures of the husky lumberjack, a-struggling up the tote-road with his war-bag on his back; but they never take a close-up of the operation clerk, who is sorting over boom-chains or some other pleasant work. For the clerk's a common gilpoke [1] of the lowest roughneck type. He's a non-productive article that's just supposed to write. He's a sort of human door-mat for the supers and the cooks, and when it comes to wangan [2] he is plain unvarnished crook. Yes, he's that and some few other things it wouldn't do to write, for although he's slow to anger, he's been even known to fight.

Yet my friends I hope you'll notice, else my song shall be in vain, it's been many years since foremen kept the time and took the blame, and wherever spruce is moving — in the woods or on the drive — it's this same dad-rotted pencil-stiff that's keeping this alive. Though he grabs but little credit, after all is said and done, you've got to hand it to him, he's the man behind the gun. *By an Old Clerk*

P.S. — Any individual clerk wishing to have himself immortalized in verse can have same done easily and painlessly. Circular upon application.

[1] In 'The Northern' for July, 1925, the Editor explains the word *gilpoke* or, as he writes it, *jill-poke:*

'Two great corporations were having a fierce battle of legal wits in a courtroom. The cause of the trouble was a log jam that had damaged the abutments of a railroad bridge. A principle was at stake and a precedent would be formed on the basis of the court's ruling. Expert testimony was being given by a man from Maine; he brought the proceedings of the court to a sudden stop with the word *jill-poke.* What did the word mean? Dictionaries and encyclopædias were produced, but the word could not be found. A large number of pencils were placed on a table for the witness to demonstrate how a log-jam is started by one contrary log stuck in the river-bank at such an angle that it holds other logs until a sufficient number hang together to stop all driving and a jam is formed.

'In our territory "jill-poke" is a common word and is well understood. It is used in various ways other than the one just described. A man who has the ill-luck to bungle a job is said to have "jillpoked the whole works." Continual awkwardness at his work may win for a man the name of "jill-poke," which soon becomes abbreviated and he is known as just a "jill."'

[2] *Wangan,* in this place, means general equipment, not food stores.

DRIVERS' LUNCH

This description of river-drivers eating their noon meal was written by Mrs. S. M. Crommett, of Derby, Maine, now (1926) seventy-six years old. It is a faithful picture of the old river-driving days in the Maine woods. Though not written to be sung, it deserves a place among the genuine woods songs. Mrs. Crommett wrote this about 1885.

1 I've seen a sight I'll ne'er forget
While Memory holds its sway;
'Twas the drivers' camp on Crystal Brook
On a sunny April day,
And seated on a mossy log
I viewed the camp ground o'er
And saw the drivers eat their lunch —
There was full many a score.

2 The Boss was standing by with ease,
With many a nod and wink,
As he watched his husky lads with speed
Dispose of food and drink.
The Cook was busy with his plates
And knives and forks and dippers,
And tripped around so easy
In his India-rubber slippers.

3 The pork and beans within the pot
In their midst was set with care,
The cover lifted, and was spread
A tempting banquet there.
And snowy biscuits, flaky brown,
Were tumbled from the baker,
And followed quick the luscious beans,
Great credit to their maker.

4 And chunks of luscious ginger-bread,
All fragrant shiny brown,
With quarts of black tea, sweet and strong,
It quickly was washed down.
They ate their lunch in silence,
In silence drank their tea,

Enlivened only by the notes
Of some lone chickadee.

5 With their hats upon their heads
And their plates upon their knees,
With the river rushing by
And the wind among the trees,
Could they ask for music sweeter
To swell the song of life,
Each one busy with his thoughts
Of sweetheart, mother, wife?

6 Then T.D.'s were in order
And soon the fragrant smoke
Was wafted to my nostrils
And hid the rushing brook;
Then with cant-dogs on their shoulders
They quickly marched away,
To break the jams and row the boats
From April until May.

BOLD ABRAHAM MUNN

Sent in, 1904, by Mr. W. H. Venning, of Sussex, New Brunswick, who said it was composed by Abraham Munn himself.

1 Come hither now grandchildren
and listen unto me,
and what I am going to tell youse
astonished you will be.
there was a time when everywhere
both morning night and noon
men talked or thought of nobody
but dashing Abrham Munn.[1]

2 Just then I was an active youth
bross wobeler[2] of the land
bear wolf or indian devil
before me none could stand.

[1] *Munn*, often spelled Moon, as pronounced.
[2] *Bross wobeler* may mean 'boss warbler' — or it may not.

all things that run flue, crept or swom
would puter [1] very soon
at any distance theyed get sight
of me bold Abrham Munn.

3 in the summer time a-fishing
up the river I would go
with skilfull hands the gungle foul [2]
or admoral I would throw.
And then at dark oh save the mark
my griddle [3] I would light
and fifty salmon I have spired
all in one single night.

4 thats when I was young and in my prime
just ask your grandma there
but now am old and rinkled up
and very whites my hair
I cannot raise so early now
nor yet sat up so light
though early raising in the morning
I all ways use to hate.

5 fifty years ago when I was young
I then was stout and strong
two hundred pound I'd carry
on my shoulder all day long [4]
it is now my song is ended
and I will todle off to bed
and mind you like good children
you'll think of what I have said
that is when I am dead and gone
and that I must be soon
you'll be saying what a fine old boy
was granddad Abrham Munn.

[1] To *puter*, the same as to peter out, to dwindle, diminish, to slacken efforts; used of both things and people.

[2] The *gungle foul* and *admoral* are artificial flies for trout, though only the ardent fly-fisherman would recognize his 'jungle fowl' under this delightful disguise.

[3] The *griddle* was the torch for spearing salmon by night in rapid water.

[4] The editors do not believe this.

DUNPHY'S BEAR

Sent in, 1904, by Mr. W. H. Venning, of Sussex, New Brunswick, who said it was composed by Abraham Munn.

1 There was four jolly anglers
togeather did agree
to fish for trout and salmon
on the south west miramichi
with hooks and lines and galf and reil [1]
and comfort all in store
they come by boat to fredericton
and quartered on bob ore [2]

2 now robert been a first class whip
he quickly planed a scheam
to drive them to the fishing ground
with a stilish four horse team
and when they crossed the fearry
they stead a short time there
to call upon tom Dunphy
and see his playfull bear.

3 When brouen saw them comming
in fright he clim his post
all hands they treid to get him down
but Dunphy treid the most
till his wilf came out to lend ade
with a bottle of milk in hand
he came right down to drink it
at the first word of command.

4 in the shed there was a curiley dog
whom brouen did enaged
they new by the look of his little eye
the bear was in a rage.
then he sprang upon his master
the full lengt of his rope
and before poor Dunphy new it
he caught him by the dope.

[1] *Gaff and reel.* The 'comfort' of the next line was liquid refreshment.
[2] Bob Orr, an old friend. (Venning.)

5 if youed a seen poor Dunphy
how he did scritch and haull
to get from out the cloutches
of the bear so young and small
with suple youman efort
he jump'd high in the air
tore the dope out of his britches
rushed madly from the bear.

6 if yould a seen tom Dunphy
with his bear and bleeding geair
like a ship without a reder
he new not where to stear.
and as he hobled round the shed
the blood run from his dope
and brouen quickly clim his post
the full length of his rope.

7 now we must be agoing
those sporting gents did say
come Dunphy boy we'll have a smell
before we go away
and as they drunk there glasses dry
we pray you'll have a care
and never trust your dope again
so near that playfull bear

8 and now we're at the fishing ground
at gilmon and burned hill
we drink a health to Dunphy
for every fish we kill
and when we do return again
to the ferry we'll prepare
to take a smile [1] with Dunphy
and see his playful bear

The two songs by Abraham Munn must have been very local and perhaps never were sung in Maine; but

[1] *A smile* in the language of the woods used to be 'a drink.' 'Do you ever smile?' was a polite invitation about the date of the Civil War.

the first well illustrates the way in which a man will sometimes sing of his own exploits as freely as if he were still a barbarian in the Scythian wilds; and both, which seem to have been transcribed by a young boy from the singing of the old man, are so delightful in the spelling, which has to be seen to be appreciated, that they are included for the sake of that 'curiley dog' and the 'wilf' and the 'gungle foul' and the 'suple youman efort,' which can be shared with the reader with no danger of hurting the young scribe's feelings.

THE GAY WEDDING

Taken down, in 1914, by Mr. Walter M. Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, from the singing of a woodsman named Murray, originally from Prince Edward Island, who said that 'it was written by a fellow named Nesbeth,' and that 'it had a chorus in Irish which it wouldn't be safe to sing in some parts of Bangor.'

1 It's of a gay wedding,
As you soon shall hear,
Got up in good style,
And it ain't far from here.

2 It's Arthur De Laney,
Grandson to Killroy;
He was the darlint,
The dancin' bug boy.

3 Three hundred gay fellows
That day marched along,
All with their great cudgels,
Both brave, stout and strong.

4 You'd think them the locusts
From the E-gyptian plains,
And like the wild devils
Let loose from their chains.

Mr. David F. Preble, of Guilford, Maine, said, in 1925, that he had heard this sung in the woods, but not for the

last eight or nine years. Professor Gray prints it, under the title 'Irish Song,' from the same original as the above, but with the sixth line wrong.

WHEN HARVEST DAYS WERE ENDED

Air: 'My wife's gone into the country'

Sent in, in 1916, by Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, New Brunswick, with the following note: 'Here's something by the author of "The Lumberjack's Exit," that was composed about four years ago. The "victim" is now in the trenches in Flanders. Sergeant Ben Dunn went West with the "Harvest Excursion" in 1911, and the pilgrimage wasn't a success. Returning, he hired with Dick Reid, with the result noted above. Young Gilbert, a student of patrician lineage, but sadly short of cash, had hired with the same man a week before, and amputated a toe shortly after Dunn's advent. No song of the woods ever had the popularity that this has acquired in so short a time. Dunn was considered typical of the "woods tenderfoot," a party that, in this country, is held in contempt of the good-natured kind by those "to the manor born."'

Though not picked up in Maine, no song very popular in New Brunswick could fail to come across the line in a short time, so that this and several others received from Mr. Flower and Mr. Venning have been included as sure to occur.

1 'When Harvest Days were ended,
Back from the woolly west,
To Georgetown came 'the Sergeant,'
('Tis the land that he loves best).
A short while there he tarried,
(For funds he did much need),
Then hired as a swamper
With a lumber-king named Reid.

Chorus:

Upon the spruce so limby
He down would swoop;
But frost and snow to him brought woe
And hushed his warlike whoop.
That 'feeling tired' assailed him,
And made him droop;
For home again he grew insane
And soon 'flew the coop.'

2 But first he hit the River
And telephoned to ma;
Cried he, 'Alas! I'm stricken with
A swelling of the jaw;
I fear it is the tooth-ache,
For awful does it feel,
Sometimes it gripes me in the jaw,
And sometimes in the heel.'

3 Preceded by the 'Student'
He'd been a week or so;
This last had 'led out' for a limb,
But 'landed' on a toe.
Cried he, 'My stay is ended,
To all of you, adieu!'
The Sergeant sighed, and sadly cried:
'Won't some one wound me too?'

4 But Fortune did him favor
At last — as we have told,
And back to home and friends again
Has gone the Sergeant bold;
No more will we behold him,
For he'll return no more,
Beyond a doubt, he's holding out
At the corner 'grussery' store.

THE LUMBERJACK'S EXIT

Contributed, 1916, by Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, New Brunswick, then Clerk of the Assembly of New Brunswick, who wrote: 'Composed by John Dunham, of Evandale, N.B. The air is unknown to me; words forwarded by permission of the writer.'

1 When the wild goose quits the Northland, and serenely southward soars,
At a leisurely, though very rapid rate,
And we ice find in the morning 'long the lake or river shores,
It is time for us to emigrate.

2 For old Winter is approaching, if he's not already here,
Soon he rivers, lakes and streamlets up will chain,

His companion, blustering Boreas, who to him is ever near,
Will pipe up for him when he is raising Cain.

3 In our telescope suit-cases we will toss a change of clothes,
With some mittens warm and several pairs of socks;
Thus equipped we seek the shanties, caring not how Boreas blows,
Being fully fortified 'gainst Polar shocks.

4 And we foot it out the portage, each with case slung on a stick,
For often are the shanties far away;
Still, if we can strike the tote-teams, we will have no cause to kick,
For then we will get a lift without delay.

5 And all winter, with the timber, we will war with blows and words,
We the monarchs of the forest will lay low,
We will fell them and we'll twitch them, and we'll pile them on the yards,
And we'll haul them when there comes enough of snow.

6 And full often of an evening, when our day's work is all o'er,
We will happy be and drive dull care away,
Yes, with singing and with dancing we will make the shanty roar,
For the lumber-jack is always lithe and gay.

7 And all winter, in the deep wood, we contentedly will dwell,
Though upon us do the 'grey-backs' browse and thrive,
Till the coming of the springtime rings at last old Winter's knell,
When we'll come out, like the lumber, with the drive.

8 O! the lumber-jack is jolly, and the lumber-jack is gay,
And everything he does, he does up brown;
So the damsels all adore him, for he blows in all his pay
Through his love for them when e'er he strikes the town.

9 Here's long life to the lumber-jack, so gallant and so gay,
Long may he live to make the shanties roar,
We'll drink his health in gin, or beer, in 'Irish,' 'Scotch,'
or 'Rye,'
We'll sing his songs till we can sing no more.

This is the first time the editors ever saw the word 'lumberjack' used by a woodsman. It was not introduced into the Maine woods until the time of the World War, and is still little used and less liked by woodsmen. It was first used in Maine, so far as known, by Mr. Holman Day, who took it from Stewart Edward White's Western stories and made it familiar, though not popular, in his books. The word was a sure sign of an outsider.

The early word for those working in the woods was 'logger,' which was followed by 'lumberman.' Later this was reserved for the operators, while the laborers were called 'woodsmen.' Even now 'woodsmen' is the word always used by the great companies and the employment offices when advertising for men to go into the woods.

THOSE LEATHER-HEADED SONGSTERS

Sent in, 1916, by Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, New Brunswick, who said that it had been very popular in New Brunswick for a dozen years.

1 Ye lumber-laddies, great and small, unto us pray give an ear,
Attention pay, and you straightway a tale of truth shall hear
About those louts whom we detest — correct us, if we're wrong, —
'Tis of leather-headed songsters, who will mutilate a song.

2 They do not care for metre, and they do not care for rhyme,
A song they'll slash and fiercely gash, we've heard them many a time,
One line short-footed sadly limped, another stepped too long,
O! those leather-headed songsters, who will mutilate a song!

3 It is the jolly lumberman, who much delights to sing;
He picks his 'choice' and soon his voice the welkin makes to ring;
For though said voice be crack or harsh, it (as a rule) is strong, —
O! those leather-headed songsters, who will mutilate a song!

4 Often when his voice exalts with lusty whoop and howl,
You, wolves would swear, yes, and declare, around your shack did prowl,
That voice one never would suspect to mortal did belong,
O! those leather-headed songsters, who will mutilate a song!

5 Perhaps 'twill be a song of love, perhaps a song marine,
Or song of war, bedaubed with gore (or maybe song obscene);
But as a rule, 'tis of fair maid, subjected unto wrong,
O! those leather-headed songsters, who will mutilate a song!

6 Here's to all songsters great and small, who us essay to charm,
E'en though your yells are worse than knells, we do not wish you harm;
But Hades' blight we boldly lay, and lay it on full strong
On those leather-headed songsters, who will mutilate a song.

THE PURSUIT OF A BALLAD MYTH

No modern folk-song is better known than 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' It has crossed this country from east to west; it is known from north to south; it has traveled overseas; and yet it cannot be called an old song. It might seem an easy task to discover its whole history, its date, and the incident upon which it is founded; but the senior editor never undertook so difficult a piece of historical research as 'Gerry's Rock.' Personal responsibility must be assumed for what follows, and the editorial 'we' is discarded.

In the texts which precede will be found two forms of the song — the modern version which is sung everywhere, and a much older form, very hard to obtain although it is sung both West and East, but principally by men of Canadian origin. From this circumstance and from the song being very often called 'The Shanty Boys' or 'The Canadian Shanty Boys,' it might be supposed that the ballad was composed in Canada. There is abundant internal evidence that a Canadian composed it — but not necessarily in the Maritime Provinces.

The first I ever heard of 'Gerry's Rock' was in the fall of 1903, when a millman said to my brother: 'They get together and sing "come-all-yes." There's an awful nice song called "Gerry's Rock," 'bout a feller that was drownded on the Saginaw, out in Michigan.' Thereupon I asked my neighbor, Mr. Herbert Warren Rowe, the editor of the 'Maine Sportsman,' to get me a copy. In a few weeks he printed one which antedates by six years any printed copy yet discovered. It is not only the earliest but it is one of the best texts extant, and it is so remarkably close to Professor Cox's 'A' version, taken down eleven years later and fifteen hundred miles away, that there are but six minor variations between the two

copies. Twice 'on' replaces 'at,' 'that day' is used instead of 'next day,' 'the' for 'a,' an 'a' is omitted, and there is a slight variation in one line. This almost necessitates some printed original, like a 'slip,' which was widely diffused among woodsmen.

An editorial note, not reproduced with the text on page 82 said the song 'was, so lumbermen claim, originally sung in Maine, and relates how a certain gallant river-driver lost his life at Gerry's Rock in the Penobscot. Not far above Grindstone, on the East Branch of the Penobscot, is a spot where lies the body of a river-driver who was drowned in the swift water which runs by that point. At all events, this is the claim made by a woodsman who has cooked in the Maine woods for many years, and in transplanting the song from Maine to Michigan soil (or waters), it may have been changed to suit the locality.'

Though the song came to Maine from Michigan, this note shows that in 1904 Maine men believed it was based upon a Maine tragedy and they located the spot on the East Branch Penobscot at a place conceded to be called 'Gerry's Rock.' Apparently even then the rock had been blown out; for this unknown cook puts it several miles too far down the river. The original Gerry's Rock was thirteen miles above the bridge at Grindstone.

In 1904 it seemed as if the only problem was to locate the rock. That was done, with results which will be noted later. A few years after, a new generation of guides and woodsmen were accepting Michigan as the scene of the song, because the song said so. 'It happened somewhere out in Michigan,' wrote a guide; 'you write the postmaster at Saginaw and he may know something about it.'

But instead of troubling the Saginaw postmaster, I wrote Mr. Lucius L. Hubbard, one of the trustees of the University of Michigan and an acknowledged authority upon both the Maine and the Michigan woods. Almost

fifty years ago he had prepared a guide-book to the Maine woods and a lumberman's map of the same, which are still our best authorities. Mr. Hubbard replied that he knew nothing of any Gerry's Rock either in Maine or in Michigan.

Next I appealed to Mr. W. B. Mershon, the author of several well-known books, a resident of Saginaw, who wrote: 'Gerry's Rock undoubtedly had no existence in Michigan. In very few, if any, of the streams of the Southern Peninsula that were once logging streams are there any rocks. They are simply streams flowing through sandy country.'

The same year, 1925, copies of the song were furnished the editors of the 'Canadian Lumberman,' of Toronto, and the 'American Lumberman,' of Chicago, asking for information, and both editors showed more than usual courtesy in making known my search. The most noteworthy reply was received from Mr. W. J. McCormick, of Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, who had had much woods experience both East and West. The song was very much sung by the lumberjacks of Minnesota, he said, 'but the general impression was that it was on the Saginaw. In the State of Maine many of the old-time singers of this song think that it refers to the Kennebec or to the West Branch. Since coming to Canada I have not heard the song, but I have made inquiries in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia regarding it and have found many who know it; most of them think that it refers to the Penobscot River, and a few seem to think the accident was on the Connecticut River; but it seems to be generally understood that it did not happen in either of the provinces mentioned above.'

As in Michigan, so in New Brunswick, assistance was sought from men of high standing and wide acquaintance with the history of the woods. Dr. Robert Nicholson, of Newcastle, New Brunswick, said it was not on the Miramichi. For nine years, the highest authority there

is on New Brunswick topography, Professor William F. Ganong, of Northampton, Massachusetts, had both the location of Gerry's Rock and the quite possibly distinct tragedy of Jack Monroe upon his list of queries, but found nothing definite about either. The rock was 'on the Penobscot,' or 'on Androscoggin.' Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, New Brunswick, who was Clerk of the House of the Assembly during the World War, and who for fifty years had been familiar with the woods of Maine and New Brunswick, after careful inquiry reported only negative results. He wrote that one man consulted, who 'knows the Saint John River from Walloostook to Fundy, thinks the poem is the product of a vigorous imagination that took some happening like the Economy drowning and dressed it up with fictitious names. He points out that the name of Monroe lends itself to easy rhyming.' I have full details and date of the Economy River accident in Nova Scotia, and it cannot be the occasion of this song. Mr. Flower reported the song as well known everywhere in the Provinces, but the people placed it 'upon the Connecticut River,' 'in New Hampshire,' 'on the Androscoggin,' 'in Maine,' or 'on the Penobscot.'

If it had happened in Maine I might have heard of it myself; for from 1830 to 1900 the business interests of my grandfather and father gave them the personal acquaintance of most of the hunters, trappers, head lumbermen, head boatmen, and Indian guides in northern and eastern Maine, and what went on in the woods or on the drives was repeated to them and for many years was taken down by myself as dated notes, made at the time when heard. But no one ever told any story which could be twisted into the tale of Jack Monroe's death. The burial of a girl in the woods beside her lover is an incident too preposterous to gain any credence from those who knew the old Maine woods.

On the other hand, there appears to have been a

Gerry's Rock here, with its own story, long antedating the present song which goes by its name; but the vogue of the song has resulted in the rock being located wherever a striking river tragedy has occurred. Where there is no record of the facts and a story is passed from one to another for half a century or more, errors are bound to occur; and it must be understood that proving a statement to be without foundation is no reflection upon the man who made it last. I have consulted only men of intelligence and wide experience in woods history, whose failure to agree upon the facts is the best evidence that the story is without foundation.

For example, following up the Androscoggin clue, I learned from Mr. Oscar Thomas, of Lincoln, Maine, now eighty-two years old, that fifty or sixty years ago he had heard a story of an Androscoggin tragedy which has been associated with the song. 'Gerry's Rock is on the Androscoggin at the head of Rumford Falls. There was a jam on the head of the falls; a boat's crew went out and broke the jam and they all went over the falls and drowned but one man. That was Gerry; he jumped on the Rock; stayed there a night and a part of a day; they had to send quite a ways up-river to get another boat and crew to take him off.' Later Mr. Thomas wrote again, saying that he had talked with Mr. L. B. Bryant, of Patten, who told him the story, as he heard it the year after it happened when he was working on the Androscoggin, who gave him more details.

Had I been a novice in the Maine woods I should have rested entirely satisfied with the statements of two such experienced and trustworthy men, who gave so many particulars of the accident. But having heard of a famous rescue performed at this place at about the same time by Calvin Turner, of Veazie, I wrote Mr. Silas F. Peaslee, of Upton, Maine, who for fifty years has represented the Pingree and Coe interests in the Rangeley region. His letter shows how in the course of half a century the name

of *Leary* had been changed into that of *Gerry*. December 14, 1926, Mr. Peaslee wrote: 'The accident at Rumford Falls was this, as I have heard it: A bateau crew was working handling logs in the pool which is below the big and very steep fall and above the second pitch, which is not so steep. They were at the head of the second pitch. The boat was manned by Ned Grace and Phil Fish, who were very expert boatmen, with Jack Leary, Mike Gibbon, and two other men in the boat. In some way they got down too near the head of the pitch where the water was drawing very strong, and did not have their boat in the right position to come back into the pool, and the boat was swamped. Jack Leary, of Milan, New Hampshire, and another man climbed onto what has since been called 'Grace Rock' and it was said that Jack Leary tore his finger nails off in an endeavor to get onto the rock. Ned Grace, Phil Fish, and Mike Gibbon were drowned and one man clung to the boat and was finally rescued down on the Mexico shore, as I understood, and it was considered a wonderful thing that he could pass through so strong water clinging to the boat and be saved. Jack Leary called to the men on shore, telling them that they need not send a boat after him unless Cal Turner was in it, for he should not get in the boat. Cal Turner, whose left hand had previously been taken off at the wrist, and who was foreman of the drive, was a mile or two up-river. He was sent for, came down, and manned the bateau and went out and took Leary and the other man off the rock.'

The comedy which is a part of so many tragic river stories shines forth here — two men in a desperate situation dictating the terms upon which they will permit themselves to be saved, and demanding a one-handed man to be sent for from far away to do it!

Mr. Peaslee sent my inquiry to Captain Fred C. Barker, of Bemis, Maine, known to all visitors to the Rangeleys, who wrote: 'I think it was in the year of '71 that Ned

Grace and his two companions were drowned. When they built one of the dams at Rumford Falls about twenty-five years ago I think they blasted Grace Rock and built a dam over it. I think that Gerry's Rock must have been on the Connecticut River, which runs through Stewartstown and that may have been the Logantown mentioned in the song.'

The lower Androscoggin having been eliminated, I examined the upper part of the Androscoggin system. Before 1890 I had heard that on the Black, or Dead, Diamond they did not drive logs on Sundays, which might account for the river-drivers in the song objecting to Sunday work. Both Mr. Peaslee and Captain Barker were asked if they knew any accident on the upper Androscoggin which would give rise to this song. They reported that about 1875 Jack Abram, nephew of Jim Abram, a foreman of the drive, was drowned one Sunday at Aziscoos Falls, and, not being found until weeks later, was buried on the river-bank. 'It was remarked that he was the fourth man drowned on the Berlin Mills Company's drive within a few years and each drowned on Sunday,' wrote Mr. Peaslee. Captain Barker was eyewitness of the accident and tells the whole story in his book 'Lake and Forest as I have Known Them' (Boston, 1903), pp. 120–27, but neither he nor Mr. Peaslee connects Jack Abram with Jack Monroe.

The search on the Androscoggin is an epitome of that elsewhere. When the facts have been run to earth, they show that some other accident was mistaken for that of Jack Monroe's death, or that the place has received its name from its supposed connection with the song. On the Penobscot it has been located at six different places, but invariably the oldest residents, or those knowing the vicinity well, know nothing about it, but say that they have heard it was 'on the Kennebec,' 'on Saint John River,' 'ten miles above Grand Falls,' or 'five miles below Woodstock,' or 'on the Saguenay' in Quebec.

Though I am indebted to Mrs. Guy R. Hathaway for much painstaking work upon the details of the Penobscot locations, there seems no good reason for reviewing all the negative testimony gathered by her. But since it has already obtained rather wide currency in print I must proceed to show that Professor Roland P. Gray's announcement of Gerry's Rock being on the West Branch Penobscot was, to state it gently, premature.

> My most unique and valuable find, he writes (p. xv), was in a trolley car halted on a switch somewhere between Orono and Bangor. While we were waiting, the motorman came in and asked me if I would give him a copy of 'The Jam at Gerry's Rock.' I replied that I should be glad to do so, but should like to know why he was interested in that particular song. 'Well,' said he, 'my brother was a member of the crew referred to in that song, and it is all true that is related about the accident.' I was at once all excitement and curiosity. I pressed him — Mr. Reid by name, who had himself been a lumberjack — to tell me what he knew about the origin of the ballad. I wrote down what he said. 'The accident,' he told me, 'took place on the west branch of the Penobscot River just above a place now called Mawutum. There was a rock there where the logs frequently jammed. The rock, I think, was afterwards blown up.'

The 'Mr. Reid' mentioned proved to be Mr. Warren H. Reed, of Bangor, who was interviewed by both editors. The place he named was Mattaseunk Rips on the main river, about four miles above Mattawamkeag Point, where there is a fall of only eleven feet in a mile. There never was any Mawutum in Maine. The name is not Indian. From the expression 'a member of the crew referred to,' a Maine man would understand that Mr. Reed's brother was one of the boat's crew led by Jack Monroe in breaking the jam, and that he was an eyewitness of the accident and perhaps was drowned himself.

But Mr. Reed only meant that his brother was on that drive, in which case he might have been miles away. Questioning brought out that the basis of the story was even less than this. As a small boy Mr. Reed heard his older brother, upon his return from the spring drive, tell of their having lost a man in breaking a jam and of their burying him upon the river-bank. Mr. Reed could not remember the man's name, the year, the contractor of the drive, nor even the stream or river it was on; but as a child he associated the story he had heard from his brother with this song and both with Mattaseunk Rips, where a family named Gerry used to live. After investigating thoroughly, Mrs. Guy R. Hathaway, of Mattawamkeag, wrote: 'It is true that a family by the name of Gary lived near this place about fifty-eight years ago, but as far as I can learn no rock was ever known by their name and I fail to find any one who knows anything about a river-driver being drowned there.'

In attempting to verify his information it seems quite possible that Professor Gray made a mistake which confused the matter still more, though one not to be wondered at, if his only acquaintance with the song came through print. This, like changing Mattaseunk to 'Mawutum,' just as elsewhere he wrote 'Suhomuck' instead of Seboomook, may be unfortunate, but is of a different sort from his accepting the statement that 'probably one hundred and fifty took part in making that song' (p. xvi). It needs no specialized knowledge to perceive that if in one of its longest versions a song contains only four hundred and eighty words, it could not have had one hundred and fifty authors without some of them being minor poets. And when no one knows when, where, or how a song originated, who can say just how many had a part in making it?

But returning to the question of location, the 'Bangor Daily News' for June 30, 1916, reporting the Orono summer school chapel of the day before, says:

> Professor Gray read many interesting ballads. One familiar to lumbermen in this locality, entitled 'The Jam at Jerrie's Rock,' tells a pathetic story of the death of a young man on a jam on a rock above Grindstone.

It would appear from this that Professor Gray must have pronounced 'Gerry' with a soft 'g,' which no Maine man ever would do. In that case his attempts at verification gave him just what he asked for, the well-known Jerry Rock on the West Branch below Shad Pond. Mr. Rodney Q. Lancaster, of Howland, Maine, eighty-four years old, writes (1926): 'I drove the West Branch sixty-one years ago. There was a rock called Jerry Rock below Pond Falls and above Ledge Falls, at the mouth of Jerry Brook, and there were several graves there. When they made the road to Millinocket they plowed some of the boots and bones of them out.'[1]

It cannot be said that Professor Gray has made out a strong case for the West Branch location; but there are sure to be woodsmen who will stand out stoutly for that being the scene of the Jack Monroe story. One such is 'sure of it,' because he 'used to know a man who see his boots hanging on a tree where he was drownded.' The boots were there, but they were not Jack Monroe's. They belonged to Governor Joseph Attean, Thoreau's guide, who with Stephen Tomer and Edward Conley, was drowned Sunday, July 4, 1870, on the Blue Rock Pitch of Island Falls. When his body was found in Shad Pond, the boots were removed and hung on a tree, and they never were disturbed. Woodsmen often make blunders like this and have wild notions of topography. One we have found declared that 'Gerry's Rock is on Moosehead Lake, above the Saint Croix River.'

[1] Besides this Jerry Brook there was a brook and a pond two miles long in Township 5, Range 11, on Seboois, which in 1861 used to be called Jerry Brook and Jerry Pond, named for Jerry Johnston who lumbered there about 1830. There is also a Jerry Rock in Nova Scotia, 'a notably dangerous place.' These reduplications of names in the woods greatly confuse the inexperienced.

I must call to attention here that the story of this song is a complex problem. If Jack Monroe died at Gerry's Rock, then before that there must have been an earlier tragedy there from which the rock got its name. The two accidents must have been entirely distinct and most likely far apart in time. They might even have happened far apart in space, as will be shown later. And there may never have been any 'Jack Monroe' even though there was once a Gerry's Rock.

That there was once a Gerry's Rock on the East Branch of the Penobscot seems well confirmed. Its location in different places is a minor discrepancy because the rock must have been removed very long ago. Nor is it to be wondered at that those who located the rock for me seem not to have known of its removal. They were old 'West Branchers.' When a man had graduated from the East Branch to become head boatman on the West Branch, he seldom went back again, and, if not working as a guide in fall and summer, he might never see that branch again.

Immediately after the song was printed in the 'Maine Sportsman,' in 1904, several experienced river-drivers, of a generation now passed away, located Gerry's Rock for me. The late Joshua Eldredge, of Howland, Maine, a man of remarkable accuracy and high intelligence, told me that it was 'just below the Hunt Farm,' or very near the point where the old Katahdin Trail crossed the river. Daniel H. Golden, of Bangor, who had followed the river since 1867, said without hesitation: 'Gerry Rock is just about opposite the Hunt Farm; it sticks up out of water.' He did not know the story of it because it happened before he came to this country in 1865. Two other men placed it a little farther down, but still on the East Branch. Another puts it on the upper pitch of the Hulling Machine, of Grand Falls on East Branch. Apparently it had been blown out before these younger men knew the river, and the location had been lost.

In 1916, James H. White, of Newport, then aged eighty-eight years, told me that 'Gerry's Rock is on the East Branch somewhere below the Grand Falls' and that Gerry was a man from the Kennebec and was 'drowned within my recollection.' As to the date of Gerry's death, Mr. White said that his first trip into the woods was made in the fall of 1841, when, as a boy of thirteen, he went up the East Branch as cook for Shephard Boody's crew, going in to put through Telos Cut, the dam at Telos having been built the previous winter. On their way up they found that the body of Haskell, who had been drowned that spring at Haskell Rock Pitch, of Grand Falls, and who had been buried in two pork barrels placed end to end for lack of a coffin, had been dug out by bears; and they stopped and reburied the body. (The circumstances of Haskell's burial I had heard long before.) From this it appears that Gerry, if drowned within Mr. White's recollection, must have died later than 1841. Lewis Ketchum, the well-known half-breed Indian guide, said to me, 'It happened before my time'; and he went up the East Branch for the first time in 1847 at the age of thirteen years. There is thus a strong presumption that a man named Gerry was drowned in the early eighteen-forties not far from the old Hunt Farm.

It would seem that there must have been a song made up about the accident; for in September, 1925, Mr. William Wallace Tibbetts, of Otis, an experienced old-time lumberman, told me that '"Gerrish Rock" is an awful old song.' After he came out of the Civil War he went into the woods and they were singing 'Gerrish Rock' and 'it was an old song then.' He could remember no part of it, though he recalled that 'only one man was drowned.' If this was the song that we have now, then it is very much older than it appears to be. It seems more likely that Mr. Tibbetts heard an original Yankee song, now lost entirely, which was about Gerry himself.

Yet the present song, decidedly Canadian in character, is older than is supposed. In studying Professor Gray's texts, I observed with interest that his 'B' version, taken down in 1915 by Miss Thelma L. Kellogg, of Vanceboro, was much the earliest copy I had ever seen. It showed signs of long wear, and it had the peculiar and ghastly detail of finding the head of young Monroe shorn from his body by the logs, while his lady love was not 'the handsome Clara Vernon,' but plain 'Miss Clark.' When Professor Rickaby's book appeared, his 'A' version showed the same detail of the head severed from the body; the lady was 'Miss Clara Dennison.' His 'B' version, like the 'B' version of Gray, names the lady 'Miss Clark,' though for 'head' it substitutes the word 'corpse,' a word so unusual in woods songs that it looks like some individual's attempt to soften the tragedy; so that this, too, may be regarded as the old song. In these early versions, instead of a whole boat's crew being drowned, it seems as if Monroe himself was the only one killed outright, the 'mangled bodies' of the others not necessarily indicating their death. The story is less tragic but more shocking than the later form of the song.

My suspicions that Miss Kellogg had found something of value were fully confirmed by Professor Rickaby's copies. These were not corrupt versions of the late song, but survivals of a much earlier form. I concluded that 'Gerry's Rock' must have been old and falling into disuse when it was rewritten and given its new vogue about three decades ago. With this in mind I started a hunt for more copies of the older song, distinguished by the head severed from the body and the lady who was not named Vernon.

Immediately Mrs. Susie Carr Young, who has been such an invaluable helper, recalled that in 1884, when she was living in Methuen, Massachusetts, she had as neighbors a family from the Provinces in which were several sons who had worked in Maine river-driving. She

had heard these boys sing the old form of this song, which they called 'Gerro's Rocks.' She distinctly recalled that Monroe's head was found by itself on the shore, and that one of the brothers told her that he had visited Monroe's grave and that he had heard that the lady love used to go there with her mother as long as her strength permitted and that she was buried beside him. Mrs. Young thought that she might be able to find some member of this family who could give the facts.

It was several months before Mrs. Young got into communication with Mr. Jesse J. Prescott, one of the brothers, who for the past twelve years has been superintendent of streets in Haverhill, Massachusetts. Mr. Prescott wrote that he had forgotten the song, but could locate the place where the accident happened. 'Garo's Rocks are on the Seboois River, a tributary of the Penobscot East Branch. I worked on that river long years ago, but never saw the grave you speak of. My brother Whitfield (you probably remember him), from whom I learned the song, saw the grave and knew more about the whole story than ever I did. He died in the far West in 1890.' Three months later, after taking much pains to get more information, Mr. Prescott wrote: 'Those that I knew to be familiar with the song are all dead. The location, as I learned it, was Gerro's Rocks, generally called the Grand Pitch of the Seboois River. I have also heard it called "Long Carry." The boss's name was Luther Rogers, but I don't know where his home was. I have learned on rather poor authority that the girl's name was Margaret Miller.'

Mr. Prescott does not mean that 'Jack Monroe' was really Luther Rogers, but that Rogers was 'the head of the drive.' I was fortunate in finding him still alive in the person of Colonel Luther B. Rogers, of Patten, a highly respected citizen and for very many years a head lumberman operating on East Branch waters.

Colonel Rogers and his wife were most willing to help

in the investigation, but had never heard of any Gerro's or Gerry's Rocks or Rock, knew nothing of any 'Jack Monroe' being killed on Seboois, nor of any woman ever having been buried there. They knew of no graves on that stream. Mrs. Rogers wrote: 'If any man was killed at Grand Pitch Seboois, he probably would not have been buried there, because it is only five miles over a logging-road to the main Trout Brook Road, twelve miles from Patten. Second, there never could have been any woman buried there. I should have known about it, if that was true. I have been acquainted with the people on the Trout Brook Road for over sixty-five years; I should certainly have heard of it. Mr. Rogers says he never heard of Gerry's Rock, but it might have been blown out before he began to run drives there.'

This is too authoritative to be questioned. Yet how does it happen that nearly fifty years ago young Whitfield Prescott, when at Seboois, thought that Gerro's Rocks were there and that he had visited the graves of Jack Monroe and the girl he intended to marry? Two remarkably good witnesses — for Mrs. Young is an experienced journalist and Mr. Prescott is a man of affairs — testify to having heard Whitfield Prescott say forty-three years ago that he had seen Jack Monroe's grave. Now the traces of a grave, made in unbroken forest land, are hard to obliterate or to mistake for anything else. What did Whitfield Prescott see? Other men who worked in the woods long ago say that they had heard that Gerro's Rocks were on Seboois; and one man, who does not wish his name to be used, claims that his father was on the drive when John Monroe met his death in 1866 and was present when his head was found, and that 'Logantown' was a set of camps or shacks on Seboois. This, however, has no more weight than an anonymous letter; but this man evidently knew the old form of the song, and he placed the accident on Seboois.

Here Mrs. Rogers gives help. She writes: 'Mr. Rogers

has no recollection of Gerry's Rock or the song. The only thing he is sure of is that two men were drowned at that spot between 1860 and 1870, but he is quite sure they were not buried there. He drove those waters so many years and is so familiar with what occurred there, I am sure he would remember something about it.'

At least we find that two men were drowned on the Grand Falls of Seboois at just about the time when a song about an accident at Gerry's Rock was getting to be an old, worn-out song. And suddenly the rock itself is whisked away from its old bed on the East Branch and deposited plurally in a new place with an outlandish burr in its name. A Maine man may say Gerry, Gary, Garry, Gearry, or even Gerrish; but he will not roll his 'r's' and he will not say Garo, Gerro, or Gerrow, and the like; especially will he not say 'rocks.' We invariably say 'rock'; when it bears a man's name, it means that man was drowned at that place. The only exceptions I can recall are 'Hardy's Rock' on Soper Brook on Allegash waters, named facetiously for my father from a night of great discomfort spent on it in 1861, and 'Rogers's Rock' on East Branch, which Colonel Rogers says was called for himself because he had it blown out, a man from Benedicta having been drowned there previously. It is a digression, but perhaps it may be noted here that Sufferers' Rock, on the East Branch opposite Little Spring Brook, was named about 1830 to commemorate a tragic event. A family named Forbes was coming through from Canada. Above a piece of bad water the husband put his wife and, I believe, two children ashore, but in attempting to run the canoe through was swamped and drowned. Mrs. Forbes and her children spent forty-two days at this place with nothing to eat but berries and roots before they were rescued.

From the form of the word one can see that Gerrow's Rocks on Seboois is an imaginary name, drawn from the real Gerry's Rock a few miles away and conferred by

Province men. The name must have been in use as early as 1880 in order to get to Massachusetts by 1884, therefore the accident was before that date. It is known that two men were drowned here about fifteen years before we find the name in use, so that, had they been buried here, this might easily have given rise to the tale of Jack Monroe and fair Clara being buried together.

The background is simple. When the Civil War broke out, Maine woodsmen enlisted in such numbers that work in the woods could not be carried on without outside help. In 1861 the whole West Branch drive was 'hung,' so John Ross told me, for lack of river-drivers. Men had to be imported from the Provinces, and after 1863 Province men, unnaturalized Irishmen, and Indians were preferred, because the draft could not take them. Thus men who knew nothing of the traditions of our woods came into Maine in great numbers. When three, four, and even five dollars a day, with board, was paid, the low-waged Province men had a strong inducement to come. Coming across from the Saint John River they naturally joined the drives on such easterly heading streams as Seboois, and they might easily make up the majority of the men working on such a river. It is known that during the sixties two men were drowned near the Grand Falls of Seboois. The chance is more than good that one or both of these men were strangers from the Province, and, if so, it is a possibility that they were buried by the river. Men whose homes were not known or were very far away, and those whose bodies were not found soon, had to be buried close by. Near the close of the Civil War strangers from the Provinces would have been buried in the woods in most cases. Except for Mrs. Rogers's statement, which is confirmed by Mr. Charles Sibley and Mr. Purvis, old residents on the Trout Brook Road, that they never knew of any graves near the Grand Pitch of Seboois, the natural explanation of Whitfield Prescott's belief that he had seen the graves

of Jack Monroe and Clara would have been found in the burial of the two men, who, as Colonel Rogers states, were killed here during the sixties.

From this point on the growth of the myth would have been easy to account for. 'Jack Monroe' — whose real name probably was impossible to work into verse — was known to this Province crew, and some of them may have also known the girl he intended to marry and may have suggested expressing their sympathy by sending her a contribution of money, which in view of the high wages then paid could easily have been a substantial sum. The poet of the drive feels that this is a fit subject for a song. From the store of old balladry in his mind and the tune of the song about Gerry's Rock, not far away, he begins a narrative of the accident which ends with the presentation (future presentation!) of the purse to Miss Clara. This is the real object of the song — to tell of the generosity of the crew. It is a Province point of view, for Maine men never would have boasted of their liberality. The last stanzas relating Clara's death could not have been made when the song was first composed. They are also quite different in tone — pure balladry and probably pure imagination. She could not have been present when her lover was killed, and there is not the slightest likelihood that the two were buried together. But the pretty fiction pleased the sentimental Province men, and it would have been accepted as the fact, if there were two graves here to show as proof of it. However Colonel Rogers and others are certain there were no graves here and their long acquaintance with the country gives no alternative but leaving Whitfield Prescott's belief in having seen the graves unaccounted for and the reason for locating the song on Seboois unknown.

An examination of the text shows that the song must have been composed by a Canadian. The phrasing, the story, and the sentiment are Provincial; so is its ballad form, the prominence given to the generosity of the men,

the vocabulary itself. Even the objection to breaking jams on Sunday is a Province man's objection, whether it comes from superstition as to its being unlucky or from his not having been accustomed to it. Even in the sixties, Sunday river-driving had been stopped on the Magaguadavic by Isaac Bradley and it was discontinued on the Saint John upwards of fifty years ago. Those rivers were under better control than our Maine rivers, where one could no more leave a jam to pile up on Sunday than one could leave a city to burn while the people attended church as usual.

Examination of the subject-matter of the song shows a story of such sound Penobscot river-driving technique that it is hard to think of it as possible on any other river. Told in plain prose, it narrates how one Sunday morning one of the spring drives had a middle jam formed and the boss called for volunteers to break it. This was river custom. The men were not ordered into these perilous places; they bid for the chance to go. We know it was a middle jam — that is, one formed on a rock in mid-stream — because the boss takes out a 'log-working crew' of seven men, the usual boat's crew being six men only. After working for a time the foreman 'sounded' the jam, and finding it highly dangerous gave his warning cry, 'Be on your guard, boys; she'll give way soon.' Immediately he himself started to run for the shore, which accounts for his being found upon the bank crushed by the logs. When the jam 'hauled,' the other men, farther from the shore, were carried away with the tumbling logs, but not necessarily killed.

Up to the point where Monroe's head is found, the story explains itself in every part. The presence of fair Clara at this point is incredible, but romantic. However, she seems to be a real person. In the earlier form of the song the composer evidently wished to bring in the lady, but was hampered by her name. I have found six names for her before she became 'the handsome Clara Vernon.'

Twice she is Miss Clark, once each Miss Clara Dennison, Miss Clara Jenness, and Miss Carro; the man who said his father was an eye-witness called her Clara Everson; Mr. Prescott, with some hesitation, named her Margaret Miller; last of all the late song gives one which, like the name of the hero, 'lends itself to easy rhyming' and which must be pure fiction. But the deep respect which these river-drivers show for her, the very struggle they have had to preserve her name, is an argument for some truth underlying the whole story. It may be a fiction that 'Miss Clara' was buried beside her lover, but no entirely imaginary woman was ever treated so reverentially by a crew of river-drivers.

There is also involved the problem of how the song got its name. This, too, must be conjecture. If the accident happened on Seboois and there was no Gerry's Rock there at the time — as we are sure there was not — why is it called 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock'? And why are the drivers called on three times 'to break the jam on Gerry's Rock,' which thereafter disappears entirely from the story? A possible answer is that the bard depended upon the old and now forgotten Yankee song to start him. If he was a stranger on the river, he would know and care little about the real Gerry's Rock, twelve miles away by crow-flight; but he would have been likely to have heard the song sung and he might adopt the tune and borrow a few words from the song. A familiar and well-liked tune would have given his own song immediate popularity and would have helped in its quick adoption. A woodsman says he has heard at least a dozen songs sung to the tune of 'Gerry's Rock.'

This is theory, but it is possible that the title is little more than the name of the old tune to which the unnamed song was sung; just as old broadsides often announced 'An Excellent New Song to the Tune of —' whatever it might be. 'Foreman Monroe' is a late literary title; 'The Shanty Boys' and 'The Canadian Shanty

Boys' are inadequate. Apparently the song had no original title, but was left, as so many are, for a chance christening and in the meantime traveled around under the name of the tune alone.

Nothing about the song of 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock' has been settled except that it did not occur at all the places where it has been located. A part of it surely is fiction, and it may be entirely an invention; yet against this the matter-of-fact account of the breaking of the jam and the evident desire of the river-drivers to show their great respect for Miss Clara and to have the world made aware of their liberality favor its being in the main a true story; and this in spite of the ending being modeled upon some old ballad in which the rose and the brier *motif* unites the lovers in death. The hemlock tree standing by their graves is a pleasant, new-world innovation in balladry.

I have proved that there are two forms of the song — a later version imported from Michigan, and an earlier and cruder one which very likely originated here, as it was sung on Seboois certainly as early as 1880 and was then believed to tell the story of an accident which had happened at that place long before. An accident of the right date and of the tragic proportions necessary to start such a song has been ascertained to have happened there in the sixties. If the older form of 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock' was composed upon this event, it is not the same song which Civil War veterans said was an old song upon their return from the war. The fact that a man named Gerry was drowned in breaking a jam at the rock which bore his name links this older and now forgotten song to him and makes it necessarily a different song from the one we know. It would have been natural for Province men working on Seboois to adopt this old song and then to adopt the rock also, transferring it to Seboois long after they had made up the song about 'Jack Monroe.' They have given it a Province name and

it is almost invariably found that the men who place the rock on Seboois were born across the border. The older residents of Patten and other experienced Maine men never heard of such a rock there, but locate Gerry's Rock on the East Branch Penobscot. Yet the Grand Pitch of Seboois is the only place I have found where this song could have originated. Though the Grand Falls of Seboois have a drop of seventy feet, according to Hubbard's map, Colonel Rogers says: 'There is no particular need of any one being drowned on Grand Pitch, but the water below is swift and the current strong. If a jam of those big pines started from the pitch, a man caught below would no doubt be crushed and the current might take him some distance before they would find him. That would be enough to start a song.' But though the Seboois is not proved to be the place where the song originated, it so well satisfies all the conditions that whoever would locate it elsewhere must furnish substantial proofs of his claims.

'Wherever the place of its origination,' says Professor Rickaby,[1] 'the ballad of "Gerry's Rock" has traveled far. It was sown through the lumber woods — west, south, north — by its roving singers. On the tide of migration it moved out onto the plains of the West and Southwest, where cowboys, rangers, soldiers, freighters, and homesteaders sang it. On the same tide it threaded the passes of the Rocky Mountains to the very coast. By lesser backward eddies of a similar tide it is said to have found its way back to the British Isles.

It is Mrs. Rogers who reminds me that this last may be easily accounted for. 'During the World War a regiment of lumbermen was recruited in Northern Maine and sent to Scotland to cut lumber for use in the war. Probably they sung that and other songs.'

If I have lingered long over this song, it is because it is important to know the history of anything which has

[1] In *American Forests and Forest Life*, June, 1925.

so profoundly moved the hearts of men. If I have failed, it is because oblivion has already all but closed over the origin of the song and the incident it was based upon, which can hardly lie back of the memory of men now living. So swift is Time the effacer!

II

SONGS OF THE SEA AND THE SHORE

This is the song of the seaman
  Bending low at the haul;
This is the song of the fisher
  Tending his miles of trawl;
This is the song of the reefer
  Changing suits in a squall.

BERTRAND L. SHURTLEFF, 'Songs at Anchor'

THE BACK SIDE OF MOUNT DESERT

AMONG ourselves, speaking familiarly, we talk of 'the back side of Mount Desert.' We mean the seaward side, and especially the incomparable coves and harbors from Otter Creek to the Seawall — Seal, Northeast, Somes Sound, and Southwest Harbor — backed by mountains and fronting the sea, the most beautiful spot upon the entire Atlantic coast. There is nothing else to compare with it. Yet of the thousands who come every year to Bar Harbor, only those see the beauties of this shore who go along it in a boat or who visit the outlying islands which, by protecting it against the sea, make this coast habitable. Occasionally through the work of the 'Three Islesford Painters,' locally known as the 'TIPS,' some one gets an idea, without having seen them for himself, of the glorious coloring and the countless shifting moods of the hills and waters here — the vivid blues of sea and shadows, hills green and gray in summer or gray and gorgeously red in autumn, when the frost has pinched the blueberry bushes; sunsets that, outranging the commonplace pinks and purples, blaze with scarlet, or glow with saffron, or are of an unearthly olive green no artist would dare to paint.

Here, among the descendants of the first settlers, who still live upon the land their forefathers cleared, we have found a wonderful collecting ground for old songs. The traditions of the past have been respected; the records have been saved; the people are not only willing to talk of their old songs, but they often prove invaluable helpers in securing material; and the songs themselves cover the widest range, from quaint old English ballads to clever parodies of the latest popular lines. In six miles square, the most of that water, we have found so many songs that we never tried to count them.

It was Emerson, singing of the shell picked up on the shore, who lamented that with it he could not bring back the sea and the sky, which gave it its beauty and its meaning. Torn from their ledgy homes the songs which follow lose their comeliness. Many will wonder why we wasted our time in gathering such poor stuff as these mournful tales of sorrows of long ago, which are not even fruitful of mirth. But there is a reason for preserving these memorials of ancient grief. They are a part of the life of the people, whom one can never know without understanding the way great tragedies fall suddenly upon them, snatching away sons and husbands in their youthful prime, leaving not even the knowledge of when and how they died. There is always the Sea near at hand. Even in embowered coves of the main island, surrounded by greenery, the rockweed and the eelgrass show the near presence of the Sea. But out upon the protecting islands, which defend Mount Desert, one is continually facing the Sea — a great, two-fisted brute, always smiting, smiting, smiting the land that stands out against him. The only things that can brave his fury are frail and delicate. He smashes the ship and rends her stout timbers, but the shell of the sea-urchin endures for a year. The tiny sandpiper trots along under the spattering spray of the surf; fragile little shells swing in the billows with the rockweed that they cling to; and little old ladies, as delicate as they, could hardly live away from the sound of the triphammer surges that are always pounding these islands.

The Cranberry Islands are the bastions protecting the snug, quiet harbors which the summer visitor loves. As an incorporated town they are five in number — Great and Little Cranberry, Baker, Sutton, and Bear Islands. But Sutton and Bear are far inshore and are not ordinarily thought of as belonging to 'the Cranberries.' 'Cranberry Isles' is the name of the post-office on the Big Island, or West Cranberry; 'Islesford' is the

post-office name of Little, or East Cranberry; Baker Island, the outermost of the group, has but two families upon it permanently. The Big Island contains 850 acres; the Little Island, 375 acres; Baker Island, 100 acres. These three lie close together, the first two separated only by the Gut, the last two connected by a half-tide bar a mile and a half long. Once doubtless all three were a single island, much higher than the present straggling areas of marsh and bog and heath and ledgy hillocks, fenced in by a mighty barrier of seawall.

But what a seawall! Whatever the Sea has torn away in one spot it has borne and heaved up upon this tremendous rampart of pebbles and small stones. For nearly two miles along the seaward side of Little Cranberry has been reared up this continuous wall, wide enough for a State highway and from ten to twenty feet above the low land lying behind it. And every stone is rounded and polished and laid flat-side up till the top of the wall is firm and easy footing. But still the Sea is working at its plaything. A year ago a great winter storm gouged into the outside of the seawall as if a gigantic steam shovel had gnawed at it; and for every scoop on the seaward side there was a corresponding scallop of pebbles back of the wall, thrown over into the marsh grass, cartloads at a time, incredible without seeing it. Big Cranberry has a companion seawall. But on Baker's there is nothing for the Sea to eat; it is a dome of granite, habitable only upon its landward and northern side. Yet even here the Sea has quarried the ledges into fantastic forms and it keeps them clean with an immaculate cleanliness, unlike the untidy edges of quieter shores.

The Cranberry Islands get their name from the abundance of the mountain, or rock, cranberry, *Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa minor*, which abounds everywhere with its bright, spicy berries, smaller and juicier than the large bog cranberry of commerce, which also grows here. In places the ground is matted with these little cranberries,

which botanists [1] believe was the 'wineberry' that Leif Ericson reported. The Icelanders knew nothing of grapes, but they did know the mountain cranberry, and to this day the Scandinavians in this country are so fond of these *tytebaer*, as they call them, that they import them by the barrelful from Norway, and South Water Street in Chicago used to deal much in them.

Upon the seawall grows the strand wheat, *Elymus arenarius*, which also Leif Ericson reported. It is a most aggressive, militant grass, growing in thick patches, four feet tall at its best and bearing a great ear nine inches long. It stands up so, fighting the sea, conquering where it takes possession, that you feel a bit shy of a plant which does not mind seaweed and shells and kelp by the cartload and lobster-pots by the dozen being flung at it by the Sea, but is erect to stand off the next attack of its enemy.

Under the great spruce trees trails the twin-flowered *Linnæa*, and the little creeping snow-berry, *Chiogenes*, delicately threads the moss. Upon the rocky edges of the island the black crowberry, *Empetrum*, and the broom-crowberry, *Corema*, looking like heaths, though they are not, grow in abundance. In the marshes the sea-lavender, *Statice*, lifts its delicate clusters. The sea-lungwort, *Mertensia*, sprawls in orderly round mats upon the barren beaches, and the yellow thistle-bird chirps its melancholy note about the seaside plaintain. In the spruce woods the red squirrel barks and chitters among his spruce cones — though how did he get here? They say that on Baker Island there is neither rat, mouse, cat, nor dog, possibly nothing but the winged denizens of the woods.

[1] Professor Merritt L. Fernald, Gray Herbarium, Harvard University, in a paper on 'Notes on the Plants of Wineland the Good' (*Rhodora*, vol. 12, no. 134, February, 1910), says that 'the three plants which have been most depended upon in attempts to locate Wineland the Good . . . instead of being the Grape, the Indian Corn or Wild Rice, and the Maple . . . are in reality the Mountain Cranberry or possibly one of the native Currants (*vinber*), the Strand Wheat (*hveiti*) and the Canoe Birch (*mosurr*).'

The thrifty, well-to-do people of these islands, very much in touch with the outside world, having children in the large cities, either at school or holding good positions, do not impress the stranger as isolated islanders; for they have always enjoyed trade, travel, and contact with life. On both the larger islands they have neighborhood houses, good schoolhouses and churches, and in Islesford there is a museum which is one of the unique institutions of the Maine coast. Two walls of it are filled with the portraits and autographs of merry monarchs and diplomats of Europe, which stretch out like the ghostly line of Banquo's progeny; they are the royalty and nobility who at one time or another tried the game of playing with the newly discovered territory of Acadia. Here are history, genealogy, antiques, an endless variety of the records and relics of an older date. The Island Museum is something to be seen and enjoyed; for it is the greatest contribution to Maine history in a generation; yet — with some legal and trained assistance from a few summer residents — it is manned and officered by residents of Islesford and is distinctly a town institution.

But if the Sea has not set its mark upon the people, except to make them sturdy and resourceful, it has marked their poetry. Their songs of mourning are a group which shows how near the people are to the Sea. They have dignity, feeling, restraint; they are not grotesque; they have been carefully preserved. Only from a well-bred, though simple, people, living orderly lives, with conventions of their own, could these songs have emanated. But there is behind them an undertone, like the rote of the Sea upon the outside beaches, a melancholy more than that of the single sorrow which is the burden of the song.

The inlander will not understand this until it has been pointed out to him. He will enjoy the robust deep-sea songs, the merry chanteys, the sharp prick of their pasquinades, but he will not perceive that these mournful

songs are far closer to the life of the people than any of the others. Yet one who has been upon the islands will have felt it.

It was late in October that in the gathering dusk, after days of rain, we walked from the village toward the Maypole Point, where in the beginning Marguerite La Croix, French wife of an early settler, set up her maypole and inaugurated the festivities of her youth. The marshes were under water, the road was submerged in places, the standing grass all brown and sere. We passed that lone, brown gravestone of John Standley, who was buried May 7, 1783, far from any dwelling, with the legend, 'May guardian angels watch over the sleeper.' Surely he has slept well for a hundred and forty years, but very much alone. The great seawall on the back shore shut out the sea beyond it; but just before it, from a dark pool with brown cat-tails rimming it about, a great blue heron rose lumberingly on his wide, dark wings. The sun was set, darkness falling, and as we reached the Maypole and overlooked the barrier seawall, we saw the light on Baker's, two miles away, grow and grow until its cold, bright beam pierced like a diamond. The coast-guard station opposite it stood dim in the twilight, and between that and Baker's the long half-tide bar wound like a serpent, and between the bar and us, murderous ledges in the shoal ground turned back their white, ugly lips as the surf frothed upon their black teeth. It was utter loneliness — the tremendous seawall, desolate beyond telling, the treacherous ledges of the shoal ground, the warning light, the uninhabited house on the Maypole. Baker's light dwindled and dwined away, eclipsed for a moment, and then began to grow again. We knew that off to the eastward, out of sight, Egg Rock was responding with a half-second red flash and a blank to make out five seconds, and off to the right, westward, Great Duck, with just twice the interval of flash and blackness, answered with its red spot; and all

through the night all along the coast the lights would be speaking to one another. But all alone on the Maypole, with the fading gleam of Baker's and the ugly breakers on the ledges, the dark pool, the silent heron, and the lone brown gravestone of the man long dead over whom the guardian angels were watching, we sensed the hostility of the Sea. We came away in the darkness. But we understood why these mournful songs so well fit the frame they were made to fill.

To-night in the snowstorm the coast guard is pacing the length of the seawalls on each side of the life-saving station; two old wrecks lie to left and right of the station, and a third new one, of a good schooner, is piled up on the bar in front of it, a total wreck. It is a dangerous place; much has happened there. But out on Baker Island, where beside the lightkeeper's family only two other persons dwell, we remember that a sweet little old lady, eighty-four years old, as delicate as fine china, is sleeping peacefully in the storm. She belongs in that setting. For three and thirty years, we are told, she has never been off that island; but, with the beauty of the mountains and the sea always before her and with contentment in her soul, she lives as free as any seabird on the wave and as much a citizen of the world.

DEEP-SEA SONGS

Among the songs found on the back side of Mount Desert are many old forecastle songs, sometimes called 'lee-shore songs,' and a few must be given (though none of them are home-made) merely to show the sort of songs sung along the coast. Some of them are very old and very good, but usually a fragment only can be obtained, the older singers who knew them having passed away. A good text would have to be provided from a broadside or a chapbook. Only yesterday, as it were, they were singing of Paul Jones and Decatur, of Hull and Perry, of 'Bold Dighton' and 'Truxton's Victory' and 'You Parliament of England,' and even now a few recall these older songs and sing them with a will.

THE STATELY SOUTHERNER

In entering Maine by the Memorial Bridge between Portsmouth and Kittery the first Maine soil touched is Badger's Island, where was built, and on May 10, 1777, was launched, the Continental sloop-of-war *Ranger*, the first war vessel that ever flew the Stars and Stripes. John Paul Jones commanded her and was a familiar figure about Portsmouth and the Maine shore while she was building and fitting out. Not visible from the highway, yet not far from it, is a bronze tablet erected by the Sons of the American Revolution of Portsmouth commemorating the historic spot.

Paul Jones's Maine-built *Ranger* is the subject of the following song, though why she is called *The Stately Southerner* no one knows. Nor can any one identify the incident the song celebrates; for not even Mr. Don C. Seitz's bibliography of Paul Jones, giving all the con-

temporary European newspaper comments upon him, gives any clue to either the name or the incident.

Regardless of its historic authenticity, this is the grandest sea-song we have, and to hear it sung by a singer like Captain Archie Spurling is to enjoy a treat. Other Revolutionary songs are reserved for later use, but this is given, partly because it is still sung along the coast and partly from justifiable State pride in the noble vessel, the great Commodore, and the grand song.

A

Taken down, May, 1925, from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford, Maine.

1 'Tis of the *Stately Southerner*, that carries the Stripes and Stars,
With a whistling breeze from the west-north-west blowing through her pitch pine spars;
Our starboard tacks we had on board, hung heavy on the gale,
One autumn night as we rose the light on the Old Head of Kinsale.

2 It was a clear and a cloudless night, the wind blew steady and strong,
And gaily o'er the bounding deep our good ship speeds along.
The dashing billows around doth roar, as fiery seas she spreads,
While bending low her waist in snow, she buries her lee cathead.

3 There was no sign of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,
And by the weight of her ponderous jib her boom bent like a hoop;
The groaning of those chess-trees that held the strong maintack,
He only laughed as he glanced beaft at the bright and sparkling track.

4 What rises on our weather bow, what hangs upon the breeze?
It's time the good ship hauled her wind abreast of the Saltees.
And by her wondrous spread of sail, her long and tapering spars,
We found our morning visitor was an English man-of-war.

5 'Out booms, on board the *Southerner!* Out booms! and give her sheet!
The fastest keel that cuts the deep and the pride of the British fleet
Comes bearing down upon us, with a high foam at her bow.
Out booms, on board the Southerner! Spread out your canvas now!'

6 The nightly robe our frigate wore was her three topsails large;
Her flying jib and spanker and her courses had been furled.
'Come, lay aloft, my gallant tars!' The words had scarce been passed,
When royals and topgallant yards were crossed upon each mast.

7 Away! away! a shower of shot come through our rigging and mast;
The fastest keel that cuts the deep was heading our frigate fast.
Those British tars they gave three cheers from the deck of their corvette,
We answered back with a scornful laugh from the deck of our patriot bark.

8 Up spoke their noble Captain, as we shot in the Hadian Pass,
'Haul up your flowing courses! Lay your topsails to the mast!'
There was not a cheer from our privateer, nor did our seamen dread,
As the starry banner o'er our head from the mizzen peak was spread.

9 Up spoke our noble Captain, a cloud was on his brow;
He says: 'My gallant heroes, our great distress is now;
We carry aloft the Stars and Stripes against that royal host;
Paul Jones the terror of the sea, shall flog them on the coast.'

10 The night fog had not cleared away, that scarce obscured the shore,
A heavy mist hung o'er the land from Erin to Kingshore;
With light sails set, and booms rigged out, and stud sails hoisted away,
Paul Jones down in the North Channel did steer before the break of day.

B

'The Yankee Man-of-war.' Sent in, October, 1924, by Captain Lewis Freeman Gott, of Bernard, Maine.

1 It's of a stately Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from west-north-west blew through her pitch-pine spars,
With her starboard tacks on board, my boys, she hangs upon the gale,
On an autumn night we raised the light on the Old Head of Kinsale.

2 It was a clear and a cloudless night, and the ship held steady and strong,
As gaily over the bounding deep our good ship bowls along.
With the foaming sea beneath her bows the fiery spray she spread,
And bending low in the foamy snow, she buries her lee cathead.

3 There was no thought of shortening sail by him who trod the poop,
Though by the weight of her ponderous sails her spars bent like a hoop;
And the groaning waterways told the strain that held our stout main-tack,
But he only laughed as he looked abaft at our white and silvery track.

4 The mid-tides meet in the channel waves that flow from shore to shore,
And the wind held heavy upon the lee from Folkistan to Dunmore,
And the Sterling light on Tuskar Rock, where the old bell tolled the hour,
That beacon light that shone so bright, was quenched by the old Oak Tower.

5 What looms upon our starboard bow, what hangs upon the breeze?
It's time our good ship hauled her course about the old Saltees;
For by the spread of her canvas and by her consorts four,
We saw our morning visitors were British men-of-war.

6 Up spoke our gallant Captain then, as a shot ahead of us passed,
'Haul up your flowing courses! Turn your topsails to the mast!'
Those Britishers gave three hoosars, for they thought they had us fast,
But we answered back with a solid broadside from the deck of our patriot bark.

7 'Out booms! Out booms!' our Captain cries, 'Out booms and give her sheet!'
And the swiftest keel that e'er was launched, shot ahead of the British fleet.
And 'mid a thundering shower of shot and 'mid the foaming spray,
Down the Channel Paul Jones did steer just at the break of day;
And 'mid a thundering shower of shot while our sharp prow cut the spray,
We left those British ships astern hard by the break of day.

The places named, when recognizable, are on the southern shore of Ireland. Apparently, coming up from France, Paul Jones made the light on the Old Head of

Kinsale to the west, and then, turning eastward, kept along the Irish coast until he saw a British ship and her consorts bearing down. At the Saltee Islands and Tuskar Rock, on the very southeastern point of Ireland, he had to display consummate seamanship to throw off the British ships as he turned northward into the Irish Sea. Sailing northward through the Irish Sea he came out by the North Channel. A hundred and fifty years of singing have mixed up the verses and the places are sometimes obscured, as in one version we have where he raised the light on 'old King's Ale,' and later on

The mists hung heavy o'er the sea from father's to King's Ore.

Miss Colcord gives the air in 'Roll and Go,' with the remark: 'The last place in which certain patriotic ballads of early American history were sung, was probably in the forecastle of American ships; and they were current there long after they had been forgotten ashore.' But 'The Stately Southerner' is still sung along the Maine coast, for we have found four versions of it, all from traditional renderings. One given by Mrs. Annie V. Marston has a chorus, seen in no other copy, traditional or printed:

Shanta lu ri lu ri lu do,
Shanta lu ral la,
Shanta lu ral lu ral li do,
Shanta lu ral la.

'Shanta' is of course *chantez*, sing.

An excellent copy received from Mr. Charles A. Creighton, of Rockland, October, 1926, is very close to that printed by George Cary Eggleston in 'American War Ballads and Lyrics.' Mr. Creighton says that he took it down only a short time before from the singing of McLellan Gilchrest, of Thomaston, who 'learned the song from old sailors more than fifty years before. As this old tar sang it, it was very pleasing, as there is a real sailor tune that goes with it, which should be preserved.'

THE *FLYING CLOUD*

Taken down, May, 1925, from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford, Maine, who learned it many years ago from a Nova Scotia man.

1 My name is Edward Holleran, as you may understand,
I was born in County Waterford, in Erin's lovely land;
I being young and in my prime, my age scarce twenty-one,
My parents doted on me, I being their only son.

2 My father bound me to a trade in Waterford gay town,
He bound me to a cooper there, by the name of William Brown.
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
When I shipped on board the *Ocean Queen*, bound down to Valparaiso shore.

3 When we reached Valparaiso shore I fell in with Captain Moore,
Commander of the *Flying Cloud*, belonging to Trimore.
He kindly asked me if I would consent on a slaving voyage to go,
To the burning plains of Africa, where the sugar cane do grow.

4 The *Flying Cloud* was as fine a ship as ever sailed the seas,
Or ever spread a white topsail before the gentle breeze;
Her sails all white as the driven snow, on them she bears no stain,
With twenty-nine brass mounted guns, she carries beaft her main.

5 The *Flying Cloud* was a Spanish ship, five hundred ton or more,
She was built to outsail any ship leaving Columbian shore.
I've often watched this gallant ship, when the wind blew abaft her main,
With royals and skysails set aloft, run sixteen off the reel.

6 It's when we reached the African shore for a load of slaves,
It would have been better for those poor souls if they were in their graves.
We run their bodies up on deck and stowed them down below,
Eighteen inches to a man was all that they could go.

7 Three days after we set sail from the African shore,
With eighteen hundred of those poor souls from their native place,
When a plague and fever came on board that swept them half away;
We run their bodies up on deck and throwed them in the sea.

8 'Square the yards, run before the wind, till we reach the Cubean shore.'
And we sold them to the planters there to be slaves forevermore,
The rice and cotton fields to sow, beneath the burning sun,
To lead a long and dreary life till their course was run.

9 It's now our money it is all gone, we put to sea again,
When Captain Moore came up on deck and says this to his men:
'There is gold and silver to be had, if you'll come along with me,
We'll hoist aloft the pirate flag and scour the raging sea.'

10 We all agreed but five young men, these we had to land,
Two of them were Boston men, two more from Newfoundland,
The other was an Irish boy belonging to Trimore,
I wish to God I'd joined those men and gone with them to shore.

11 Many's the ship we robbed and plundered down along the Spanish Main,
Caused many a widow and orphan child in sorrow to remain;

We made the crews all walk the plank, gave them a watery grave,
For the saying of our Captain was, 'Dead men tell no tales.'

12 Chased we were by many's the ship, by liners and frigates too,
But all in vain astern of us their burning shot they flew;
All in vain a-leeward of us their cannon roared so loud,
All in vain it was for them to catch the *Flying Cloud.*

13 Until an English man-of-war from Donglon hove in view,
She fired a shot acrost our bows, a signal to heave to.
We gave to her no answer, boys, but ran before the wind,
When a chase-ball struck our mainmast, and then we soon fell behind.

14 'Clear the decks,' the order was, as she ran up alongside,
And soon acrost our quarter-deck there flowed a crimson tide.
We fought till Captain Moore was slain and eighty of our men,
When a bombshell set our ship on fire, we was forced to surrender then.

15 So here's a health to yonder shady grove and the girl that I adore,
Her voice, like music in my ear, will never cheer me more;
I ne'er will kiss her ruby lips, nor press her lily-white hand,
For I must die a scornful death all in some foreign land.

16 So next to Newgate I was taken, bound down in irons strong,
For the robbing and plundering of ships at sea down in the Spanish Main.
'Twas drinking and bad company that made a wretch of me,
So young men all a warning take and shun bad company.

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE

Printed in the 'Atlantic Fisherman's Almanac' for 1926, with the following note: 'The above salty poem, author unknown, was sent us by Mr. J. A. Stevens, of East Boothbay, Maine, who says that it is an old piece made

famous by William Palmer, an old deep-water sailor who could "put it over in real deep-water fashion." Palmer, by the way, ran a rigging loft in Bath, Maine, for years.'

1 The weather leech of the topsail shivers:
  The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken;
The braces are taut and the lithe boom quivers,
  The waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

2 Open one point on the weather bow
  Gleams the light on Fire Island Head,
There's a shade of doubt in the Captain's eye,
  And the Pilot watches the heaving lead.

3 I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
  To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze
Till the muttered order of 'Full and by!'
  Is suddenly changed to 'Full for stays!'

4 The ship bends lower before the breeze
  As her broadside full to the blast she lays,
And she swifter springs to the rising seas
  As the Pilot calls, 'Stand by for stays!'

5 It is silence all as each in his place,
  With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
  Waiting the watchword, impatient stands.

6 The light on Fire Island Head draws near
  As trumpet winged the Pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear
  With the welcome call of 'Ready about!'

7 No time to spare, it is touch and go,
  And the Captain's growl 'Down helm! Hard down!'
And my might on the whirling spokes I throw,
  While the heavens grow black with the storm
    cloud's frown.

8 High o'er the knightheads flies the spray
  As we meet the shock of the plunging sea,

And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay
As I answer, 'Aye, aye, Sir! Hard a-lee!'

9 With the swerving leap of a startled steed,
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
And the dangerous shoals on our lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

10 The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slaps and the mainsail flaps,
While thunders the order, 'Tacks and sheets!'

11 'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew
Comes the hissing rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are a-back from clew to clew;
And now is the time for 'Mainsail haul!'

12 And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

13 'Let go and haul!' 'Tis the last command,
And the headsails fill to the blast once more.
Astern and to leeward lies the land
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

14 What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea.
The first mate clamors 'Belay, there, all!'
And the Captain's breath once more comes free.

15 And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow.
In my fo'c'stle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck and my watch is below.

That this notable nautical poem, first published in the 'Atlantic Monthly' in 1858, has been adopted by the

fishermen of the Atlantic coast almost seventy years after it was first printed, is a tribute to its merits which could not be surpassed. What matter if R. W. Emerson did print it in his 'Parnassus,' Whittier in his 'Songs of Three Centuries,' and Lucy Larcom in her 'Hillside and Seaside in Poetry'? They recognized only its literary merit; the deep-sea sailor and the fisherman have loved it for its flowing rhythm and technical skill. It is not anonymous, however. The author was Walter F. Mitchell, who was born on Nantucket Island, in 1826. The text here given is that printed in the 'Atlantic Fisherman's Almanac,' and varies slightly from the original.

THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, I

'On the Banks of the Newfoundland.' Sent in, 1926, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, of West Gouldsboro, Maine.

1 You all may bless your happy lots that you are safe on shore,
You do not know what howls and blows that around poor seamen roar;
You do not know what hardships that we were forced to stand
For fourteen days and fourteen nights on the banks of the Newfoundland.

2 Our vessel never, never before sailed across the distant sea;
She was well rigged and fitted out before she sailed away;
She was made of good and seasoned wood, but she could not well withstand
The hurricane that struck us on the banks of the Newfoundland.

3 On the morning of the twelfth day our provisions they gave out,
On the morning of the thirteenth the lots were cast about.

The lot fell to the captain's son, a youth both brave and gay,
But some, thinking that relief might come, spared him till another day.

4 On the morning of the fourteenth we told him to prepare;
We gave to him one hour to offer up a prayer;
But Providence proved kind to us, kept blood from every hand,
For an English vessel hove in sight on the banks of the Newfoundland.

5 O, when they took us from the wreck we were more like ghosts than men,
We were all able seamen that did our vessel man;
They took us and they fed us and they brought us safe to land,
But the captain lost both feet by frost on the banks of the Newfoundland.

The seventh and eighth lines of this, quoted by a man who thought they were from the *Flying Cloud* is the only other trace of this song found in Maine.

THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, II

This used to be very familiar to Captain George Henry Spurling, of Islesford, but he could not recall it in 1925. When shown a printed copy, he indicated which verses he had often heard, and these are here reproduced.

1 You rambling boys of Liverpool, I'll have you to beware,
When you go in a Yankee packet ship no dungarees to wear,
But have a monkey jacket all unto your command,
For there blows some cold nor'westers on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Chorus:
We'll wash her and we'll scrub her down with holystone and sand,
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.

2 We had one lady fair on board, Bridget Reilly was her name,
To her I promised marriage, and on me she had a claim;
She tore up her flannel petticoats to make mittens for our hands,
For she could not see the sea-boys freeze on the Banks of Newfoundland.

3 Now, boys, we're off Sandy Hook, and the land's all covered with snow,
The tugboat will take our hawser and for New York we will tow;
And when we arrive at the Black Ball dock the boys and girls will stand;
We'll bid adieu to packet-sailing and the Banks of Newfoundland.

Chorus:
We'll wash her and we'll scrub her out with holystone and sand,
For it's whilst we're here we can't be there, on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Mrs. Fred W. Morse, of Islesford, also gave a few lines of the song, but used the name of Jane Welsh instead of that of Bridget Reilly.

We had an Irish maid on board,
Jane Welsh it was her name,
Her passage was all for New York,
From Dublin town she came.

She tore her flannel petticoats
To make mittens for his hand,
She could not see her love to freeze
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

This song is more often found than the preceding song of the same name. There is also yet a third of this name, which was published in the 'Boston Transcript' 'Notes and Queries,' May 1, 1926, with the note that it was

written by a sailor from Sherkin Island, Ireland, who was stranded on the Banks of Newfoundland in 1844. It began, 'Come all you gallant seamen bold, that plow the raging sea.' It narrates a passage of the *Jane*, from Baltimore, and the loss of twenty-two passengers and four seamen.

SAILORS' 'COME-ALL-YE'

From the manuscript book of Mrs. Susie Carr Young; one of her Grandmother Carr's songs.

1 Come all ye pretty fair maids, O if ye did but know
The dangers and the hardships that sailors undergo,
You'd have a better regard for them than ever you had before
And hate the lazy landsman, that's always on the shore.

2 They are always with the pretty girls, telling to them fine tales,
Concerning all the hard day's work that's done in their cornfields;
'Tis pulling of the weeds and grass, 'tis all that they do know,
While we, like jovial seamen-boys, go plow the ocean through.

3 Soon as the sun it does go down, aside they'll throw their plow,
Saying, 'Our day's work's done, me boys, no more we will do now.'
Soon as the night is dark as pitch, 'tis into bed they'll crawl,
While we, like jovial seamen, boys, stand many a bitter squall.

4 Soon as eight o'clock it does come on, the winds begin to blow,
Our Captain he commands us all: 'All hands from there below!
All hands from there below, my boys, stand by your ship to guard!
Aloft, aloft, me lively lads, send down th' top-gallant yard!'

5 The seas they run full mountains high and toss us up and down,
In the midst of all these dangers we are 'fraid our ship will drown;
But don't let that discourage us, boys, we'll see the girls again,
In spite of all America, we'll cross the raging main.

6 We'll sail to all parts of the world that ever yet was known,
We'll bring back gold and silver, 'tis when we do return;
We'll make our country flourish, me boys, more'n ever it did before,
And when our money's all spent and gone, we'll cross the seas for more.

Never met with elsewhere, this seems to be a genuine forecastle song.[1] As Mrs. Carr died in 1868 at the age of seventy-five years, the song is undoubtedly old and perhaps purely traditional.

Though not in the form of a debate, like 'The Shanty Boy and the Farmer's Son,' this song contrasts two occupations and is somewhat parallel to the woods song.

OLD HORSE

Fifty years ago every Maine child knew the sailor lines on 'The Old Horse':

'Old horse, old horse, what brought you here?'
— 'From Saccarap' to Portland Pier
I carted stone this many a year;
Till now, worn down by sore abuse,
I'm salted down for sailors' use.
The sailors they do me despise,
They turn me o'er and damn my eyes,
Cut off my meat and pick my bones
And throw the rest to Davy Jones.'

[1] After this was in type, we obtained a fragment of this song from Mrs. Joan B. Moore, of Seawall, Southwest Harbor, who said that the song used to be much sung along the coast in her childhood.

Mrs. Lewis F. Gott, of Bernard, adds two lines not found elsewhere:

> Between the mainmast and the pump
> I'm salted down in great big junks.

'My father, Captain J. W. Carroll,' writes Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, 'told us that sailors used to take the tough salt meat that was furnished for their rations up on a fork and repeat this verse:

> 'Old hoss, old hoss, what brought you here?
> You carted dirt for many a year
> From Saccarap' to Portland Pier;
> But now worn out by sore abuse,
> You're salted down for sailors' use.
> We'll turn you over and pick your bones
> And cast the rest to Davy Jones.'

The rhymes were known by the name of 'The Sailor's Grace.' 'There was his grace before meat,' writes Miss Colcord (p. 114), 'when the beef kids came in from the galley,' and she quotes a form like the first given. 'There was a good deal said about horse beef in those days, and you could hear that song almost anywhere among sailors,' said an old sailor to Mr. Windsor P. Daggett, remarking upon its being sung in Vermont upwards of a century ago.

The earliest printed form of this disparaging ditty is in a footnote in Richard Henry Dana's 'Two Years before the Mast,' where he gives substantially our first version, with comments as interesting as they are authentic. The best pieces of beef in a barrel were reserved for the cabin, he said; the poorer, for the crew. 'There is a singular piece of rhyme, traditional among sailors, which they say over such pieces of beef. I do not know that it ever appeared in print before. When seated round the kid, if a particularly bad piece of beef is found, one of them takes it up and addresses it thus' — and he quotes the lines, including Saccarappa and Portland Pier.

Saccarappa is now Westbrook, near Portland; paving-blocks cut there, at one time a considerable industry, were hauled by horses to Portland for vessel shipment. The song was carried all over the seas by Maine sailors and even worked its way into foreign vessels. The writer still vividly recalls the old British man-of-warsman, on the Pacific coast, who sometimes came in for a roast-beef dinner, who, after the meal was over, would remark, 'Now I'll sing you the sailors' grace.' Then he would shut his eyes, throw back his head and straightway begin 'The Old Horse,' ending it with a

'Poo-or old *horse*, let him *die-e-e*,'

which seemed to be drawn from his boots it was so deep and long intoned. And to the Maine girl there was always a strangeness in hearing this old British sea-dog singing of Saccarap' and Portland Pier.

Of late years this 'Sailors' Grace' has become very much mixed up with two songs. One is the halliards chantey of 'Poor Old Horse,' or 'Poor Old Man,' which is only the 'Grace' adapted as a work song by inserting chorus parts and a story element. The difference in use chiefly distinguishes the two. A form given by W. B. Whall in 'Ships, Sea-Songs and Shanties' (first ed. pub. 1910) has a part resembling the Maine song:

Old horse, old horse, what brought you here
After carrying sand for many a year
From Bantry Bay to Ballywhack,
Where you fell down and broke your back?
Now after years of such abuse,
They salt you down for sailors' use,
They tan your hide and burn your bones
And send you off to Davy Jones.

(From 4th ed., p. 118.)

This is no improvement on 'Saccarap' and Portland Pier,' and as it was not printed until more than seventy

years after Dana heard the song sung — which he says was even then 'traditional' — a heavy burden of proof is placed upon the shoulders of any who claim that the Maine song is the adaptation.

The ceremonial of 'burying the dead horse' was, as Miss Colcord says, a purely English custom, and connecting it with the Maine form of the 'Grace' is misleading and shows the writer to be only a 'paper sailor.'

The other poem often confused with this is the English song called 'My Old Horse,' where the worn-out creature disposes of his bones and hide by making his will. This should not be confounded with the sailor songs mentioned, as all they have in common is a similarity of title.

THE GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY

A

Taken down in November, 1925, by Mrs. Maud L. King from the singing of Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, of Baker Island, Maine. Mrs. Stanley was eighty-three years old at the time.

1 It was in the year eighteen hundred and one,
March the twentieth day,
We hoisted up all our topsails
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,
And for Greenland bore away.

2 Greenland is a barren land,
There's nothing there grows green,
But the ice and snow,
And the whale fish he blows,
And the daylight seldom seen, brave boys,
The daylight seldom seen.

3 The boatswain on the crosstrees stands,
With a spyglass in his hand,
'Here's a whale! here's a whale!
A whale-fish,' he cries,
'And she blows at every span, brave boys,
And she blows at every span.'

4 Our Captain he's walking the quarter deck,
And a clever old man was he,
'Overhaul, overhaul, in the day we take a fall,[1]
And launch your boats to sea, brave boys,
Launch your boats all three.'

5 Our boats being launched, and the men got in,
Took all five of our jolly boat's crew,
To steer where the whale-fish blow, brave boys,
To steer where the whale-fish blow.

6 The whale being struck, our lines played out,
He gave us a fluke with his tail,
Which caused us to lose our five jolly tars,
And we did not take that whale, brave boys,
And we did not take that whale.

7 When the sad news to our captain came,
Grieved his heart full sore,
For the losing of his five jolly tars.

. . . . . .

8 'Haul down with our colors low,
Haul down with our colors low, brave boys,
And for Liverpool we'll sail, brave boys,
And for Liverpool we'll steer, brave boys,
For Liverpool we'll steer.'

A fuller comprehension of what this song is almost necessitates printing beside it the following very old broadside copy:

B

From a very old broadside in the Alfred M. Williams Collection, Providence, Rhode Island, printed by J. Pitts, London, probably contemporary with the date of the song.

1 We can no longer stay on shore,
Since we are so deep in debt,

[1] 'Let your davit tackle fall.' (Colcord.)

So a voyage to Greenland we will go
Some money for to get, brave boys.

2 Now when we lay at Liverpool
Our good-like ship to man,
'Twas there our names were all written down
And we're bound for Greenland, brave boys.

3 It was eighteen hundred and twenty-four
On March the twenty-third,
We hoisted our colors up to the masthead
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys.

4 But when we came to Greenland,
Our good-like ship to moor,
O then we wished ourselves back again,
With our friends upon the shore, brave boys.

5 The boatswain went up to the masthead,
With his spyglass in his hand,
Here's a whale, a whale, a whale, he cried,
And she blows at every spring, brave boys.

6 The captain on the quarter deck,
(A very good man was he)
Overhaul, overhaul, your boat tackle fall,
And launch your boats to sea, brave boys.

7 The boats being launched and the hands got in,
The whale fishes appeared in view.
Resolved was the whole boat's crew
To steer where the whale fish blew, brave boys.

8 The whale being struck and the line paid out,
She gave a flash with her tail,
She capsized the boat and lost five men
Nor did we catch the whale, brave boys.

9 Bad news unto our captain brought,
That we had lost 'prentice boys,

He hearing of this dreadful news
The colors down did haul, brave boys.

10 The losing of this whale, brave boys,
Did grieve his heart full sore,
But the losing of his five brave men
Did grieve him ten times more, brave boys.

11 Come, weigh your anchors, my brave boys,
For the winter stars I see,
It is time we should leave this cold country
And for England bear away, brave boys.

12 For Greenland is a barren place,
Neither light nor day is to be seen,
Naught but snow and ice where the whale fish blow,
And the daylight seldom seen, brave boys.

The date of this very popular old song is commonly changed to suit any ship and voyage that is preferred. The latest found is 1873 (in 'Sea Stories,' February, 1926), when the *Quickstep* left Provincetown for an eighteen months' whaling voyage.

'Twas in eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
On the fifth day of May,
We weighed our anchor and set our sails,
And from Cape Cod sailed straightway,
Brave boys!
And from Cape Cod sailed straightway.

Our captain's name it was Mr. Burch;
Our mate's it was the same,
Our schooner she hailed from Provincetown,
And the *Quickstep* was her name,
Brave boys!
And the *Quickstep* was her name.

Mrs. Stanley's version has the earliest date found. John Ashton's, in 'Modern Street Ballads' (London,

1888), is the same as the old broadside, except for five slight variations. Masefield's copy, in 'The Sailor's Garland,' is very different. Miss Colcord gives the tune in 'Roll and Go,' and Cecil J. Sharp, in 'Novello's School Songs,' no. 202, gives the words and air; which are also found in the 'Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air' (E. P. Dutton & Co., 1907), compiled by Edward Thomas.

THE PRETTY MOHEA

A

Sent in, 1905, by Mr. Chandler Moore, of Bingham, Maine.

1 As I went out walking for pleasure one day,
In sweet recreation to while time away;
As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
Oh, who should I spy but a fair Indian lass!
Oh, who should I spy but a fair Indian lass!

2 She sat down beside me, and taking my hand,
Said: 'You are a stranger and in a strange land;
But if you will follow, you're welcome to come
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home,
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home.'

3 The sun was fast sinking far o'er the blue sea,
When I wandered alone with my pretty Mohea.
Together we wandered, together did rove,
Till we came to the cot in the cocoanut grove,
Till we came to the cot in the cocoanut grove.

4 Then this kind expression she made unto me:
'If you will consent, sir, to stay here with me
And go no more roving upon the salt sea,
I'll teach you the language of the lass of Mohea,
I'll teach you the language of the lass of Mohea!'

5 'Oh, no! my dear maiden, that never could be;
For I have a true love in my own country,

And I'll not forsake her, for I know she loves me,
And her heart is as true as the pretty Mohea,
And her heart is as true as the pretty Mohea.'

6 'Twas early one morning, a morning in May,
That to this fair maiden these words I did say:
'I'm going to leave you, so farewell, my dear;
My ship's sails are spreading, and home I must steer,
My ship's sails are spreading, and home I must steer.'

7 The last time I saw her, she stood on the strand;
And as my boat passed her, she waved me her hand,
Saying, 'When you have landed with the girl that you love,
Think of the lass of Mohea in the cocoanut grove,
Think of the lass of Mohea in the cocoanut grove.'

8 And when I had landed on my own native shore,
With friends and relations around me once more,
I gazed all about me but none could I see
That was fit to compare with the pretty Mohea,
That was fit to compare with the pretty Mohea.

9 And the girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;
So I'll turn my course backward far o'er the deep sea,
I'll turn my course backward, from this land I'll flee,
I'll go spend my days with my pretty Mohea,
I'll go spend my days with my pretty Mohea.

B

'The Lass of Mohea.' From an old written copy lent by Mrs. L. C. Foster, of Carmel, Maine, 1925.

1 As I was a-strolling for pleasure one day,
For sweet recreation I happened to stray;
As I lay amusing myself on the grass,
When who should approach me but an Indian lass,
When who should approach me but an Indian lass.

2 She stepped up beside me, took me by the hand,
Saying, 'You are a stranger, not one of our land,

And if you will consent with me for to roam,
For I live by myself in a snug little home,
For I live by myself in a snug little home.'

3 'O no, pretty fair maiden, that never can be,
For I have a true love in my own country,
And I'll not forget her wherever I be,
For her heart is as true as the Lass of Mohea,
For her heart is as true as the Lass of Mohea.'

4 As the sun was a-setting all on the salt sea,
I wandered along with my pretty Mohea,
Together we rambled, together we roamed
Till we came to a hut in the cocoanut grove,
Till we came to a hut in the cocoanut grove.

5 Oh! early the next morning at break of the day,
I grieved for her kind heart and these words did say,
'Oh! it's farewell, yea, Mohea, farewell,
For my ship has set sail and home I must steer,
For my ship has set sail and home I must steer.'

6 Oh! the last time I saw her it was down on the sand,
As the ship it passed her she waved her hand,
'Oh! it's when you get back to the girl that you love,
Just think of Mohea in the cocoanut grove,
Just think of Mohea in the cocoanut grove.'

7 Oh! now I am safe landed on my own native shore,
My friends and relations gather round me once more;
But as I look round me there's none I can see
That I can compare with the Lass of Mohea,
That I can compare with the Lass of Mohea.

8 This maiden was pretty, both modest and kind,
She done all she could in her heaven divine,
She took me a stranger and gave me a home,
And I'll not forget her wherever I roam,
And I'll not forget her wherever I roam.

This is known as a 'sailor song.' Mohee, or Mohea, is probably Maui, of the Sandwich Islands. To the old explorers and navigators what we call Oahu was Owyhee, and Maui was Mohee. This explains the references to the cocoanut groves and the following stanza in a copy received from Mrs. Annie V. Marston:

> This maiden was handsome, tall, modest and mild,
> She acted her part in the *heathen's big isle*,
> For when I was a stranger she took me to her home,
> I'll remember this maiden when I wander alone.

In this country, to the westward and southward, the song is often called 'The Pretty Maumee' and an eminent student of folk-lore says in the 'Journal of American Folk-Lore' (vol. 25, p. 16) that it 'is a song of a frontiersman's Indian sweetheart, which probably preserves in its title the name of the Miami tribe of Indians.' The Miamis, living originally in southern Wisconsin and Michigan, later in Ohio, probably had very little idea of cocoanut groves and ships under full sail, and the word 'Indian' in the first stanza can hardly be interpreted as meaning an American Indian. The song used to be very popular, as much so in the woods as along shore.

THE SAILORS' ALPHABET

Written down in May, 1925, by Mr. Fred Phippen, of Islesford, Maine.

A is the aftermost part of the ship,
B is the bowsprit on the bow of the ship,
C is the capsan the sailors goes round,
D is the davits where the jolly boat hangs down.
E is the ensign red, white and blue,
F is the forecastle that holds the ship's crew.
G is the gangway where the mate takes his stand,
H is the halliards that never could strand.
I is the iron that binds the ship round,
J is the jibboom on the bowsprit is found.
K is the kilson that leads fore and aft,

L is the larboard where the backstays hold fast.
M is the mainmast through the deck rove,
N is the nasty old cook and his stove.
O is the orders for us to beware,
P is the pumps that cause the sailors to swear.
Q is the quadrant that guides the ship round,
R is the rigging that never can break.
S is the starboard side of our ship,
T is the topmast that never can split.
U is the ugly old Captain so blunt,
V is the victuals as salt as old junk.
W is for water that is salt as brine,
XYZ will bring it in a rhyme.

A fragment, identical with part of the foregoing, was recalled by Mr. Samuel Phippen, father of Mr. Fred Phippen, who said that the shanty was sung 'when getting up the anchor and getting under way.' Mr. Phippen, considerably over eighty, said that he was once in a foreign port and that as the men on his vessel were singing this alphabet chantey, another vessel came alongside and her crew, homesick for America, were so pleased to hear the familiar song that they all stopped work to join in it.

Another version was contributed by Captain Archie S. Spurling. Instead of 'Q' as given above, Captain Spurling sang 'Q is the quadrant the sun for to take,' and for 'W' he sang, 'W is the wheel which we heave hard down.' The troublesome last letters were, 'XYZ, boys, we can't bring her round.'

An early deep-sea form of this song printed in 'Sea Stories Magazine,' February, 1926, has a chorus like that of the 'Woods Alphabet':

Singing hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give a sailor his grog and there's never a frown.

CHANTEYS

WHETHER to write 'chantey' or 'shanty' is a question hardly worth discussing, since the songs themselves have gone out of use; but it seems remarkable that in all that has been said upon the subject no one has noted the entirely obvious derivation of the word. From the French, *chanter*, to sing, of course; but not the infinitive, *chanter*, nor the participle, *chanté*, but the imperative. It was the order of the soloist to his chorus, bidding them stand ready to pull upon the halliards or to heave upon the capstan bars. He sang his part, which allowed them a moment to breathe and rest or to take position for another effort; then '*Chantez! — sing!*' he cried, before he started the chorus in which they were to join. It was their warning to be ready. It cannot be a bad shot to infer that the custom of sailors singing at concerted work was earlier developed among the French than among the English, who with the custom took over the foreign word that was the signal for the chorus.

Chanteys, or shanties, were almost as common in the Maine lumber camps as on the ships, but they were camp songs only. There was no labor in the woods or upon the log-drives which needed more than a simple 'All set! Now then!' except in towing booms of logs by hand labor across the lakes. This was capstan work of the hardest kind, and upon the larger lakes it was continuous, day and night, for sometimes three successive days and nights. For such long stretches of labor capstan shanteys would have been of no real help. Yet sometimes a spare man, or one needing to rest, would be mounted on the spool of the headworks, revolving with it as it took up the warp reeled in by the men who walked round and round about it, and he would sing to hearten the others. 'What did they sing? — Why, every song that ever was written and

some that weren't,' said an old woodsman — but evidently not anchor chanteys. We do not understand Professor Gray's statement (p. xvi) 'that an employer was in the habit of paying more to a lumberjack who could sing than to the others.' There was not the least reason for doing so, as all singing in the woods was social and in hours of leisure. But a good chanteyman on board ship often was favored because his singing there had a use.

No effort has been made to collect chanteys; for they are nothing without the music and to deal with them requires expert knowledge. The few here recorded are merely fragments that have come to hand. In England, Whall, Tozer, Bullen and Arnold, Masefield, Cecil J. Sharp, and others have given good collections, all of them surpassed by Miss Joanna C. Colcord, of Searsport, Maine, whose technical knowledge of seamanship makes her 'Roll and Go' as authoritative as it is delightful.

I

Contributed, March, 1926, by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, of Gardiner, Maine, who says that the verses were learned in 1852 by her mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on board a sailing vessel, while bound from Italy to America.

1. TOM'S GONE AWAY

Oh, Tom he was a darling boy,
    Tom's gone away!
Oh, Tom he was the sailor's joy,
    Tom's gone away!
And hurrah for Jenny, boys,
    Tom's gone away!
And hurrah for Jenny, boys,
    Tom's gone away!

2. HILO

Arise, old woman, and let me in!
    Way! hi-lo!
Arise, old woman, I want some gin!
    Hi-lo, somebody! hi-lo!

3. A LONG TIME AGO

I wish I was in Baltimore,
I-i-i-o!
A-skating on the sanded floor,
A long time ago;
Forever and forever,
I-i-i-o!
Forever and forever, boys,
A long time ago!

II

Contributed by Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, of Southwest Harbor, Maine, November, 1926, who says this topsail halliards chantey 'used to be sung on board ship in my father's day.'

4. MOBILE BAY

Was you ever in Mobile Bay?
A hay! a hue! ain't you most done?
A-screwing cotton by the day?
A hay! a hue! ain't you most done?
Oh, yes, I've been in Mobile Bay
A-screwing cotton by the day;
So clear the track, let the bullgine run,
With a rig-a-jig-jig and a ha-ha-ha,
Good morning, ladies all!

III

Contributed by Mr. Frank Stanley, of Cranberry Isles, Maine, November, 1925.

5. LOWLANDS

I wish I was in Alewers Hall,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my boys!
A-drinking luck to the old Black Ball,
My dollar and a half a day.

6. PADDY DOYLE

Away, way, way *yah!*
We'll *kill* Paddy Doyle for his boots.

This was a peculiar chantey, called a 'bunting chantey,' for lifting the heavy 'bunts' of the square sails in furling. Usually Paddy is *paid* instead

of being *killed* for his boots, though Robert Frothingham's 'Songs of the Sea' (p. 259) says, 'We'll *hang* Paddy Doyle for his boots.'

7. ROLLING JOHN

A Yankee sloop came down the river,
Hah, hah, rolling John!
What do you think that sloop had in her?
Hah, hah, rolling John!
Monkey's hide and bullock's liver,
Hah, hah, rolling John!

8. WORKING ON THE RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and forty-six,
I found myself in the hell of a fix,
A-working on the railway, the railway, the railway,
Oh, poor Paddy works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven,
When Dan O'Connell went to heaven,
He worked upon the railway, the railway, the railway,
Poor Paddy works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight,
I found myself bound for the Golden Gate,
A-working on the railway, the railway, the railway,
Oh, poor Paddy works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-nine,
I passed my time on the Black Ball line,
A-working on the railway, the railway, the railway,
Poor Paddy works on the railway.

Other verses fill in later years; Miss Colcord, who gives the air, has verses ranging from 1861 to 1864.

9. WHISKEY JOHNNY

Then up aloft that yard must go,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Oh, whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, Johnny!

I thought I heard the old man say,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

We are bound away this very day,
Whiskey, Johnny!

A dollar a day is white man's pay,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Oh, whiskey killed my Sister Sue,
Whiskey, Johnny!

And whiskey killed the old man too,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey is gone, what shall I do?
Whiskey, Johnny!

Oh, whiskey is gone, what shall I do?
Whiskey for my Johnny!

IV

Contributed by Captain J. A. Creighton, of Thomaston, Maine, August, 1925, who wrote: 'This is a chanty the writer has never seen in print but helped to sing over forty years ago. There must have been fifty verses to this chanty, and it told of a sailor's life from beginning to end and was one of the best chanties the writer ever heard. It has a catchy air and is salt water from truck to kilson.'

10. FIRST TO CALIFORNIA, OH, FONDLY I WENT

First to California, oh, fondly I went,
For to stop in that country it was my intent;
But the drinking of whiskey, like every damn fool,
Soon got me imported back to Liverpool.

Refrain.

Singing, Row, Row, Row, bullies, Row,
Oh, the Liverpool girls they have got us in tow,
Singing Row, Row, Row, bullies, Row,
Oh, the Liverpool girls they have got us in tow.

And now we are down and on the line,
The Captain's a-cursing, he's all out of wine,
We're hauling and pulling these yards all about,
For to give this flash packet a quick passage out.

Singing Row, Row, Row, bullies, Row.

And now we are down and off Cape Horn,
The boys have no clothes for to keep themselves warm,
She's diving bows under and the decks are all wet,
And we're going round Cape Horn with the main skysail set.

Singing, Row, Row, Row, bullies, Row.

This is reminiscent of Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' where, when they were cracking on homeward bound, they kept saying that the Boston girls had them in tow.

11. TOO-LI-AYE

A negro chantey. Of this and the preceding, Captain Creighton wrote: 'These two chanties do not amount to much without the music, but they never fail to bring down the house when sung by a few old salts that know how to get the funny yodel-like notes that were common in the good old times of the "down-east square-rigger."'

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Jan Kanaganaga too-li-aye.

Refrain.
Too-li-aye, too-li-aye,
Jan Kanaganaga, too-li-aye.

A Yankee ship with a lot to do,
Jan Kanaganaga, too-li-aye.

A Yankee ship with a Yankee mate,
Jan Kanaganaga, too-li-aye.

If you stop to walk he'll change your gait,
Jan Kanaganaga, too-li-aye.

V

12. THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

An old square-rigger chantey, used in handling the yards, learned by the senior editor's grandmother, probably considerably over a hundred years ago, as she used to hear the sailors singing as they tacked in going up the Penobscot.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
So early in the morning?

Put him in the long-boat and let him bail her;
Put him in the long-boat and let him bail her;
Put him in the long-boat and let him bail her
So early in the morning.

Ay, ay, up she rises!
Ay, ay, up she rises!
Ay, ay, up she rises,
So early in the morning.

VI

13. JOHNNY, FILL UP THE BOWL

This fragment of a coastwise chantey was sung by Captain Rufus H. Young, of Hancock, Maine, October, 1925, when he was in his ninety-second year. He said it was a very favorite chantey for getting under way; 'lots of it,' he said, 'upward of forty or fifty verses and very much sung.' It is 'the story of a bashful fellow who went to see a girl, who sat by the fire chewing gum. He was bashful and was buzzing the girl. At one place he tried to propose and he said, "I's a poor misable critter" — "So I is, too," says the girl.' The tune is 'When Johnny comes marching home.'

Johnny and Jenny by the fireside sat,
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Johnny and Jenny by the fireside sat,
Hoorah!

Johnny and Jenny by the fireside sat,
And Johnny saw Jenny's mouth open and shet,
And Johnny saw Jenny's mouth open and shet,

And we'll all drink stone-blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

VII

Taken down about 1904, by Walter M. Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, from the singing of Captain William Coombs, of Islesboro, Maine. Both these are local fishermen's chanteys, and short because the small sails were quickly hoisted.

14. ISLE O' HOLT (*Highland Laddie*)

Was you ever on the Isle o' Holt,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie?
Where John Thompson swallowed a colt,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie?
Hurroo, my dandies O!
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;
Hurroo, my dandies O,
Bonny Hielan' laddie.

I opened an orange and found a letter,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie,
And the more I read it grew better and better,
Bonnie Hielan' laddie.
Hurroo, my dandies O!
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie,
Hurroo, my dandies O!
Bonnie Hielan' laddie.

15. CHURCH AND CHAPEL

I rode to church, I rode to chapel,
Pull down!
With a hickory horse and a white-oak saddle,
Pull down below!
Pull down, pull down, pull down together,
Pull down, pull down, my dandy fellows,
Pull down!

VIII

From Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, New Brunswick, 1926, who wrote: 'I think of all the songs common to the sea and woods, the chanties "Shenanadore," "Whiskey Johnny," "Blow the man down!" "Renzo,"

and "Buffalo" were the favorites in the woods. "Renzo" hadn't much music in it. Of the others, the first and last named were away off favorites. They had "swing," in fact almost a "roll." "Shenanadore" was an anchor chanty. Even after the lapse of fifty years, I can in my mind hear the "part-singing" on this. I can still hear the highest note of the tenor come in on "let" and "rushing" in the first and last stanzas. It began:

16. SHENANADORE

Heave her up from down below, boys!
  Hooray, you rolling river!
Heave her up and let her go, boys!
Aha! Bound away o'er the wild Missouri.

Shenanadore, I long to see you!
  Hooray, you rolling river!
Shenanadore, I long to see you,
Aha! Bound away o'er the wild Missouri.

Shenanadore! I love your daughter,
  Hooray! you rolling river!
I love the roar of your rushing waters,
Aha! Bound away o'er the wild Missouri.

17. BUFFALO

'I can't recall a full stanza — it was just slightly witty nonsense — but the chorus went:

Stop her! Catch her! Jump her up in a juba-ju!
Give her the sheet and let her go!
We are the boys can crowd her through.
You ought to have seen her travel, the wind a-blowing free,
On her passage down to Buffalo from Milwaukee!

I remember the air of that. Several locally composed woods songs are sung to it.'

This is a Great Lakes song, known as 'The Cruise of the Bigelow,' or simply as 'The Bigler.' It was first printed by Professor Lomax in the 'Journal of American Folk-Lore,' vol. 28, pp. 10–11 (1915), and later, with the air, by Professor Rickaby, who got it from M. C. Dean, author of 'The *Flying Cloud*.' This is properly a forecastle song, not a chantey. Miss Colcord gives a dozen verses, with the air.

18. BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Mr. Flower writes: 'I know the whole of "Blow the Man Down" as it was sung here; for Saint John was one of the ports from which the Black Ball

liners (so called because the house flag was a black ball on a white field) sailed. I remember the old Black-Ballers all of fifty-five years ago. The Troops, of Saint John, I think were the agents.'

'Twas in a Black-Baller I first served my time,
To my yo-heave-ho! blow the man down!
'Twas in a Black-Baller I wasted my prime,
O! give me some time to blow the man down!

'Twas when a Black-Baller was leaving the land,
To my yo-heave-ho! blow the man down!
Our captain then gave us the word of command,
O! give us some time to blow the man down!

'Lay aft,' was the cry, 'to the break of the poop,'
To my yo-heave-ho! blow the man down!
'And I'll help you along with the toe of my boot,'
O! give me some time to blow the man down.

'Twas when a Black-Baller came home to the dock,
To my yo-heave-ho! blow the man down!
The lads and the lasses around her did flock,
O! give me some time to blow the man down.

IX

From Mrs. Susie C. Young, of Brewer, Maine, 1926.

19. HIGHLAND LADDIE

Was you ever to Quebec, Halan' Laddie, bonnie Laddie?
Where they hoist their timber all on deck,
With a Halan' bonnie Laddie?
Heave-O! me heart and soul,
Halan' Laddie, Bonnie Laddie.
Heave-O! me heart and soul,
To me Halan', Bonnie Laddie.

Was you ever to the Isle of France, Halan' Laddie,
bonnie Laddie?
Where the girls are taught to dance
With a Halan' bonnie Laddie?

Heave-O! me heart and soul,
Halan' Laddie, Bonnie Laddie!
Heave-O! me heart and soul,
To me Halan', Bonnie Laddie.

20. SHOVE HER UP!

Shove 'er up! Shove 'er up!
Keep shoving of 'er up!
Shove 'er up! Shove 'er up!
Keep shoving of 'er up!
Shove 'er in the gangway!
Shove 'er in the boat!
I'd rather have a guinea than a ten-pound note.
Though a guinea it will sink
And a note it will float,
I'd rather have a guinea than a ten-pound note.

This little song, apparently of negro origin, has been sung in Orland for several generations, says Mrs. Young. Her mother, grandmother, and grandfather, Hugh Hill Carr, all used to sing it, and she thinks her grandfather may have learned it at sea. The children of the Carr family sang it when getting in wood. It seems to be a West India stevedore's song, admirably adapted to rolling hogsheads of molasses up a gangplank and stowing them; but even a West India negro knew too much to prefer a guinea to a ten-pound note, though he might have sung this of a one-pound note.

PIRATE SONGS

If all the world loves a lover, as it is said to do, it may be said also to love a pirate, if at a safe distance. Probably the reason why pirate songs survive so long is because they are spirited and are set to good airs. Some which we expected to get, like 'Captain Glenn,' 'The New York Trader,' and 'Bold Kelly the Pirate,' have not been found. 'The Saladin's Crew' is a mere murder song and for that reason here omitted. 'Andrew Barton' belongs with the English ballads and is reserved. But their places are taken by others. 'The Bold Pirate,' which appears to have been well known on the Cranberry Islands, has not been seen in an American reprint; 'Dixey Bull' is a genuine Maine coast pirate song of great antiquity, here given for the first time in any permanent print, while 'Bold Manan the Pirate' is unsurpassed and thus far unidentified.

CAPTAIN KIDD

Captain Kidd still haunts the Maine coast. Long ago he appeared in Castine Harbor and did a little plundering, but not much, because there was so little there worth taking. His money is believed to be buried on every rocky islet and in every sequestered cove the length of the Maine coast. Men digging at dead of night sometimes heard their picks strike iron, saw the chest with bolted bands and iron handles, and swore that, when some one broke the magic charm of silence, they saw the chest, with the pick standing upright in it, vanish through the solid ledge. Fifty years ago such tales were heard everywhere, and even to-day an occasional seeker for buried treasure looks over his shoulder as he digs to see

whether the ghost of Captain Kidd is watching him while he works.

Once everybody sang of Captain Kidd 'as he sailed.' We have picked up a number of fragmentary copies and many still recall the opening lines:

You captains brave and bold, hear our cries, hear our cries,
  You captains brave and bold, hear our cries,
You captains brave and bold, though you seem uncontrol'd,
  Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls, lose your souls,
    Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls.

But none of the later scraps of the song seems worth reproducing after having seen in the Harris Collection of American Poetry, in Brown University, an ancient broadside so old that its thick rag paper hung in panels where it had been folded and rubbed, so old that it well might have been contemporary with the event depicted in the rude head-cut of a gallows and a man hanging. But this original is far too long for quoting, twenty-five stanzas of mounting horror, ending in the cry of a lost soul:

Come all you young and old, see me die, see me die,
  Come all you young and old, see me die,
Come all you young and old, you are welcome to my gold,
  For by it I've lost my soul and must die,
    For by it I've lost my soul and must die.

Take warning now by me, for I must die, for I must die,
  Take warning now by me for I must die,
Take warning now by me, and shun bad company,
  Lest you come to Hell with me, for I must die, for I must die,
    Lest you come to Hell with me, I must die.

This is not merely an interminable old song of endless repetition; it works upon the imagination by its iteration of sailing, sailing, till the whole broad ocean lies before us, shining in the sun, and we stand upon the quarter

deck with Captain Kidd and see him drawn by his doom nearer and nearer to the death he dreads yet knows he cannot escape. For this is no mean tune, but a great old melody when its full strength is called out. It is twin brother to one of the songs about that Admiral Benbow, who, the year following Captain Kidd's execution, was buried in the church at Kingston, Jamaica, after his fight with the French fleet under Du Casse, in 1702. The Benbow song, 'Come all you sailors bold, lend an ear, lend an ear,' was sung to the same tune as 'Captain Kidd.' Neither of these had anything to do with 'Sam Hall,' as some say (including Miss Colcord, who gives the full text of 'Captain Kidd'). 'Sam Hall' was an English minstrel song of the eighteen-fifties, set to the old tune of 'Captain Kidd' and later parodied in a weak and softened American version called 'Bill Wall.' Neither could it have been, as Mr. Frank Kidson, an English authority, states, written about a chimney sweep called Jack Hall, who was executed in 1701 for burglary. Captain Kidd was executed in May, 1701, and between the unconsidered dregs of humanity like a sweep and a great pirate captain who probably died before him (for then the year began with Lady Day, March 25), who would sing of the sweep, or who, in a few weeks at most, would have changed 'a vile ditty' about the sweep into a great sailor song? Benbow and Kidd are 'brother tars' in song as well as in history.

There are a few tunes whose greatness depends entirely upon how much is put into them. They may be mean and ordinary when they carry no great message, but they can rise to the best that is required of them. 'John Brown' is only a cheap little marching song when it is used as such; only a coarse little political squib when it is parodied to low uses; but it may rise to the heights of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' or it may soar even above that in the prophetic fervor of the 'Kansas John Brown Song.' 'Captain Kidd' is nothing but a

jingle, if you will have it so; or it may be the cry of a damned soul.

DIXEY BULL

Sent in, 1925, by Mr. T. R. McPhail, of Thomaston, Maine, who says that the song 'is very old and much sung by fishermen, handed down by word of mouth through the years with various additions and omissions.'

It was first printed as a folded pamphlet in 1907 with the title:

The Slaying of Dixey Bull
Accomplished by one Daniel Curtis,
who was the father of eighteen children, and
original settler of Jamestown

Beneath this is a photograph of Harrison Curtis, a descendant, who caused it to be printed for the first time and this legend:

Harrison Curtis,
Thomaston, Maine,
who respectfully dedicates the poem to
his ancestors.

Dixey Bull had the honor — if such it may be called — of being the first pirate to raid shipping and trading stations on the New England Coast, having come to America in 1631, probably sent over by Sir Ferdinando Gorges with whom he was associated 'in a large grant of land east of Agamenticus at York.' While Dixey Bull was trading in Penobscot Bay in 1632, some Frenchmen are said to have seized his shallop, with his store of 'coats, ruggs, blanketts, bisketts, etc.,' so that he became desperate and secured a small company of helpers to go against the French. But the French knew enough to keep out of his way, and, finding that he became more and more in need of supplies, he raided small vessels and the Pemaquid trading station, among others. While the plundering was going on, he was not resisted, but just as he was weighing anchor, a shot from the shore killed the second in command. While engaged in his raids, Bull was said to have adopted a series of articles to govern the acts of his men and a law against excessive drinking. 'At such times as other ships used to have prayer,' we are told, 'they would assemble upon the

deck and one sing a song, or speak a few senseless words.' What these songs were how we should like to know!

A fleet was finally sent against Dixey Bull, but he could not be found. He is said by some to have gone over to the French and by others to have escaped to England.

Singers, however, discovered Dixey Bull and embodied his exploits in a song which has been handed down from generation to generation, though its present form, as committed to writing twenty years ago, may not represent the original version. Naturally enough, with the desire to laud a local hero, it was not long before the song told of the actual slaying of the pirate by a man single-handed, and of course the song, if not the truth, was the gainer thereby.

1 Dixey Bull was a pirate bold,
He swept our coast in search of gold.
One hundred years have passed away
Since he cast anchor in Bristol Bay.

2 Under the lea of Beaver's shore
He laid his craft three days or more;
He flaunted his flag and shot his lead,
Which kept the people out of bed.

3 Until the folks of old Jamestown
Had passed the word to all around,
That Dixey Bull, the pirate bold,
Would not leave without their gold.

4 Into the fort the people came
To fight this man of bloody fame;
But well they knew the fort would fall
When stormed by powder and by ball.

5 Their gold was gathered in a pile
To send to him at Beaver's Isle,
So the pirate would go his way
And leave the waters of Bristol Bay.

6 But Daniel Curtis, a fisherman,
Feared not the flag from which they ran,
But took his skiff; bent to his oar,
And rowed alone to Beaver's shore.

7 'I, Dan Curtis, my boat will pull
Down to the craft of Dixey Bull
And man to man, we'll meet tonight,
To settle for all in good fair fight.

8 'And he who wins shall have the say,
Of whether the riches go or stay;
If he kills me they're his by right,
If I kill him we win the fight.'

9 The women wept, the children cried,
As he went off to the pirate's side,
He gave a roar and waved his hand,
And said, 'I want to see the man,

10 'The captain of this bloody crew,
Then I'll tell him what I will do.'
Bold was the pirate, Dixey Bull,
Said he, 'Of fight I am chuck full.

11 'I'm the man your shores doth haunt;
Blood or your gold is what I want.
I will bleed for my country's sake
And for the gold put up a stake.

12 'Then single handed you and I
Shall fight until the other die.'
Then Daniel Curtis rose and said,
'All right till you or I am dead.'

13 The captain yelling, with a sneer,
Said, 'With a sword no man I fear,'
Accepts the challenge with a smile
And points his finger to Beaver Isle.

14 The people held their breath and prayed,
Because of Bull they were afraid,
The pirate crew gave three times three,
For Dixey Bull, king of the sea.

15 Alone they went to the Island bleak,
And to each other did not speak,
They hunted for a spot all sound
And laid their coats upon the ground.

16 Down to the belt the fighters strip,
O'er the sod commenced to skip,
Touched their swords and gave a twist,
To test the strength of each other's wrist.

17 Dixey tries for Curtis' arm,
But the thrust went wild and did no harm;
Dixey feigned, jumps to the right,
Slashed at Curtis with all his might.

18 Curtis dodges; and stepping back,
Gives the pirate's sword a whack.
The pirate swung his broadsword low
But Curtis dodged the awful blow.

19 A cut now falls on Dixey's neck
And groans rise from the pirate's deck —
The people cheer their Daniel brave,
As he their gold is going to save.

20 Dixey Bull a new trick tried,
Laying deep his sword in Curtis' side,
But Curtis, brave as a man can be,
Laughed at their cheers of three times three.

21 Dan knows his blood is flowing fast,
Yet for quarter would not ask,
But looked his man straight in the eye,
He knows that he or him must die.

22 Curtis fought for cause that's right,
Dixey, because he liked to fight;
Then down went Curtis upon his knee,
The pirate's crew gave three times three

23 Dixey raised his sword on high
Which flashed like lightning in the sky,
He thought his man was nearly dead,
So gave a sweep to cut his head.

24 As Dixey's sword was falling down
Curtis sprang up from the ground
In front of him by many feet
Went Dixey's cruel deadly sweep.

25 Like a flash at him Dan went
And through his breast his sword he sent,
The blood gushed out warm, bright and red,
The pirate staggered and fell dead.

26 Then like a stream rushed Dixey's gore
O'er Beaver's bleak and rocky shore;
When they saw that the fight was done
The people cheered because they'd won.

27 Pirates, your flag and anchor pull,
For Curtis killed your Dixey Bull.
That's how Curtis won the day
And killed his man in Bristol Bay.

28 He saved the gold and saved the town,
And won a name of great renown,
The skull and cross bones which they flew
Was then dipped by the pirate's crew.

29 Their anchor then was weighed o'er rail,
And gentle winds then filled their sail,
While cannons rang and cheers were given
They left for good old Bristol's haven.

THE BOLD PIRATE

This fine old pirate song seems to have been well known on the Cranberry Islands. From three ladies of about the same age we took down fairly good versions. But as we have found no printed American copy of it, we have departed from our usual custom in this volume of close adherence to texts as taken down, and have made a composite of the best lines of the three singers.

Composite text taken down, August, 1924, from the recitation of Mrs. Nathan S. Stanley, eighty-four years old, of Little Cranberry Island, who learned it as a child; and in September, 1926, from the recitation of Mrs. Harriet Taylor, eighty-eight years old, of Southwest Harbor, and her sister, Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, eighty-four years old, of Baker Island, who learned it when children from their father, Joseph Gilley.

1 'Twas on the eighteenth day of March
We sailed from Bristol Town,
And we sail-ed all that livelong day
Till the night came rolling on.

2 And then we saw a bold pirate
Sailing three foot to our one;
He hail-ed us in English,
And asked us whence we come.

3 We told him we was from Bristol Town,
And on our course was bound,
And ask-ed of him the reason why
He ran us so fast down.

4 Up spoke this bold old pirate,
'I soon will let you know!
Haul down your fore and main courses
And let your ship lie to,

5 'And if you fire one shot at me,
This instant you I'll sink,
And every man you have on board
This day shall walk the plank.'

6 Then up spoke our brave commander,
And says, 'No such thing can be
While we have twenty-eight brass guns
To bear us company.

7 'Besides, we have three hundred men,
All British seamen bold,
Who value more their honor
Than a miser does his gold.'

8 Then this bold pirate boarded us
With three hundred of his men;
With pistols, pikes and cutlasses
We soon did slaughter them.

9 He haul-ed down our ensign flag,
Thinking our royal ship to take;
We ran them such a rig, my boys,
Made their very hearts to ache.

10 Then this bold pirate boarded us
With the remainder of his men;
By the word of our commander bold,
We soon did slaughter them.

11 And out of that five hundred men
We reduc-ed them to three,
And down on their knees for mercy cried,
But none it was their due.

12 Then this bold pirate strove from us,
And tried to run away;
But a broadside from a rounded gun
Caus-ed him to stay.

13 We h'isted out our boats from the buoys
And boarded her immediately;
And there we saw this bold commander
With both legs shot off to his knees.

14 We took her all in tow, my boys,
What a glorious sight to see!
We towed her in to the sight of land,
Beside the Bristol quay,

15 Where each one had his fortune made
And we all got safe on shore.
We'll ask one another to dine together
And not plough the sea any more.

THE *ROYAL PRINCE REGENT*

From the manuscript book of Mrs. Susie Carr Young; printed also in the 'Lewiston Journal' from a copy sent in by her, unsigned.

1 'Twas the first of January,
So clear was the sky,
A proud, lofty ship from
The windward did fly;
Our captain on the quarterdeck
With his glasses did spy
From the top of her mizzen-mast
Black colors let fly.

2 Down came this bold rover
A-sheering 'long side,
With a loud speaking trumpet,
'Whence came you?' he cried.
Our captain on the quarterdeck
Did answer also:
'From the Strait of Gibraltar
Bound into Bordeaux.'

3 'Now back your maintopsail
And lay your ship to,
For I have some letters
To send in by you.'
'I'll back my maintopsail
And my ship may lie to,
But 'twill be in some safe harbor,
Not alongside of you!'

4 'Good Lord!' said our captain,
'O what shall we do?
If this be a Pirate
She will soon bring us to.'
'No, no,' said our chief mate,
'That ne'er shall be so,
For we'll shake out our reef, boys,
And from them we will go.'

5 So we shook out our reef, boys,
Topgallant sail also,
And braced up to the windward
And from them we did go.
They came firing down upon us,
Thinking on us to prevail,
But the *Royal Prince Regent*
Soon showed them her tail.

This song is a scarcely recognizable variant of 'The *Princess Royal*,' given, with the air, on pp. 225, 226, of 'The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air' (E. P. Dutton, New York, 1907), compiled by Edward Thomas, one of the most delightful anthologies ever made.

THE *ROVIN' LIZZIE*

Taken down in 1924 by Mrs. Heathcote M. Woolsey, of Rye, New York, from the singing of Mr. Horace E. Priest, of Sangerville, Maine.

1 'Twas in the month of September, from St. Allins we sot sail,
With the heavens to ga'ad us, an' a sweet an' prosperous gale.
We are called the *Rovin' Lizzie*, Bol' Daniels it is my name,
An' we are bound out for Maguire all on the Spanish Main.

2 When we got to Maguire our orders they ran so:
For to discha'age our cargo an' seek for Vallay-ho.
The skipper he called all hands right up; he unto them did say:
'There's money for you today, my boys; tomorrow we're going away.'

3 We had not bin a-sailin' scurce days past two or three,
When a man from the masthead, a strange ship he did see,
With her black flag a-wavin', come sailin' down this way,
'Damn my eyes, she's a pirate!' Bol' Danewuls he did say.

4 It was early the next morning the strange ship hove alongside;
With her loud-speaking trumpet, 'Where are you from?' she cried.
'We are called the *Rovin' Lizzie;* Bol' Daniels it is my name,
And I am bound out for Maguire, out on the Spanish Main.'

5 'Come, haul down yore topsail, an' heave yore ship under my lee.'
'I would see you be damned,' says Daniels, 'I would sooner drownd at sea.'
Then up went our true British flag their ha'ats to terrify,
With our big guns and our small ones our bullets we did let fly.

6 She mustered twelve twelve-pounders an' a crew of one hundred men,
The time the action did begin it was just about half-past ten;
While we, with six six-pounders an' a crew of twenty-two,
In twenty-five minutes all by the watch the Spaniards called out 'Mun Doo!'

7 Now this great prize we have taken all on the Columbia shore,
We will sail for a port in Americay called the city of Baltimore,
Where we'll drink success to Bol' Danewuls, likewise his noble crew,
Who fought an' whipped the Spaniards with his number twenty-two.

A good song, but it is hard to locate the scene of the action. We surmise that 'St. Allins' is St. Albans Head,

England, and Mr. George S. Wasson suggests that the strange port of 'Maguire' is La Guayra, which certainly is on the Spanish Main — that is, the mainland of South America, not, as many think, the Caribbean Sea itself. In 'The *Flying Cloud*,' M. C. Dean (p. 39) gives a quite similar version, which is copied, with the air, by Professor Rickaby. This is the only other version of the song which we have found; it goes by the name of 'Bold Daniel.'

BOLD MANAN THE PIRATE

A

Taken down in 1924 by Mrs. Heathcote M. Woolsey, of Rye, New York, from the singing of Mr. Horace E. Priest, of Sangerville, Maine. Mr. Priest, who had long been a guide in the Maine woods, said that several of the songs he knew were brought to this country by his grandfather, who escaped from a British man-of-war while off Boston because of the severe discipline, and who lived a frontier life for a while and then settled in Maine.

1 Bol' Manan went to sea one day, an' a dismal day 'twas, too,
The air was thick as buttermilk, all with the fog and doo.
They espied a la'age an' a lofty ship about three leagues ahead,
'Come, hist up yore main-topsail, boys, an' after her with speed!'

2 Th' main-topsail bein' histed, they steered right up 'longside,
With his loud-speaking trumpet, 'Where are you from?' he cried.
'Where are you from?' cried Manan, 'I pray you tell me true,
For if you tell to me a lie 'twill be the worse for you.'

3 An' then those frightened mariners, not knowin' what to do,
An' then those frightened mariners they up and spoke the true,

Sayin', 'We are afamed[1] from Noo York State, to London we are bound,
Willyum Craig is our captain's name, a native of that town.'

4 'You lie! you lie!' cries Manan, 'such tales will never do,
So furl yore mainsail to yore mast an' let yore ship lie to.'
An' then them crooil pie-rates they all took sword in hand,
They went aboard o' that merchan' ship an' murdered every man.

5 Some they struck an' some they stabbed, an' others they did hang,
But the last of all was two more fellers drownded in the main.
They searched the decks all over an' rousted everything,
Until they came to a young female down in the main cabing.

6 Not hearing of the murders, not knowing what was done,
She struck upon a ha'ap an' so merrilye she sung:
'Home, home, sweet home, there is no-o place like home,
Be it ever so humble, there is no-o place like home.
I'm in search of a young man that delooded me to roam,
Home, home, sweet home, there is no-o place like home.'

7 Some did stomp, an' some did swear they would have her for a wife,
An' then up spoke Bol' Manan, sayin' 'I will end all strife.'
An' then up stepped Bol' Manan, without either fear or dread,
He stepped right up to that young female an' severed off her head.

8 An' then those crooil pirates, not fearin' what they'd done,
They went right board o' their own ship an' so merrilye they sung:
'Oh, the jolly, jolly grog is a-flyin',
Oh the jolly, jolly grog is a-flyin',
Oh the jolly, jolly grog is a-flyin',
Timmy whack fol de diddle o day!

[1] The *Fame*, a vessel.

'In under this black flag we'll fight,
In under this black flag we'll fight,
In under this black flag we'll fight,
Till we conquer or we die.'

9 'Twas early the next mornin', just at the break o' day,
The sun was jest a-risin' fair as the morn o' May,
They sawr a la'age an' a upright ship about three leagues ahead,
'Come hist up yore main-topsail, boys, an' after her with speed.'

10 Th' main-topsail bein' histed, they spread out every sail,
The boosum of them all was filled all with the pleasant gale,
Bol' Manan like an angry sha'ak, he plows the ragin' main,
'She's a homeward-bound East Injiaman, I'd have her to prevail.'

11 Th' main-topsail bein' histed, they drew right up alongside;
With his same speaking-trumpet, 'Where are you from?' he cried,
'Where are you from?' cries Manan, 'I pray you would tell me true,
For I have lost my longitude about three days ago.'

12 Bol' Rodney [1] on his quarterdeck, an' a surly man was he,
Not carin' for to answer them, he kep' right on his way,
Then Manan like a man that wuz mad, he stomped his foot in vain,
Sayin', 'Damn yore eyes! I'll let you know that I do rule the main.'

13 Bol' Rodney, when he hearin' this, he steered right up'n his face,
Pulled down his painted canvas, showed him three rows of teeth;
He gave to them a full broadside which caused their ha'ats to ache,
And then them crooil pirates they soon began to quake.

[1] Admiral George Brydges Rodney, 1718–92, may be the man.

14 Broadside to broadside the combatteers went on,
Until the ship that Manan had was about to go down.
'To quarters! to quarters!' Bol' Manan he did cry,
'No quarters! no quarters!' Bol' Rodney made reply,
But gave them another broadside, which proved to them in vain,
With grapeshot and canister he sunk them in the main.

B

Sent in, October, 1924, by Captain Lewis Freeman Gott, of Bernard, Maine.

1 Bold Manan went to sea one day, a dreary day 'twas, too,
'Twas thick as any buttermilk among the fog and dew;
Bold Manan's ship you all may know, no finer ship e'er swam,
Five hundred and fifty men on board, her guns were forty-nine.

2 Bold Manan being like a hungry shark, he plowed the raging main,
He plowed it all that dreary long day until he reached the *Fame;*
He hove right down upon her and steered up alongside;
With a loud-speaking trumpet, 'Where are you from?' he cried.

3 'Where are you from?' cries Manan, 'I pray you tell me true,
For if you tell me a lie, 'twill be the worse for you.'
Those poor and affrighted mariners, not knowing what to do,
Those poor and affrighted mariners they up and told him true.

4 'We are the *Fame*, from New York came, to London we are bound,
Our captain's name is William Craig, a native of that town.'
'You lie! you lie!' cries Manan, 'such things can never be,
So heave your mainyard to your mast and drop down under my lee.'

5 Those poor and affrighted mariners not knowing what to do,
They hove their mainyard to the mast and brought their good ship to;
Those bold and wicked pirates all with their broadswords drawn,
They rushed on board of this merchantman and murdered every man.

6 They searched the *Fame* all over, they ransacked everything,
At length they found a damsel down in the waist cabin,
And she not hearing of the noise, as knowing what was done,
Sat playing on her harp, and so merrily she sang,
'Home, sweet home, I followed my true love that caused me to roam.'

7 And some did curse, and some did swear that they would spare her life;
Then up steps this bold pirate saying, 'I'll end all strife.'
And then this wicked pirate he, without fear or dread,
Up rushed this bloody pirate and severed off her head.

8 Then those pirates went on board the ship and so merrily did sing,
'With a sack of good brandy we cause the air to ring;
We pirates lead a merry life and a merry, merry life lead we,
And under this black flag, my boys, we come or we die.'

9 'Twas early the next morning, just by the break of day,
'All hands, all hands to quarter,' Bold Manan he did cry,
'All hands, all hands to quarter, prepare for to make sail,
Here's a homeward bound East Indian, I can tell she's rich in toll.'

10 They bore right down upon her, and steered up alongside,
With his loud-speaking trumpet 'Where are you from?' he cries.

'Where are you from?' cries Manan, 'I pray you tell me true,
For I have lost my longitude about three days ago.'

11 Captain Rodney being a very brave man, and a very brave man was he,
Paid no regard to what he said, kept boldly on his way;
Bold Manan seeing him do so, he tore his hair in twain,
Saying, 'Now, my man, I'll let you know that I do rule the main.'

12 Captain Rodney hearing him so to say he sheered her up in his face,
Hauled up some painted canvas and showed two rows of teeth.
'Twas broadside and broadside so merrily did crack round,
Until this wicked pirate was likely to go down.

13 'For quarter! for quarter!' Bold Manan he did cry,
'You've got your best of quarter,' Captain Rodney did reply;
'We'll give them another broadside, my boys, of grapeshot and round,
We'll sink these bloody pirates into eternal ground.'
While a band of music from Rodney's deck so merrily did play,
'The tars of Old Columbia will never fade away.'

We have never found this song in print, yet it must have been well known and widely distributed throughout the Northeast; for in March, 1916, Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, New Brunswick, telling about the old woods and the songs sung there forty years before, wrote: 'And Noah Sears's pirate song — I'll never forget a verse of that:

'"And then this cru-el ruff-yan,
Without fear or dread,
He rush-ed up to this female,
And snap-ped off her head!"'

Ten years later, being told that the song had been found, Mr. Flower wrote: 'I am surprised to hear that you have found Noah Sears's song. Noah was a most peculiar person. He was a natural sea-dog, who made an occasional stay on land. He wasn't over twenty-one when I knew him. He had an odd notion of nicknaming girls with the names of vessels he had known. He seemed to fancy he could see some of the characteristics of the vessels in the persons on whom he tucked their names. For instance, Miss Adelaide W——, a tall, stately-looking person, he named "The Camperdown," after a square-rigger, with rakish masts and plenty of "top-hamper." I often wonder what became of the men I associated with that year, but never can I forget Noah and his song.'

HOW THE FOLK REWRITE A SONG

THERE is a belief that a folk-song must be anonymous; it must have grown by gradual accretions or by so-called 'communal composition,' in which any one capped rhymes and made up verses without regard to sequence, although somehow an orderly story was evolved in the end. And no doubt there is much impromptu verse originated in that fashion, although the closer one studies modern ballad stuff, the surer one is to find an author at the beginning of it. But he has no control of his product and any one who chooses varies it to suit himself. What is not appreciated is that 'the Folk' who adapt these songs may have a sound critical sense and may refashion the song to meet standards of their own.

Almost a hundred years ago there was a sprightly and witty young man who wrote light verse for the people around Boston. He revised the Hero and Leander story to a modernized setting of a tall young oysterman who loved a fisherman's daughter and swam across the river to meet her; the father saw him in the moonlight and, on being told by his daughter that it was only a porpoise, went to get his harpoon; the daughter fainted and died, the youth was drowned, and in metamorphosis the lovers later kept an oyster shop for the mermaids down below. It was the 'Ballad of the Oysterman,' written in 1830 by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

But it did not long remain Dr. Holmes's own production, for the ballad-sheet printer and the cheap songbook-maker promptly pirated it and bore it off, without bow to copyright or acknowledgment of any sort; it became anonymous immediately and the Folk adopted it joyously, and still are singing it occasionally. We have picked up one copy of it fitted out with a comic ending and a 'tol-de-rol-de-riddle-de-ride-o' refrain which would

have grieved the fastidious soul of Dr. Holmes. Knowing what they wanted, the Folk improved the song at once — and it has stayed 'improved' ever since. What happened to this song may be instructive reading on the subject of folk editorship. Like others who know nothing of art, they 'know what they want.'

We have seen the coastwise fishermen adopting Walter F. Mitchell's 'Tacking Ship Off Shore' almost seventy years after it was printed, yet leaving it with very slight changes. Mitchell was a sailor; they could not improve on his work. Dr. Holmes was a mere 'literary feller' and his work needed expert revision — and got it. Hardly more than six years after he had written 'The Ballad of the Oysterman' it was well on its way to alteration. In the John Hay Library of Brown University we have found a local broadside with the imprint of '42 North Main Street, Providence,' which by its black latticed border shows that it must have been printed about 1836. It has eight stanzas, one having been added to meet the popular taste, and in various ways it has been revised. Evidently the word 'metamorphosed' proved difficult, for it is changed into 'metamphrosed' — which in later copies is dropped out entirely, together with the classical reference to Leander and the Hellespont. Holmes's delicately diffusive opening, 'It was a tall young oysterman,' becomes the direct, 'There was a tall young oysterman'; the young lady, instead of being 'wide awake,' declares herself 'up to snuff' and 'chucks a brickbat,' instead of 'throws a pebble,' into the water, and the notable changes in the sixth stanza of the original are begun — all this probably within six years of the composition of the poem.

It is next met in the 'Forget-me-not Songster,' printed by J. S. Locke and Company, 34 and 38 Cornhill, Boston, probably about 1842, though it bears no date. Then it is found in 'Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster' and in one of the numerous 'American Songsters,' both

printed by Philip J. Cozzans, New York City, without date, but before the Civil War. By the simple device of omitting Dr. Holmes's name, the ballad has become anonymous to a large and appreciative circle; and the audience, which is fully capable of enjoying the 'piece,' feels itself also capable of improving it. An anonymous production, like this, may be tinkered by any one — a sound ballad axiom. Instead of Dr. Holmes's delicate humor, the folk want broad guffaws, and they have transformed the colorless original by vivid vernacular touches and comic slap-dash, as shown. The original playful ending of the lovers, reunited and keeping a submarine shop for mermaids, is submerged fathoms deep by the heavy comedy of the added stanza; for the Folk, after savoring the full tragedy of a situation, like to burlesque it.

To appreciate what the Folk, once started, will do in improving a song, we must take the sixth stanza. The unknown author wrote:

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair dropped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

The old broadside evidently feels that the situation needs to be played up a little stronger, for it rewrites the lines:

Down fell this lovely damsel as falls a slaughtered lamb,
Her hair dropp'd round her pallid cheeks like seaweed round a clam.

But one improvement only suggests another. When Dr. Holmes wrote the second line of this couplet, he may have been thinking of the wooden pails filled with clams in the shell, which used to stand in front of the old-time markets, with a covering of rockweed over them to keep the clams moist; or he may merely have wanted a rhyme for 'lamb.' But the Folk saw that any ballad sheet with such an error in the natural history of the clam could not

sell among people who made a living by clamming. They knew that clams live in the mud, and there is no seaweed around them. So they rewrote the line to fit the facts, omitting the clam entirely and putting the seaweed where it belongs, on the rocks.

Her hair round her pallid cheek hung like seaweed round a rock,

is the amended line, to which not even a clam-digger could object. But what now of the 'snow-white lamb' with which it must rhyme? Promptly, without hesitation, the Folk poet grasps his nettle and rhymes us 'flock' —

Down fell the lovely maiden, just like a slaughtered flock,
Her hair round her pallid cheek hung like seaweed round a rock.'

Any sensible man could enjoy that! The rhyme is perfect, the facts are correct, and the heroine falls impressively, even though there is a suggestion of the abattoir about the simile.

'A song a sensible man could enjoy!' say the Folk. But Dr. Holmes might have remarked whimsically and ruefully, 'It is a wise poet who knows just when not to father his own poems.'

The question to debate is, Did the Folk by their adoption of 'The Ballad of the Oysterman' make it anonymous — like the other old ballads?

MOURNFUL SONGS

In the old days, of all the disasters that could befall them, shipwreck was the one nearest to the people and the most awful. They lived beside the sea, their men were always upon it, it was the only broad highway open for travel. The fate that overtook some, menaced all. Songs of shipwreck were very common, and there are many old broadsides rehearsing disasters upon the Maine coast or to vessels manned from here. Among those omitted are 'The Loss of the Barque *Isidore*' of Kennebunkport, November 30, 1842, at Bald Head in Wells, written by the Reverend C. S. Gilbert, of Kennebunkport; the two early broadsides by Thomas Shaw, of Standish, upon the wreck of the *Charles* and the wreck of the *Armistice* in 1807 and 1815, respectively. We have included 'The Loss of the Albion' because it was a song everybody knew; and 'Fifteen Ships on Georges' Banks,' because about the Maine coast everybody knew that also; and 'The *Union* of Saint John' because nobody knew it, but only knew some one else who used to know it. These three have been the leaders in popularity among the shipwreck songs of the Maine coast.

But there has flourished all along the coast, and also inland to a less extent, a kind of song which is usually reserved for those who have been lost at sea or who have died by violent or sudden death. It is the obituary broadside, composed often by a minister or a schoolmaster, printed locally and distributed by the bereaved family to its friends. The reason for these songs is not hard to see. When one was lost at sea, it might be weeks or months before the death was known at home and the usual rites of burial were impossible. The small memorial broadside, usually with a mourning border, took the place of a funeral. From the towns of Mount Desert have

come so many of these tributes of affection and sorrow that they show what a strong hold the custom had upon the people and how it served to keep in memory those who had died. We have several besides those printed here, including one from Mrs. W. A. Spurling, of Islesford, on the death of Captain Flye, in 1825; and two from Miss Dora A. Jordan, of Northeast Harbor, one on the death of Meltiah Jordan Milliken, in 1827, the other on the death by drowning of Frances Cunningham, aged eleven, and Charles Preble, aged nineteen, in 1865.

A similar type of song, though seldom printed, was common in the woods, of which 'Guy Reed' and 'The Death of John Ladner' and the 'Drowning of John Roberts' are typical.

THE LOSS OF THE *ALBION*

Air: 'Young Caroline of Edinburgh Town'

From the manuscript book of Mrs. Susie Carr Young, as sung in her family in Orland, Maine.

1 Come all ye jovial seamen bold, come listen unto me!
A dreadful story shall be told that happened once at sea.
'Tis of the noble *Albion* ship, upon the Irish coast,
And most of passengers and crew, they were completely lost.

2 It was the first of April from New York we set sail,
Kind Neptune did protect us with a sweet and pleasant gale,
Until about the twentieth a storm then did arise,
The raging billows loud did roar and dismal were the skies.

3 It was on Sunday afternoon the land we did espy;
The southward winds began to blow, the seas ran mountains high.
The southward winds began to blow and heavy squalls came on,
Which made our passengers to weep and sailors for to mourn.

4 All prudent sail we carried to keep us clear from land,
Expecting every moment that our vessel she would strand.
Our foretopsail was split, my boys, our foreyard took away,
The mainmast by the deck was broke, and mizzen swept away.

5 We had a lady fair on board, Miss Powell was her name,
Whose name deserves to be engraved upon the list of fame;
She wished to take her turn at pump, her precious life to save,
No sooner was her wish denied, she met a watery grave.

6 Our captain was washed overboard, into the boundless deep,
Which caused all who were on board for to lament and weep.
Unto the pumps we lashed ourselves, most dreadful for to know,
And many a hearty soul, my boys, then overboard did go.

7 All night in this condition we lay tossing to and fro,
At two o'clock next morning we were in the midst of woe;
Full twenty-seven men on deck, with each a broken heart,
The *Albion* struck against a rock and midship she did part.

8 And now this noble vessel, the *Albion* she is lost,
Which has so oftentimes the tempestuous ocean crossed.
Our noble captain he is lost, a man, a sailor bold,
And many a jolly life is lost and many a heart laid cold.

9 Our passengers were twenty-seven, when from New York we came,
Full twenty-five bold sailor lads as ever crossed the main;
Full fifty-four, we had on board, when first we did set sail,
And only nine escaped the wreck to tell the dreadful tale.

The ship *Albion*, Williams master, from New York to Liverpool, was wrecked on the Irish Coast, probably not far from Kinsale, at 4 A.M. of the morning of April 22, 1822. Among those lost was Professor Alexander Fisher,

of Yale College, the promised husband of Miss Catherine Beecher, elder sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Young recalled having read this in the life of Mrs. Stowe and reference to the volume furnished the date of the shipwreck. The song was immensely popular and still persists. We might have had numerous copies of it. One which was taken down from the singing of Mr. John T. White, of Brewer, Maine, was learned by him in his youth on Prince Edward Island.

THE *UNION* OF SAINT JOHN

Sent in, October 21, 1926, by Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, of Southwest Harbor, Maine, who took it down from the recitation of Mrs. Joan B. Moore, of Southwest Harbor, then eighty-seven years old. Mrs. Moore learned it when she was seven years old.

1 It was on the ninth of February,
Half past meridian
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

2 The weather was tremendous cold,
All mixed with snow and hail;
It was cold enough to take our lives,
Exclusive of the gale.

3 And then we reefed our topsail
And strove to haul her in,
Not knowing the awful danger
The lee shore did attend.[1]

4 We tried to take our courses in [2]
But that we could not do;
For the frost, with its congealing power,
Wrought our rigging so.[3]

[1] The lee shore is the shore upon which a vessel is in danger of drifting.

[2] *To take our courses in.* In a square-rigged vessel the courses were the sails bent to the lower yards. The *Union*, being a brig, was a small square-rigger.

[3] *Wrought our rigging.* The rigging was so stiff with ice that they could not lower their lower sails to relieve the brig, which was pitched over on her side (beam-ends) when the squall struck her.

5 When clearing off our foreyard
There came a dreadful squall,
Which knocked our bark on her beam ends —
Have mercy on us all!

6 Then Atkins to the foreward went
And the foremast cut away,
And saying, 'We shall founder;
For I've no means to try.'

7 The sea comes rolling o'er the hills
I see continually.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

8 And then to speak affectionately,
Alas! his glass was run,
He lashed himself unto the pump,
Whereafter he was seen.

9 There was one Captain Meader,
Who beheld the dreadful shock,
The *Union* on her beam ends
Three leagues off Mount Desert Rock.

10 The next day they boarded them,
And to their sad surprise,
While grief filled every heart, my boys,
And tears ran from their eyes.

11 Saying, ''Tis the *Union* of Saint John, my boys,
Full well I know them all,
When I think of their distresses,
It makes my blood run cold.

12 'When I think of their distresses,
It makes my heart to bleed —
One lashed and frozen to the pump,
One in the cabin dead.'

13 Then Atkins the solemn truth to you
And your seamen was
By all your bold proceedings
You have gain-ed much applause.

14 And now you're gone forever,
May God your soul receive,
But for your dear young widow,
Methinks I hear her grieve.

15 But do not grieve, young widow,
And think it thus so hard;
In the midst of all your trials
It's from the hand of God.

16 In the midst of your distresses,
I'd have you remember this,
That God he is the widow's God,
Father to fatherless.

17 And maidens, too, have lost their choice,
Perhaps their only care;
Their aching hearts in sorrow break,
Down falls the briny tear.

18 The brig was manned by eight brave men,
As good as ever tried;
Like sons of men they lived,
And sons of heroes died.

Of all the songs we have tried to find, none has been so hard to recover as this of the wreck of the *Union*. Mrs. Thornton secured this copy after it had been almost given up as impossible. Yet it once was one of the best-known songs in Maine. In the fifties it was sung in all the lumber camps. A soloist took the song while the crew after every stanza came in on a rousing chorus of

The *Union* of Saint John, my boys,
The *Union* of Saint John.

Yet forty years ago this chorus was all that could be salvaged from woodsmen of one of the most popular songs ever sung in the Maine woods. About 1904, Mr. Walter M. Hardy, in talking with Captain William Coombs, of Islesboro, learned that the *Union* was a brig, wrecked off the Maine coast at least as early as 1837. 'Uncle Billy' could recall only the words:

This is the *Union* of Saint John,
  Full well I know her mould;
When I think of your sad fates
  It makes my blood run cold.

The tiller extended out over the round house,
  And that was very rare,
With a goose-neck on the end
  By which the men did steer.

In 1925, Mr. Ben Moore, of Islesford, contributed two more lines:

The *Union* she lay on her beam ends
  Three leagues from Mount Desert Rock.

But not even the men of the Coast Guard Station at Little Cranberry, nor Captain King, of Baker's, whose childhood in the fifties was passed upon that desolate Mount Desert Rock itself, could add a line more. It was only very recently that Mrs. Moore, nearing ninety years of age, gave this version, which, though fragmentary, is far better than any we could have hoped to find.

B

'The Brig *Union*.' The original broadside, found by Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, Southwest Harbor, 1927, in an old scrapbook.

1 Come all ye jovial seamen bold, listen to what I write;
In ploughing of the raging main 'tis all our heart's delight.
While you landsmen safe on shore, no dangers do you know,
And we, like jovial seamen bold, go plough the ocean through.

2 You are always at home with your pretty girls, telling them
fine tales;
The hardest work that ever you done is down in your corn-
fields.
You have a roof to shelter you from all the showers of rain,
While we, like jovial seamen bold, go plough the raging
main.

3 It was on the ninth of February, half past meridian,
The weather was tremendous cold and clouds o'rcast the
sun;
The wind was N. by E. my boys, 'twas mixed with snow and
hail,
O, it was cold enough to take away our lives, exclusive of
the gale.

4 The wind was N. by E. my boys, when first the gale come
on.
Then under a reefed foresail my boys, three leagues to sea
we run;
We close reefed our topsails and strove to haul our wind,
We knowing the awful dangers on a lee shore would attend.

5 We tried to take in our courses but 'twas more than we
could do,
For the frost by its congealing power had froze our rigging
so;
In clearing off the foreyard, my boys, she received a dread-
ful blow
Which made us think that we all must to the bottom go.

6 It knocked her down on her beam ends, three minutes there
she lay;
Till Atkinson, he forward went, her foresail cut away,
Saying, we shall founder here, for I have no means to try,
The sea comes rolling o'er the wreck I see continually.

7 But though to speak affectionately, alas, his glass had
run.
He lashed himself unto the pump awhile after he was seen;

There was one brave sea captain that beheld the dreadful shock,
The *Union* on her beam ends three leagues from Mount Desert's Rock.

8 We tried for to board her, but that could not be done,
For the weather was tremendous cold and high the waves did run;
We sailed all around her and made what remarks we could,
Her pumps before the foremast, her round house painted red.

9 Her tiller reached over her roundhouse and that is very rare,
With a goose's neck upon the end, by which her men did steer;
Some more remarks our men did take, too many their fates I know,
Her foresail cut from the yard, two swivels on her bows.

10 The very next day we boarded her and to our sad surprise,
While grief filled every heart, my boys, and tears run from our eyes;
This is the *Union* of Saint Johns, full well I know her mould,
When I think on your condition it makes my blood run cold.

11 When I think on your distresses, it makes my heart to bleed,
One lashed and frozen to the pump, one in the cabin dead;
O, Atkinson, this is the solemn truth, to all you seamen was,
That by your bold proceedings, you've gained much applause.

12 But now you are gone forever, may God your soul receive,
But O, the poor young widow, methinks I hear her grieve;
O do not grieve, young widow, and think it is so hard,
For in the midst of all your trials, 'tis from the hand of God.

13 In the midst of all your trials, I'd have you remember his,
That God is the widow's God and father to the fatherless;
There's mothers too, who are crying aloud, what have I done,
I am deprived of all my joys, alas I've lost my son.

14 There is maidens too, have lost their choice and only dear,
With hearts full of sorrow, drowns their eyes in briny tears;
Our brig was manned with six brave boys, as good as ever tried,
Like sons of men they lived and like sons of heroes died.

15 Come all you brave sailors bold, come listen unto me,
Come and place your dependence on God wherever you may be;
We always have a jovial time when in God's name we trust,
And him who slights his mercy will be laid in the dust.

The book was already in the hands of the printer when this copy of this long-sought old song was sent in by Mrs. Thornton, who wrote: 'An old scrapbook was loaned to me last week and in it was pasted the old broadside containing this *Union* song. I have copied it exactly, punctuation, errors and all. The paper has the appearance of great age and there is a woodcut of a foundering ship on it and an elaborately designed border around the song, which is printed in very fine print. No name is given but at the bottom of the sheet it says, "Sold, wholesale and retail by J. G. Hunt at the Head of City Wharf, South Side." The scrap book was evidently made during the Civil War, but the broadside gives evidence of being older than that.'

J. G. and H. Hunt were well-known Boston broadside sellers, with a shop at the 'N.E. Corner of Fanueil Hall Market' during the thirties. This imprint would seem a little earlier than the usual one or than 'Hunts and Shaw'; apparently it is that of the elder Hunt when he

sold songs to sailors on the water-front. It does not appear on Ford's list and we have never seen any other broadside bearing the City Wharf address, which must be rare and may yet show that the wreck of the *Union* dates back into the eighteen-twenties.

THE LOSS OF THE *SARAH*

Taken down in August, 1924, from the recitation of Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, of Gott Island, Maine. In 1835 the *Sarah*, a packet sailing between Boston and Eastport, was wrecked off the Maine coast, and half of those on board were lost. The song was written soon after the disaster occurred.

1 Ye landsmen all, now pray draw near,
A lamentation ye shall hear;
A ship was lost on the sea,
It was the *Sarah's* lot to be.

2 In Boston harbor the *Sarah* lay,
Waiting for wind her speed to try;
The wind sprang up a pleasant gale,
And she spread forth a crowded sail,

3 To waft o'er her the briny deep;
The sea ran heavy,
The wind blew free,
How swift the *Sarah's* speed must be!

4 Ye who were thinking, and thought to see
Three days at most
Would land you safe
Your friends and wives for to embrace.

5 Mount Desert Rock it was well known,
A brilliant light thereon it shone;
And when this light it appeared in view,
Our captain very well it knew.

6 But Captain Pierce he didn't think,
Mistook that light to be Moss Peak,[1]

[1] For Moosepeak Reach Light.

Mistook that light which so long had shone
On Quoddy's Head, our eastern bound.

7 We brought our vessel to the wind,
And cast both anchors from the bow,
Thinking in safety there to ride,
Although the seas run mountains high.

8 She parted her chains and adrift did go,
The *Sarah* tosted to and fro;
The sea run heavy and drove her back,
And the *Sarah* soon became a wrack.

9 Thirty and two were the *Sarah's* crew,
And landsmen were all counted too;
Sixteen survived to reach the shore,
Sixteen are lost, they are no more.

10 Methinks I hear a widow cry,
Weeping and moaning bitterly,
She cries, 'Alas! I am undone,
I've lost a husband and a son.'

11 Now Captain Pierce, we have been told,
He was a sailor stout and bold,
He ploughed all over the raging waves,
But now the sea must be his grave.

12 Now God who rules the mighty deep,
His works and wonders to perform,
He plants His footstep on the deep,
And rides all over the thundering storm.

FIFTEEN SHIPS ON GEORGES' BANKS

A

Taken down from the singing of Mr. Henry Bunker, of Cranberry Isles, Maine, by Mrs. Alton Bunker, of Seal Harbor, Maine, and contributed in July, 1924.

1 Come all you bold, undaunted ones,
Who brave the winter cold,

And you that sail on Georges' Banks
Where thousands have been lost.

2 Come all you sad and grieving mothers,
And wives and sweethearts too,
Likewise you loving sisters
Who bade them last adieu.

3 'Twas on the first of February,
In eighteen sixty-two,
Three vessels sailed from Gloucester
With each a hearty crew.

4 The course they steered was east-south-east,
Cape Ann passed out of sight;
They anchored on the Banks that night,
With everything all right.

5 The thoughts of home and loving friends
Did fill their hearts full sore,
For well convinced were all those men
They'd see their homes no more.

6 No tongue can e'er describe the sea,
The sky was thick with snow;
Fifteen sails did founder there,
And down to bottom go.

7 One hundred and forty-nine brave men,
So lately left their land,
Now sleep beneath the Georges' Banks,
Those rough and shifting sands.

8 One hundred and seventy children
Those men have left on shore,
With seventy mournful widows
Their sorrows to endure.

9 I hope they will be reconciled
And not give up to grief,

There is a widow's God above,
And He will give relief.

10 There were many in the army,
And in the navy too,
Who mourn and grieve in private,
Who will sympathize with you.

11 You will at times think of home,
Of days that's past and gone,
When by their sides their husbands sat,
And cheerful was their song.

12 So now adieu to Georges' Banks,
That place I now despise,
For many a storm I've braved out there,
And heard the widows cry.

13 So bid adieu to Georges' Banks,
Dry up your tearful eyes,
Prepare to meet your God above,
And dwell beyond the sky.

B

'The Gloucester Gale,' or 'Georges' Banks.' Sent in by Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, of Southwest Harbor, October, 1926, as 'recalled by M. C. Gilley, of Southwest Harbor, who heard it sung in his youth by sailors and fishermen.'

1 Come all ye bold undaunted ones
Who brave the winter's frost,
And ye who sail on Georges' Banks,
Where thousands have been lost.

2 Come all ye grieving mothers,
Come wives and sweethearts, too,
Likewise ye loving sisters,
Who bade them last adieu.

3 It was in the month of February,
In eighteen sixty-two,

The vessels sailed from Gloucester,
With each a hardy crew.

4 The course they steered was east south east,
Cape Ann passed out of sight;
They anchored on the Banks next day
With everything all right.

5 But on the twenty-fourth at night
The gale began to blow,
The sea rolled up like mountains,
The ships rocked to and fro.

6 The thoughts of home and loving ones
Did grieve their hearts full sore,
Unwelcome news to many —
They would see their homes no more.

7 No tongue could e'er describe that sea,
The sky was filled with snow,
When fifteen sail did founder there
And down to bottom go.

8 One hundred and seventy nine brave men
So lately left our land,
Now sleep beneath on Georges' Banks,
That rough and shifting sand.

9 One hundred and seventy children
These men have left at home,
And eighty-two sad widows
The loss of husband mourn.

10 I pray that they'll be reconciled
And not give way to grief,
For there's a widow's God above
And He will give relief.

11 There are soldiers in the army
And in the navy, too,

Who knew and loved the lost ones
And will sympathize with you.

12 We'll bid adieu to Georges' Banks,
Dry up those tearful eyes,
For if we part upon this shore,
We'll meet beyond the skies.

C

Written down, 1926, by Mrs. Mary L. Cotton, of Orland, Maine, over seventy-five years of age.

1 Come all you bold, undaunted ones, who brave the wint'ry coast,
And you who sail on Georges' Banks, where thousands have been lost,
And all your grieving mothers and wives and sweethearts too,
Likewise your loving sisters, who bade you a last adieu.

2 I pray you give attention and listen now to me,
Relating to those noble men, who lost their lives at sea.
It was in the month of February, in 1862,
Two vessels sailed from Gloucester, with a hardy crew.

3 The course they took was east-south-east, Cape Ann passed out of sight,
They anchored on the banks that day with everything all right.
But on the twenty-fourth, at night, a gale began to blow,
The sea rolled up like mountain tops, the ships rocked to and fro.

4 The thoughts of home and loving ones did grieve their hearts full sore,
For well they knew that all on board would see their homes no more.
One hundred and twenty children these men had left on shore,
With seventy-two sad widows, this sorrow to endure.

5 I pray they will be reconciled, and not give way to grief,
There is a widow's God above, and He will give relief;
There are sailors on the ocean and in the Navy, too,
That knew and loved those lost ones and will sympathise with you.

6 So now adieu to Georges' Banks, no more the storms we'll fear,
But many a gale we'll brave on them, for wives and children dear.
So now I bid you all farewell, dry up your tearful eyes,
For, if you must parted be, you will meet beyond the skies.

'The Fisherman's Memorial and Record Book,' published in Gloucester in 1873, gives an account of this great gale of February 24, 1862, when thirteen vessels with their entire crews were lost and two other vessels were lost after the crews had been taken off. 'Many of the best skippers of the town were lost in the gale, as several of them were on board some of the vessels lost, having taken this trip because their own vessels were not quite ready to start. There were lost in this gale one hundred and twenty men and fifteen vessels, leaving seventy widows and one hundred and forty fatherless children.'

THE LOSS OF THE SCHOONER *MINERVA*

The greatest tragedy ever affecting the Cranberry Islands was the loss of nineteen men of the vicinity with the schooner *Minerva*, Captain Samuel Hadlock, Jr., master. The Islesford Collection contains the original bill of sale of a half of the *Minerva*, April 20, 1821, with her full description. We know that she was built at 'Crambury Island' in 1820; had one deck, two masts, was 64 feet long, 18¾ feet wide, and 7⅓ feet deep, about 75½ tons, 'square stern, no galliries, no figure head.' The half was sold for $1000 to Joseph Bunker, Jr., Elisha Young, Samuel Staples, and Thomas Bunker, all of

Mount Desert. In March, 1829, 'Old Cap'n Sam' Hadlock fitted her out to 'go down to the ice after seals.' Captain Sam Hadlock, Jr., and eighteen other men made up the crew. She was never heard from afterwards.

But though the fate of the *Minerva* and her crew was never known, that of her captain, Samuel Hadlock, Jr., was learned in a singular way. Years afterward Captain Joseph Stanley, of Northeast Harbor, fell in with two Eskimos who had witnessed Hadlock's burial and who knew the story of his death. The *Minerva* was fast in the ice-pan, with almost a full cargo of seal-skins; but the captain wanted a few more. He set out alone late in the day to hunt. A thick snow-squall came up, making it too dangerous for any one to leave the schooner to look for him. The next day he was found frozen to death. He was kneeling on one knee, with his gun held ready for a shot. The Eskimos, who were also hunting seals, saw a heavy weight tied to his ankles and his body sunk through a hole in the ice-pan. It is the last ever heard of the *Minerva*.

The following verses, printed as a broadside, of which several copies are known, was composed for Mrs. Hadlock, probably by the lay minister Ebenezer Eaton, to whom several have erroneously attributed the 'Lines on the Death of William Gilley,' who was also one of the *Minerva's* men. The verses can hardly be understood without explaining that Mrs. Hadlock was a Prussian lady, Dorothea Albertina Wilhelmina Celeste Russ, the daughter of Ludwig Russ, of Hegermuhle, a brass-founder of Charlottenburg. Her husband renamed her 'Hannah Caroline.' They were married in Charlottenburg, March 20, 1825. She married, 1839, Andrew C. Haynes, of Southwest Harbor, where she has many descendants.

1 Oh, Thou who reignest enthroned on high,
Who canst our wayward thought control,
Who art to all Thy creatures nigh,
Oh, calm the anguish of my soul.

2 Thy deep designs are good and wise,
Though not to thoughtless mortals known;
They are concealed from mortal eyes,
By clouds and darkness round Thy throne.

3 I would not of Thy will complain,
Nor e'er a murmuring thought impart;
But oh, I can't conceal the pain,
That deeply penetrates my heart.

4 Although I still have friends most dear,
And greatly do I prize their love,
Yet there was one more truly near,
And valued far the rest above.

5 We, firmly joined in wedlock's bands,
More firmly still by friendship's ties,
Had joined our hearts as well as hands,
And dreamed of future years to rise.

6 But ah, how shall I tell the tale?
In four short years our joys are o'er.
My briny tears can naught avail,
Nor from the deep my friend restore.

7 In winter's stern, relentless reign,
When fiercely howls the raging storm,
My husband dared the northern main,
Where fields of ice the seas deform.

8 A hidden rock or mountain wave,
Or crashing ice with fury borne,
Has brought him to an early grave,
And from my arms my husband torn.

9 For of his vessel's numerous crew,
Not one survives to tell their fate,
No one alive the moment knows
That closed at once their mortal state.

10 Of nineteen seamen who set sail,
Not one shall meet his dear friends more,
While many lonely widows wail
And orphans, too, their loss deplore.

11 That crew must end their voyage there,
No human arm could lend them aid,
No eye could see the death-bed where
Beneath the deep their bones are laid.

12 Long will the sea its motion keep
Fathoms above their coral bed,
But none shall wake them from their sleep,
Till the last trump shall wake the dead.

13 All day my mind oppressed with grief,
Laments my loss with ceaseless sighs,
And evening brings me no relief,
In dreams I see his image rise.

14 Far from my parents and my home,
With my loved husband did I stray.
We did through distant Europe roam,
And o'er the Atlantic find our way.

15 And though upon this western shore,
I've many friends both true and kind,
Yet none can that lost one restore,
For whom I left my native land.

16 Oh, Thou who art the widow's friend,
And who for us did bleed and die,
To me Thy grace in trouble lend
And show Thyself a helper nigh.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GILLEY

William Gilley was one of the crew of the ill-fated *Minerva*, Samuel Hadlock, Jr., captain, which went to the north in the spring of 1829 and never was heard from.

Two partial copies of the song, taken down, September, 1926, by the editors, show, when compared with the original broadside, that after almost a century the song is still known in excellent form. The less vivid stanzas have been weeded out, but the remainder makes a consistent whole.

Taken down, September 3, 1926, by the editors, from the recitation of Mrs. Emeline (Spurling) Bulger, wife of Mr. Enoch Bulger, of Big Cranberry Island. (The second copy was from the singing of Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, of Baker Island.)

1 My birth I received in this land,
My parents kind aid did afford
To bring me from childhood to youth
And teach me the fear of the Lord.

2 When nineteen long years had rolled round
In marriage I then did engage
With William, the man of my choice,
To spend all the rest of my days.

3 His beauty attracted my mind,
His friendship sank deep in my heart,
And I loved him no doubt quite too well,
But God saw fit we must part.

4 When he said he was bound to the sea,
These tidings bereft me of sleep,
I grieved in my spirit, and said:
'I cannot forbear, I must weep.'

5 My husband went out of my sight,
To me he has never returned,
Perhaps he now lies in the deep
While here I am left for to mourn.

6 The schooner has never been back,
Nor any the tidings to tell,
How much they endured on the wreck,
Nor how that their lives were expelled.

7 One night as I lay on my bed
My husband appeared unto me,
Part naked, part clothed, as I thought,
In trouble he then seemed to be.

8 Come all you who wish for good days
And pleasureful hours to see,
Just marry with Jesus your friend,
And widows you never will be.

Mrs. Bulger's father used to sing this song, and she had heard that the minister who preached the funeral sermon, sang it upon that occasion.

By the kindness of Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, of Southwest Harbor, we are able to give the original broadside, of which the preceding version is a traditional rendering. In the original the stanzas are not numbered.

LINES

Composed for Clarissa, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel and Elizabeth Gott of Mount Desert and wife of Mr. William Gilley who was married the 14th of January, A.D. 1829, and sailed the first day of March on a sealing voyage to the north with Captain Samuel Hadlock and has not returned.

Written by Mrs. Mary Lurvey Stanley of Cranberry Isles.

1 Come all ye young widows around,
Who are mourning the loss of your mates,
Attend ye to what I now say:
My heart it is swelling with grief.

2 My birth I received in this land,
My parents kind aid did afford,
To bring me from childhood to youth,
And teach me the fear of the Lord.

3 When twenty long years had rolled on,
In marriage I then did engage,

With William, the man of my choice,
To spend all the rest of my days.

4 His beauty attracted my mind,
His friendship sank deep in my heart.
I loved him no doubt quite too well,
For God saw it fit we should part.

5 A few months they had just rolled on,
When William from me sailed away.
His end I can never describe,
It is hid by the Ancient of Days.

6 When he told me he was bound to the sea,
The Tidings bereft me of sleep,
I groaned in my spirit, I said
I cannot forbear, I must weep.

7 The voyage was dangerous and long,
Exposed to the sea and the snow,
Which made me opposed to the thing,
That William, my husband should go.

8 My William went out from my sight,
To me he hath never returned.
Perhaps he now lies in the deep
While here I am left for to mourn.

9 Nineteen were on board of the bark,
The captain and all his brave crew,
It is not a fancy or dream,
The truth I declare unto you.

10 The Schooner has never been seen,
Nor any the tidings to tell,
How much they endured on the wreck,
Or how that their lives were expelled.

11 One night as I slept on my bed,
My husband appeared unto me,

Part naked, part clothed, as I thought:
In trouble he then seemed to be.

12 Now parents cry out for their sons,
Ten widows with me they can join,
And relatives far off and near,
Do mourn for the loss of their friends.

13 My friends they rise up all around,
My aching, sad heart to console.
But all their efforts are in vain,
My William I cannot behold.

14 Why should I indulge my complaints,
Or suffer my tears for to flow,
Since wisdom hath ordered my fate, —
My God saw it fit to be so.

15 Oh, Jesus, thou friend of mankind,
To thy gracious embraces I flee,
Accept such an offering as mine,
And make thyself known unto me.

16 Young ladies that wish for good days,
And pleasureful hours for to see,
Come marry with Jesus our friend,
And widows you never will be.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN FRIEND

Taken down in August, 1924, from the recitation of Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, of Gott Island, Maine. Mrs. Joyce, who was then over seventy years old, said that she had learned the song many years ago from her father, Mr. Gott.

1 Come all kind friends and pray attend
To these few lines which I have penned
Concerning Captain Elisha Friend,
Whose voyage on earth did early end.

2 His age it was but twenty eight,
When called to leave this earthly state;

How from his native home he died,
With no kind mother at his side.

3 From Brooklyn, Maine, he did set sail,
Being favored with a pleasant gale;
From Boston bound into Jacksonville,
His vessel with hard pine to fill.

4 The mainmast fell with sad surprise,
The vessel suddenly capsized,
His men they narrowly escaped,
Into the windward rail refuge did take.

5 While Captain Friend managed to abide,
And crawl along the schooner's side;
When to the foremast he had got,
He took his pocket knife and cut the lanyard.

6 And the foremast broke,
And the vessel rised up to float;
As soon as she came up to life,
He hurried and searched for his dear wife.

7 But to his unexpressible grief
Found she had drowned without relief.
Oh, who his feelings can relate,
Or verse imagine his hard fate,
Deprived of all that he held dear,
Whom he will never more see here?

8 The *Alabama*, steamship of fame,
Captain Fletcher, from Somerset came,
Beheld the schooner *J. W. Hale*
Dismantled in a heavy gale.

9 As his ship's crew drew near, he saved
Their bodies from a watery grave;
They waved the flag of deep distress
That thrilled through every seaman's breast.

10 On board the ship the schooner's crew
And Captain Friend it all pursue,
But Captain Friend was last to leave
The wreck, and for his Anna grieve.

11 She sank beneath the foaming tide
Eight months before her husband died,
From St. Domingo homeward bound
And mounting [1] sickness laid him down;
But pleasantly he bore it all,
Waiting the hour for God to call.

12 Death's messenger at length drew nigh
And summoned Captain Friend to die,
To leave this world of sin and pain,
And go where happy spirits reign.

13 His Anna there again to meet,
And all the heavenly company greet;
His voyage is o'er, his life is done,
The safest port is in the tomb.

LINES COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL SPURLING

Who was drowned in Somes Sound, October 20, 1837

Copied from the original broadside, framed and hung in the Islesford Collection, Islesford, Maine.

1 What mournful news invade our ears?
How the sad tidings spread!
Our noble, generous, worthy friend,
Is numbered with the dead.

2 Cheerful with health and every grace,
He left his happy home
On business, for a little space,
And shortly to return.

[1] *Mounting*, increasing.

3 But ah! he never more must see
His much loved, peaceful dome;
For He who rules the fates of men,
Saw fit to call him home.

4 For years he'd sailed the briny seas,
Where pirates cruise the main;
His valor drove their gangs with ease,
And seized their lawless gain.

5 And oft with skill and courage brave,
He fearless met the storm,
When demons of the ocean rave,
And all the deep deform.

6 But now the sea must be his bed,
Where mountains wall each side;
'Tis there he rests his peaceful head,
Beneath the flowing tide.

7 But ah! what pen can e'er describe
What his loved partner feels,
When to her pained and anxious ears,
A friend the truth reveals.

8 What anguish seized her breaking heart,
What bitter grief and pain,
That she and her loved spouse must part,
Never to meet again.

9 But faith can mitigate the smart,
And every pain beguile;
Jesus can heal your broken heart,
And cheer you with his smile.

10 And you, dear children, too, must mourn,
But be this understood —
Your Maker's will has called him hence,
A Maker wise and good.

11 And you, his loved companions all —
Brothers and sisters dear —
Your generous brother claims your grief,
His merit asks a tear.

12 His country's lost a patriot brave,
His friends a worthy friend;
But what his wife and children lost,
The muse dare not pretend.

13 But faith can raise the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And view our worthy friend on high,
A favorite of heaven.

A second copy was procured by Mrs. Seth S. Thornton through the kindness of Mrs. Frank Dolliver, of Southwest Harbor.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SMITH C. SPURLING

Contributed by Miss Evelyn F. Hamor, of Bar Harbor, Maine, 1926, from a copy preserved by her mother, who was a niece of Captain Spurling. Captain Smith C. Spurling, son of Robert and Mary (Stanley) Spurling, of the Cranberry Isles, was drowned in the Gut between the islands, March 15, 1859, in his thirty-fifth year. The following lines, of unknown authorship, are still referred to by many who can quote a little of them.

1 Come friends and neighbors, lend an ear,
A mournful story you shall hear,
Concerning of a brisk young man,
Who lies beneath the ocean's strand.

2 He took his boat at dawn of day,
Put up the sail and steered away;
To a rocky pass his course did lead
To shoot the birds that came to feed.

3 He soon with ease did reach the place,
In readiness the game to face;
But soon the boat it did capsize —
He dies, this noble sailor dies.

4 There, there, amidst the ocean's waves
He strives in vain his life to save.
His eye looks wild, he stretches wide,
He sees the boat near to his side.

5 With giant strength he seized the same,
The center thwart at once did gain,
Pulled out the mast, the boat did right,
And for a moment hope seemed bright.

6 But soon a mighty combing wave
Swept o'er the spot; no hand could save;
He sunk at once where none could see,
Where reckless waves shout Victory.

7 Smith C. Spurling was this young man's name,
His friends and kindred know the same,
They little thought he'd die so soon,
His morning sun to sink ere noon.

8 Thus man is born but for to die,
'Tis God who rules below the sky;
He measures life as by a span
And none can save us from his hand.

9 Then let us all consider well;
When death is near no one can tell;
He takes the weak, the strong, the bold,
He takes the young, likewise the old.

THE DEATH OF HERBERT RICE

From Captain Wilbert A. Rice, of Cranberry Isles, who loaned a copy of the original broadside and who said that the song was written by Charles Stanley.

LINES WRITTEN

On the death of Herbert A. Rice, who was lost at sea Nov. 1868.
Aged 18 *yrs.*, 9 *months*

1 Come all kind friends and neighbors too
And listen to a tale of woe

A fine young man is lost at sea
It was poor Herbert's lot to be.

2 When off Block Island our vessel lay
It was November the fourteenth day
The wind blew heavy the sea run high
Alas young Herbert was doomed to die.

3 As brave and gallant a lad was he
As sailed upon the stormy sea
But now he sleeps beneath the spray
Until the Resurrection day.

4 When to his parents the tidings came
Their hearts were filled with grief and pain
His father wept his mother too
And cried Alas what shall we do

5 I trust that they will find relief
And not give way to pain and grief
But look to God the Almighty one
And say thy will not ours be done

6 No more the voice of him we'll hear
No more our love with him we'll share
Then let our hearts to God be given
And meet around his throne in heaven

Herbert Rice fell from a jibboom in a heavy sea, off Block Island, and this simple song, set to a very quaint old tune from a songbook called 'The Dulcimer,' is still remembered and sung. In October, 1925, the editors took down the whole song from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford, and a second copy almost identical was taken down the same year from Mrs. Enoch Bulger, of Cranberry Isles. Captain Spurling's first stanza ran:

Come list ye landsmen all to me,
And hearken to a sailor's woe;

A fine young man was lost at sea,
It was poor Herbert's lot to go.

The remaining stanzas had only slight verbal differences from the broadside.

LINES ON THE FALL OF TWO GIRLS FROM NEWPORT MOUNTAIN, AUGUST 3, 1853

Written by the father of the girl who was killed, William S. Douglas, a Methodist preacher, born in Scotland; printed in the 'Mount Desert Herald' for May 27, 1887; contributed by Mr. J. Sherman Douglas, Lamoine, Maine, the grandson of the author.

Champlain Mountain (formerly called Newport) is in Lafayette National Park.

1 Historic muse whose ponderous book
Contains the facts of ages past,
Thy office is with watchful eye
To mark their current to the last.

2 How vast the sphere of thy command,
What themes within thy knowledge fall!
Or joy, or grief, or gain, or loss,
Thy faithful pen records them all.

3 Accept the tribute which we bring,
Nor let our tears unheeded flow,
Those guardians of our children's weal
Partake of a parent's woe.

4 Yon mountain, rising to the east,
Hath oft embraced the morning ray,
But never in his long, long reign
Beheld the close of such a day.

5 The sun had turned her western way
And left the shadows in the vale,
And all was lonely, till the scene
Was changed by sorrow's fearful wail.

6 Grandfather's name with piteous cries
Rolled sad along the craggy steep,

Grandfather ran and rescued her,
While one remained in her last sleep.

7 Night came, — dark night, and all was well,
Save when the breezes made their moan,
Or when the neighbors' footsteps broke
The silence reigning through the gloom.

8 They said, 'She may be yet alive,
We'll go with lights and bring her home.'
But she was laid in death asleep,
Where man nor beast had ever come.

9 The fishermen on Frenchman's Bay
Beheld the fires, but did not know
That friends were seeking for the lost
Amid the rain on Newport's brow.

10 Well might the heavens weep that night,
Sweet innocence lay in her flood;
But unrelenting, ragged rocks
Were only footsteps to her God.

11 The morning came, Lucretia's fate
Was still in deep, dark mystery bound.
Elmira Connors said she lay
Above the place where *she* was found.

12 The neighbors stood with awful gaze,
And looked upon the fearful cleft,
Then at the peril of their lives
They found the trust with angels left.

13 With mournful pleasure we have left
Her dust with Him who that will save,
And ask of death, where is thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

14 As when some cloud o'erspreads the sky,
And throws its darkness all around,

Yet leaves the verdure green behind,
So may this Providence be found.

15 Infinite goodness cannot err,
Infinite wisdom does no wrong,
Good when he gives, good when he takes,
His rule deserves our constant song.

16 Submission to a Father's hand,
This lesson well becomes our heart,
Through life's brief day O may we seek
And find by grace the better part.

THE STORY OF THE RETURN OF THE *E. A. HORTON*

A LITTLE group of songs about the recapture of the American schooner *Edward A. Horton* from the Dominion authorities, in 1871, needs a rather extended review of the attending circumstances. At the time, the affair was one of national interest, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the United States Government being actively engaged, with the possibility of the Dominion Government not remaining passive.

How high feeling can run over a matter apparently so trifling can best be understood by those who have lived upon the border. It sometimes seems as if the intervention of Divine Providence saves the diplomats from dangers which they do not know exist. We may cite an incident never before in print, which happened at the time when Richard Olney, Secretary of State for President Cleveland, delivered his ultimatum to Great Britain upon the Venezuelan complication. There was then living in Eastport an old British man-of-warsman, who may be called 'Tom Kane,' a man who, like several others of his class whom the writer has known, hated England bitterly. Taking advantage of the tense situation, he resolved to bring on a war with England all by himself. He took his fishing boat, put on food and water for several days and a small cannon, and then, nailing a United States flag to the mast so that it could not be lowered, he started out in winter weather all alone, cruising to find the Dominion revenue cutter, the *Curlew*. He planned to meet her in Canadian waters, and, when ordered to lower his flag, to refuse. She would fire a blank at him, to which he would reply with a shot from his own little gun. Then the *Curlew* would sink him. And firing upon the United States flag by an English Government vessel would

surely bring on war with England. For about three days and nights 'Tom Kane' cruised Passamaquoddy Bay, hunting the *Curlew;* but a dense winter vapor blanketed the bay, and for lack of food and water he had to come back. The senior editor was living in Eastport at this time and her husband knew 'Tom Kane' personally. Though not a parallel case, the recapture of the *Horton* shows how wide a circle the act of one man may set in motion. Fortunately the Dominion Government decided to ignore the *Horton* incident.

This account of the *Horton* affair is condensed from information furnished by Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, of Gott Island, off Mount Desert, who knew the old songs; from her brother-in-law, Mr. Dennis Driscoll, of Gott Island, who was in Gloucester when the *Horton* came in, and who learned the songs at the time; from her brother, Captain Lewis Freeman Gott, of Bernard, who had seen the *Horton* and knew the circumstances; and from the practically contemporary account in 'The Fisherman's Memorial and Record Book,' published in Gloucester in 1873, less than two years after the event.

'The seizure of American vessels by the officers of the Dominion Government, for alleged violation of the old treaty which restricted our fishermen from pursuing their calling within an imaginary three-mile line from the Canadian shores, caused a vast amount of ill-feeling during the season of 1870–71 and '72, as well as in previous years, when attempts were made to enforce it,' says the 'Memorial.' There was no redress before the Canadian courts, and our own Government, in the worst days of the Grant Administration, offered no protection. Fishermen forced into Canadian harbors by heavy weather, or seeking the necessary bait, were subjected to all sorts of annoyances, insults, and expenses. The Gloucester firm of McKenzie, Knowlton and Company had had one vessel seized in 1870, and early in September, 1871, their schooner, the *Edward A. Horton*, a new vessel of 66.5

tons, built the year before, was taken under particularly irritating circumstances. She was lying to off 'Cape Jock' (Cape John), Nova Scotia, when the cutter *Sweepstakes* came out of the harbor, pretending to be mackerel fishing. 'She walked right up to the *Horton*, under her lee, put a crew aboard of her and took her through the Straits of Canso to Guysboro.' The *Sweepstakes* was armed and had two men to the *Horton's* one, which was taken by surprise, with no chance of either escape or resistance. The *Horton* was returning from the Bay of Chaleur, where she had been fishing and was merely waiting a chance to get through the straits.

But Captain Harvey Knowlton, Jr., one of the owners of the *Horton*, realizing that his own right arm was better to rely upon than the arm of the law, conceived a plan of extraordinary boldness which only a man of unusual force could have made successful. He resolved to go down to Nova Scotia and take the vessel away himself. According to the 'Fisherman's Memorial,' he left Gloucester September 20 and arrived at Manchester, Nova Scotia, four miles from Guysboro, where the *Horton* lay, on September 27. It is possible that in the mean time he had met the *Mary Burnham*, one of the vessels owned by his firm, which had been in the Bay Chaleur with the *Horton;* for Mr. Driscoll said that some of the men with him in the undertaking were from the *Burnham*. 'In order to disarm suspicion,' says the 'Memorial,' 'he went to mining.'

A fisherman posing as a miner seems too grotesque to believe; but Captain Gott explained this. He wrote:

> When Captain Harvey Knowlton was a young man he got the gold craze and was a 49-er in California. The knowledge and equipment he acquired there enabled him to pull the wool over John Bull's eyes and pass off as a gold prospector, when in 1871 he went down to look things over before trying to get away with the *Horton*. After he came back from California he settled in Glouces-

ter, Massachusetts, and soon became master of a fishing vessel. He made many successful trips to the Bay of Chaleur for mackerel. He was what they call a 'killer.' When he had acquired considerable wealth, he went into business on shore and put other captains into his vessels and continued to send them to the Bay of Chaleur until the *E. A. Horton* was captured for fishing within the three-mile limits.

This also fully explains how Captain Knowlton happened not to be recognized by any one.

Working quietly for several days, Captain Knowlton got six American fishermen, Daniel Richards, John Kenney, Charles Webber, D. Isaac, Malcolm McCloud, and Peter Gillis, to volunteer for the retaking of the *Horton*. On October 3, he and his men walked from Canso to Guysboro, eighteen miles, taking great precaution not to be observed and arriving after dark. Captain Gott says that he 'kept his men in hiding at a friend's five miles out from the city, but himself passed for a gold prospector until he learned all he could about the situation.' He found the *Horton* tied up to the wharf, her rudder still hung, but her sails stripped off and placed in a warehouse. There was no watchman about her. He learned the channel, the stages of the tides, the place of storage of the sails; but he could make no provision for either food or water for his crew. However, the *Horton* had been refitted only two days before she was captured and the authorities, as it was learned later, had not removed her stores.

On Sunday night, October 8, when a fresh northwest breeze was blowing, Captain Knowlton started with his men at 9.30 P.M. and walked into Guysboro, reaching there just as the church clock struck eleven. They waited silently until the last light was out and the town had settled to slumber. In silence they broke open the warehouse and took out a suit of sails, which they supposed were the *Horton's*. They had these partly bent

before they found they fitted another vessel, and they had to make another search in the dark for their own. They bent them on the quickest way and then found the vessel was still aground, though the tide was on the flood. It was after one o'clock at night, but they could not move her. A warp was got out and the vessel hove astern, and between the rising of the tide and the help they could give, they got her under way about half after two in the morning, with scant time to make her offing before the loss must certainly be discovered by the early-rising fishermen.

Great was the tumult in Guysboro when it was found that the *Horton* had cleared in the night, without charts or nautical instruments, except a compass. But great as was the stir in the Province, still greater were the efforts of the now aroused American Government to prevent her recapture. The armed steamer *Fortune* was sent out of the Charlestown Navy Yard with an officer aboard who was specially instructed to take the *Horton* in the name of the United States and to hold her as 'a derelict without papers' — in which remarkable definition of 'derelict' probably appears the sagacious General B. F. Butler, who greatly interested himself in the case. So far from being 'abandoned by the owner,' the usual definition of 'derelict,' the *Horton* had that very able mariner at her wheel and was less likely to obstruct navigation than any other vessel afloat on the high seas at just that time. The cutter *Leyden*, the cutter *Mahoning*, the cutter *McCulloch*, and the revenue tug *Hamlin* were all cruising with orders to bring the *Horton* into an American port at any hazard. But she came in alone, without protection or assistance. The 'Memorial' says:

> On Wednesday evening [October 11] at about half-past seven o'clock, the booming of cannon at Rocky Neck announced that the *Horton* had arrived. The news quickly spread through the town, and there was great rejoicing. Guns were fired, the bells were rung, and Young America

paraded the streets with drums, horns, and torch-lights, firing pistols and having a general jollification, which was kept up till midnight. All over the town the cry was heard that the *Horton* had arrived. . . . Salutes were also fired Thursday morning and evening. There was also a display of fireworks, and a band, accompanied by a large procession, paraded the streets, playing patriotic airs. At eight o'clock a congratulatory meeting was held at the Town Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Benj. H. Corliss, Esq., was chosen chairman, and made a speech, reviewing the many grievances of our fishermen, and the constant course of aggravation and aggression maintained by the Dominion Government. . . . Mr. Corliss presented Capt. Knowlton and his crew the sum of $1000 which had been subscribed by the citizens of the town as a mark of esteem, and a slight testimonial of the great service they had rendered the fishing interests in thus daring to take possession of the *Horton*. The speaking was interspersed with music and the meeting was a lively one in every particular, and fully demonstrated the sentiment of this community on the fishing question.

The excitement of the *Horton's* recapture continued for several weeks, as it was rumored that efforts would be made to run her out some night. . . . Two of the local poets gave very vivid and interesting descriptions of the *Horton* affair, and the effect produced upon our people, which are well entitled to a position in this narrative.

There follow two songs, one of which was brought to Maine by Mr. Dennis Driscoll, who learned it in Gloucester at the time. The other has not been found here. But a third and a better one was common on Mount Desert and the outlying islands. And there is yet a fourth song, in James B. Connolly's 'Out of Gloucester' (Scribner, 1908), which purports to be one of the *Horton* songs. This, however, cannot be an authentic fisherman's song, since it reproduces the story with the false names given in Mr. Connolly's stirring, but disguised, story, called 'The Echo of the Morn.'

Whether for purposes of art, or because he did not

wish to write history, Mr. Connolly has written his true tale as fiction. He has changed the '*Edward A. Horton*' into '*The Echo of the Morn*,' with different names for her owners, captain, sister ship, and place of internment; has given the captain a large crew, who overcome a number of watchmen and police and escape from the harbor between two Dominion cruisers, by whom he is chased almost into the harbor at Gloucester, with much else that is his own invention. The song, which reproduces these details, cannot be one made up at the time, or even later, by fishermen. But he has written a vivid story, full of color, and the picture he draws of the skippers ashore singing the song of the escape of *The Echo of the Morn* deserves to be placed beside the true songs of the actual occurrence. His hero Wesley Mars tells the story:

> Then there was three days and nights more when they didn't know where she was. So all Gloucester came running down to the docks when the word was passed that she was home. 'The *Echo's* in — the *Echo's* in,' was ringing all over Gloucester like a fire alarm. . . . Yes, sir, they wrote songs about it — half a dozen or more — and City Hall was lit up and bonfires in the streets — in the middle of Maine Street, man. And there was parades with red and blue and green lights and all kinds of queer fireworks. . . . We was given the freedom of the city, which meant that you could go into any bar-room in Gloucester and order all the drinks you wanted and as many as you wanted and not be allowed to pay for 'em. Hiram cert'nly got drunk that week. There was a purse made up and we got a hundred and fifty dollars apiece out of that, —
>
> And you sing one of the *Echo's* songs — the one they sung at the big banquet.
>
> 'Drive her, Wesley, drive her!' voiced Sylvie for the bunch, 'and stand by all hands while Wesley sings.'
>
> So Wesley sang. His attitude was characteristic — left hand deep in his waistband pocket and right hand gripping his glass; one shoulder to windward and feet well

apart, to meet the heave of the deck evidently, eyes bent on the lookouts at the forem'st-head and a voice pitched to reach that same forem'st-head with certainty, against a fresh and rising breeze — standing so, as if he were to the wheel, Wesley sang the ballad of *The Echo o' the Morn.* Twelve or fourteen good stanzas there were, the plain tale of the fo'c's'le poet, who must have held in high esteem the vessel and her crew and those very able auxiliaries, 'Crump' Taylor and 'Soudan' McLeod:

> 'From the loft we took her sails, and bent 'em in the night,
> And sailed her out of harbor with cutters left and right.'

So Wesley sailed the *Echo* again, omitting not a single course of that lively vessel nor a single order of the audacious Billie, sailed her from the dock at Barnsley, out of the harbor, down the coast, off to La Have Bank, westerly again, across the Bay of Fundy and into Massachusetts Bay till at length he sailed her up the harbor of Gloucester and rounded her off to the owner's dock, very proudly, with colors flying, to main peak and both trucks. Wesley's fellow-skippers entered heartily into the chorus. 'Drive her, boys, drive her — give her a full now and drive her,' they said. And under Wesley's pilotage they drove her. . . . With feet well braced and bodies swaying, the skippers roared the toast after a fashion that must have carried every syllable of it to every awakening sleeper in the block. They themselves liked the effect of it so well that they sang it over again, and it was to the long roll of one particularly sluggish line, 'To every blessed plank and bolt and every blessed beam of her,' that they heaved themselves out and down a side street. From here with the rhythmic tramp of mariners ashore, they bore sutherly till they wore into the main street, chaunting all the while.

That is the way fishermen sing. And when you have heard a great song sung that way, sung as Captain Archie Spurling sings 'The Stately Southerner,' you remember that you have heard something as much a part of out-of-doors as the great winds of heaven — and yet it is art.

COASTWISE SONGS

THE fishermen and sailors on coasting vessels sang the deep-sea chanteys and 'lee-shore' songs, but they had others all their own, some of which are given in this group. Generally they are light-hearted songs of the cook, the crew, the praise of the smart vessel and smarter captain they sailed with, or in condemnation of the old hooker, which came near to sending them all to bottom, and of her stingy owners. The group of songs about the *E. A. Horton* has already been discussed. 'The *Nancy*, Banker,' as it is called along the coast is still sung, although not enough to make a perfect copy obtainable. 'Bracey on the Shore' and 'Old Joe' are keen neighborhood lampoons, now in a green old age, of about fifty-five and seventy-five years respectively. The others are genuine fishermen's songs of a sort which must have existed by scores everywhere along the hundred harbors of the Maine coast.

THE *HORTON'S* IN!

Three different songs may all be put under this title, since all have to do with the same event.

I

'The *Horton's* In!' By 'Old Locality.' From the 'Fisherman's Memorial' (Gloucester, 1873).

A

1 The day retired serene and fair,
The lights came glancing here and there,
While gently swung the twilight down
On Rocky Neck and Gloucester town.

2 The pulse of business life is still,
From Gardner's Brook to Beacon Hill,

On wharf and fish-yard, beach and bay,
The calmness of the evening lay.

3 Boom! and the cannon's voice rang out;
Boom! and a mingled cheer and shout,
With drum and trumpet, swelled the din,
'The *Horton's* in! the *Horton's* in!'

4 Safe from the lion's angry paw,
Safe from the lapdog's snapping jaw,
Hurrah! Cape Ann is sure to win —
'The *Horton's* in! the *Horton's* in!'

5 Hurrah! hurrah! rose loud and shrill,
From Duncan's Point to Banner Hill;
And Front and Park and Middle streets
Passed on the tidings to the fleet.

6 Hurrah! hurrah! for Yankee wit,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Cape Ann grit!
It's pluck and dash that's sure to win —
'The *Horton's* in! the *Horton's* in!'

7 Here's three times three for the Captain, then,
And three times three for his gallant men;
For the strong and daring, free and brave,
The olive-branch and the laurel wave.

B

The same, taken down in 1924 from the recitation of Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, Gott Island, Maine, whose brother-in-law, Mr. Dennis Driscoll, learned it in Gloucester in 1871, when it was first written.

1 The night retired serene and fair,
And the lights came glancing here and there;
And gently swung the twilight down
On Rocky Neck and Gloucester town.

2 The pulse of busy life is still,
From Duncan Point to Banner Hill;

On wharf and fish-yard, beach and bay,
The calmness of the evening lay.

3 The boom and the cannon's voice rang out,
The boom tones echoed shout on shout;
While torch and trumpet swells the din,
'The *Horton's* in! the *Horton's* in!'

4 Safe from the lion's angry paw,
Safe from the lapdog's snapping jaw,
It's pluck and dash that's sure to win,
'The *Horton's* in! the *Horton's* in!'

II

'The Escape of the *Horton*.' by 'Yankee Ned.' From the 'Fisherman's Memorial' (Gloucester, 1873). This has not been found in Maine.

1 Under the canopy of blue,
Under the starlit sky,
They crept — the daring, manly crew —
To cut her out or die!

2 Into the store they climb,
With darkness all around;
Their nimble fingers quickly find
That every sail is sound.

3 With hank and halyard stout,
Her wings were bent anew —
Those gallant lads they ran her out
Across the waters blue.

4 Away from Scotia's shore,
With cruisers on her lee,
She travels o'er the deep once more,
To Cape Ann's port — she's free!

5 Old Eastern Point is dead ahead,
And the skipper's home in sight,
With flying colors she is sped
Safe into port at night.

6 The spirit true of 'seventy-six
Lives in the land to-day;
Thank God! — and no Dominion cliques
Shall bar the Yankees' way.

III

'The *E. A. Horton*.' Taken down, 1924, from the recitation of Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, Gott Island, Maine, who learned it of Mr. Dennis Driscoll, who learned it in Gloucester when it was first composed upon the return of the *Horton*. In 1926, Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, of Baker Island, repeated several lines of it and Captain King, of Baker Island, had known it. This song is not in the 'Fisherman's Memorial.'

1 Ye sons of Uncle Samuel, come listen for awhile,
I'll tell you of a captain that was made in Yankee style;
Of the schooner *E. A. Horton* and the bold undaunted band,
Commanded by brave Knowlton, a true son of Yankee land.

2 Now the schooner *E. A. Horton* in the British harbor lay;
She was taken by the *Sweepstakes* while cruising in disguise;
Our treaty they rejected, our government defied,
They captured our fishermen, now, Johnny, mind your eye!

3 On the eighth day of October, in the year of seventy-one,
Our bold, undaunted heroes the daring work begun.
Said brave Knowlton to his comrades: 'If you will follow me,
We'll take our vessel back again, whate'er the cost may be.

4 'We'll stand by one another, like brothers brave and true,
We'll show those thievish Britishers what Yankee blood can do.'
While Johnny's sons were sleeping, with red ruin in their brain,
The sons of Uncle Samuel took their vessel back again.

5 On the next Monday morning, when Johnny looked about,
He found his gold prospector and the *Horton* had stepped out;

And now the news began to penetrate the Britishers called so thick,
They finally acknowledged 'twas a bold and Yankee trick.

6 Now the schooner *E. A. Horton* and the gallant band are free
From the New Dominion government and many miles at sea;
While the news of her recapture are circulating round,
Our gallant sons of freedom to their native land are bound.

7 Now, Johnny, there's a jolly time in Gloucester tonight;
The heavy guns are firing, the torches burning bright,
And the band plays 'Yankee Doodle' and it makes the welkin ring;
Young Americans are shouting, 'The *Horton* has got in!'

8 Of the New Dominion government I warn you to beware;
Why don't you join the treaty and settle this affair?
And learn to do by others as you'd have them do by you,
And not abuse your neighbors, as Old Johnny used to do?

This song no doubt was adapted from 'Johnny Bull,' a prize-fighting song upon the fight between Sayres and the Benicia Boy (John C. Heenan) which took place April 17, 1860. That song was a great favorite, both with woodsmen and with fishermen. It contains expressions, like 'Johnny, mind your eye,' which, with the similarity of meter, indicate that this song of the *Horton* went to the familiar tune of 'Johnny Bull.'

THE CUTTER *WATER LILY*

This was written by Captain Samuel P. Cousins who was born in Trenton, Maine, in 1830, and followed the sea from 1841, commanding coastwise vessels and acting as pilot. At the suggestion of Longfellow, who saw some of his poems, he made a manuscript volume of them which he carried with him in the pilot house of various steamers. Some of his verses have been printed in the 'Boston Transcript' and in several Maine papers, includ-

ing the 'Mount Desert Herald,' the 'Ellsworth American,' and the 'Eastport Sentinel.' 'The Cutter *Water Lily*' was printed in Griffith's 'Poets of Maine,' from which it is here copied.

1 Were I a 'ready writer,' I would the praises swell
Of the cutter *Water Lily*, her mighty deeds to tell;
Of her cruise to Campobello, and of her most daring feat,
That one important capture from the Yankee fishing-fleet.

2 The Captain of the cutter had heard from Ottawa
That the wise-heads there assembled had lately passed a law
Not to sell another herring to the overbearing 'Yanks,'
For baiting British codfish on Canadian fishing banks.

3 Then the Captain of the cutter in a hurry rushed on board,
In one hand he held a pistol, in the other hand a sword;
'Get your anchor quick!' he shouted in the first lieutenant's ear,
'Take a drink to raise your courage, and for Campobello steer!

4 'There's a Yankee lays at anchor, buying bait, the people say,
We will capture him or sink him — he cannot get away,
And when the Queen shall listen to our deeds of bravery
She will make of you a Captain, and of me an R.C.B!'

5 They found the Yankee schooner, and they anchored handy by,
And the Lion of old England at the Jack-staff they did fly;
Said the Captain of the schooner, — 'What made that critter come
To this part of Campobello? I guess he's after *rum!*'

6 Said the Captain of the cutter, 'Double shot your heavy gun,
For I fear the "blarsted Yankee" is all prepared to run;
Get your cutlasses and pistols, lower the quarter-boats away,
And board the Yankee schooner in a brave and dashing way!

7 'They are armed with forks and fish-knives, and are devils in a fight;
With a sudden rush we'll conquer — 'twill be a splendid sight!
I did mean to lead the boarders, but at this moment find
I've a pain across my stomach, and shall have to stay behind.'

8 Then they rushed on board the schooner, and 'Victory!' they did shout
Till the Yankee skipper questioned, 'What is all this fuss about?
I wish you'd mind your business, and let us buy our bait,
For I am bound to Georges' and can't afford to wait.'

9 Then said the brave 'leftenant,' 'Why, blarst your Yankee eyes!
Don't you know you are a prisoner? this schooner is our prize!'
Up spoke the Yankee captain then, — 'If you take this craft away,
Your one-hoss, knock-kneed government will have the bills to pay!

10 'When I arrive at Gloucester you'll hear from me again,
I'll take my case to Butler, whose maiden name is Ben;
He will make you "pay the piper," because he knows more law
Than all the English mutton-heads that fool round Ottawa!'

A SIMPLE BALLAD

Published in the 'Eastport Sentinel,' of Eastport, Maine, January 4, 1871.

1 A tall and hearty fisherman for Campobello Island
Resolved to try his luck, so first he called his friends to smile [1] and
Cheer him up to meet his fate, his heart already quaking,
Before he tried the bark canoe hired for his undertaking.

[1] 'To smile,' in the slang of the Civil War times, was to take a drink of liquor.

2 Then straightway darting from the wharf, that fisherman did steer
For the bold harbor named De Lute that leads to the inter-in
Of Campobello, and therein did disappear
In search of herring, fresh for bait, and other such 'small deer.'

3 But on this 'foresaid island dwelt a disappointed sailor,
Who for a confiscated sloop had long been a bewailer,
He watched for months, and eke he swore with sailor's animosity
That for his confiscated sloop he'd yet have reciprocity.

4 So when this mariner of ours, whose name it wasn't Higginson,
Hauled safely to the other shore, and deftly there did begin soon
To buy four hundred thousand herring, more or less, for bait;
Down came this Campobelloite in all his vengeful hate,

5 And says to our young fisherman, — he says to him, says he:
'Does you think this 'ere false pretense can come it over me?
I knows a little of these laws, and knows enough to see fine,
If you've a different idee, introduce it with a trephine.'

6 Then out spoke our young mariner, 'A stranger here I stand,
Accused of buying herring in this here British land!
If the Judge had one idea, it would save my children nine
And my wife from untold sorrow — where, oh where is a trephine?'

7 They hunted high — they hunted low — they marched, they ambuscaded,
Until the thorns their pantaloons had fearfully abraded;
All, all in vain, — it was no go — and so they went away,
Returning to the Court to hear what the Judge would say.

8 His honor hummed — his honor hawed — you might have
heard a pin fall,
Only, there being no women there, no chance was of such
windfall;
Then he dipped his pen, and wrote this judgment; sapiently
said he,
'Buying 'errings 'ere hunlicensed, is hundoubted larceny.

9 'But for this 'ere attempt to hinfluence this court,
By the use of those strange himplements of that houtlandish
sort,
The law is hunmistakable, hexplicit, as you see,
And is nothing less nor more than arson in the third
degree.'

THE CRUISE OF THE *NANCY*, BANKER

The text of this Cranberry Island song was taken down in 1924 from Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, of Gott Island, with later emendations in 1926 by Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford.

Captain Spurling said that the song was written when he was a boy by Melvin R. Drew, who taught school on the Big Cranberry Island. He went one trip to the Banks with Captain Sam Moore in the *Village Belle*, which he has here renamed the *Nancy*, out of compliment to an attractive young lady living on Baker Island. The song was much sung in the later sixties. In spite of all the editors have been able to do, it still contains defective verses and some nonsense lines. It is singular that in so many stanzas it is the first line which is missing. Having failed everywhere to discover the original words, we have inserted some weak substitutes in brackets to fill out the stanzas.

1 Sailor mates, come here abaff
And listen to me awhile,
I'll sing you a song of a fishing craft
That hails from a sea-girt isle,
That hails from a sea-girt isle, my boys,
That hails from a sea-girt isle,

2 Where the little cranberry grows
In the mountain's shadow and lee,
And the tint of the blooming rose
On the cheeks of the girls you see,
On the cheeks of the girls you see, my boys,
On the cheeks of the girls you see.

3 No stauncher banker swam the brine
Than the *Nancy*, I trow,
From her royal truck to her water-line,
From her rudder-post to her bow,
From her rudder-post to her bow, my boys,
From her rudder post to her bow.

4 [She wore her painted name]
Where the gilded stern doth curl,
And a mast-head white as the stocking-leg
Of a Cranberry Island girl,
Of a Cranberry Island girl, my boys,
Of a Cranberry Island girl.

5 We shaped our course for the outer grounds
And steered her east by south,
No craft was there more richly found
With grub for a hungry mouth,
With grub for a hungry mouth, my boys,
With grub for a hungry mouth,

6 With grub for a hungry mouth;
For I heard our skipper say:
'My crew shall be fed on gingerbread
And plum duff every day'—
And plum duff every day, my boys,
And plum duff every day.

7 So cheerily we sailed down the bay,
While the summer sun does burn,
The freshening gale, so light and free,
From the isles it lay astern,
From the isles it lay astern, my boys,
From the isles it lay astern.

8 With a handkerchief red
We waved her out of sight,
As far from Dolly's Head,[1] my boys,
As Baker Island Light,

[1] Dolly's Head is Dolly Bulger's Head on Big Cranberry Island.

As Baker Island Light, my boys,
As Baker Island Light.

9 The wild wind blew and the creamy spray
Flew into our leward rail,
Yet she held her course like a Yankee sea-horse
And cracked on all her sail,
And cracked on all her sail, my boys,
And cracked on all her sail.

10 [The livelong day from morn till night]
From jibboom, main and fore
She spread to sight a cloud as white
As the skirts of the girls ashore,
As the skirts of the girls ashore, my boys,
As the skirts of the girls ashore.

11 As scarce had the day begun to dawn,
We gained the anchored fleet,
Let go the halyards by the run
And tautened every sheet,
And tautened every sheet, my boys,
And tautened every sheet.

12 [We swung her nose into the wind]
And furled her canvass snug,
With the 'Oh, heave ho!' her anchor goes
To hunt for the deep-sea mud,
To hunt for the deep-sea mud, my boys,
To hunt for the deep-sea mud.

13 As scarce had the fish begun to bite,
It grieves my heart to tell,
The wind so light increased in height
And the sea begun to swell,
And the sea begun to swell, my boys,
And the sea begun to swell.

14 [The sea began to swell, my boys,]
And a sea-sick crew were we;

No use, alas! for the Island girls
To sit with cross-ed knee,
To sit with cross-ed knee, my boys,
To sit with cross-ed knee.[1]

15 It blew, it blew, it blew,
For many a weary day,
Our scuppers spouting right and left
And the Cranberry pumps in play,
And the Cranberry pumps in play, my boys,
And the Cranberry pumps in play.

16 [All hands of us we manned the pumps]
We strove to keep her free;
Not hearts, but pumps, were our best trumps
In the case of emergency,
In the case of emergency, my boys,
In the case of emergency.

17 So there we lay upon the Banks
Throughout that dreary storm,
Till the bones of the beef — 'twas hard of belief —
Made the water shoal around,
Made the water shoal around, my boys,
Made the water shoal around.

18 ['If we don't soon quit this berth,']
Our leadsman was heard to say,
'We'll raise an obstruction here
In the mouth of Thunder Bay,' —
In the mouth of Thunder Bay, my boys,
In the mouth of Thunder Bay.

19 [But there she pitched and rolled,]
While her decks was washed with foam.
All hands and the cook so visibly shook
And wished themselves at home,
And wished themselves at home, my boys,
And wished themselves at home.

[1] Sitting with crossed legs was a charm, but no one can explain it, though two were found who remembered it.

20 And every pitch the *Nancy* made
She sous'd her jibboom under;
Her halyards clue came from the flue [1]
And snapped with a crack like thunder,
And snapped with a crack like thunder, boys,
And snapped with a crack like thunder.

21 [And then one day the Old Man cried,]
'Stand by to trip your anchor!'
And so I-oh, it ended O,
The cruise of the *Nancy*, banker,
The cruise of the *Nancy*, banker, boys,
The cruise of the *Nancy*, banker.

A copy of the song was submitted to Mrs. William Doane Stanley, of the Big Island, who was the Nancy of the song, who said that after the schoolmaster left he sent her the song as a joke. 'It's all there was of it — and more too' was her comment.

THE *MARIA T. WILEY*

Contributed in January, 1926, by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, of Gardiner, Maine, who says it was 'taken down from the lips of an old Monhegan fisherman.' Mrs. Richards also gave the air.

1 Come all you Wiscasset sailors,
I pray you lend an ear,
I'll sing you a ditty
You never did hear.
It's of the *Maria T. Wiley*
From Wiscasset came,
And her noble commander,
Charles Coffin by name.

Chorus.
With my do-ri-li-oo
Do-ri-li-oo,
The *Maria T. Wiley*,
And here she comes too, too.

[1] No one could explain this remarkable nautical phrase.

2 Charles Coffin's her Captain,
Ward Pulcharn's her Mate,
They were two drunken devils
The crew did all hate.
They'll lay in their berth,
And they'll cuss and they'll damn,
Saying, 'Turn out every hearty,
Turn out every man.'

3 This brig she had brick
And hay in her hold,
And how like the devil
This brig she did roll!
She rolls and she splits,
And she ships the salt seas,
Not one of her crew
Does she at all please.

4 Savannah, Savannah,
We arrived there at last,
All into the dock,
And we made all things fast.
Here's success to the Captain,
Three cheers for the crew,
And here's hoping good wages
For me and for you.

THE SEALERS

'The trip of the Seal Fishermen, from the time they left port till they got back, and never dropped their anchor,' is the title conferred by Captain John T. White, recently from Murray Harbor, Prince Edward Island, now of Brewer, Maine, from whose singing it was twice taken down, July, 1925, and again January, 1926.

1 Come all ye good people, I pray lend an ear,
Who wish to go seal-fishing in the spring of the year;
There was two schooners and two sloops in the Pool where we lay,
Being well-manned and rigged and would soon sail away.
To me raddy for the diddle all the day.

2 'Bloody decks to her dashers!' [1] the children did cry,
As the schooner, the *Tiger*, was ready for sea;
So we all bid adieu to our sweethearts and friends,
And I hope it won't be long till she'll be loaded to the bends.[2]
To me raddy for the diddle all the day.

'Now they are going to start.'

3 Our course it being southeast for three days and three nights,
When the Captain cries out, 'Look ahead for the ice!'
We hove her about, stood her in for the land,
And in less than three hours we were solid in the jam.[3]
To me raddy for the diddle all the day.

4 While the cook was getting breakfast every man took a dram,
With his bat [4] upon his shoulder jumped out upon the pan; [5]
With their bats upon their shoulders so merrily they go,
Every one showed his action without missing of a blow.
To me raddy for the diddle all the day.

5 While some they were sculping [6] and others hauling-to,[7]
Every man showed his action without missing of a blow;
In the dusk of the evening when all came on board,
We counted nine hundred pelts in the hold.
To me raddy for the diddle all the day.

6 So it's now we've got our cargo, and we're all safe and sound,
So it's now we've got our cargo, it's homeward we are bound;
With the wind about southeast, and the sky very clear,
We will never drop an anchor till we drop it right down there.

[1] *Dashers:* could get no definition; it was so he learned it.
[2] *Bends:* the waist, amidships. [3] *Jam:* ice-floe, packed ice.
[4] *Bat:* club for killing the seal. [5] *Pan:* ice-pan, flat, unbroken ice.
[6] *Sculping:* literally scalping, here skinning the seal.
[7] *Hauling-to:* bringing the pelts aboard.

To me raddy for the diddle all the day.
With the wind about southeast, and the air very cool,
We will never drop an anchor till we drop it in the Pool.[1]
To me raddy for the diddle all the day.

'A true trip, about sixty years ago. I was very wee, wee then, and it was new then, just happened. I heard a man from Newfoundland sing it, and the next morning I had it all right myself. . . . Yes, I guess they went out from Newfoundland, it wasn't from The Island. They had a fair wind out, northwest, and they got a fair wind back, southeast. This must have been made up from the mate's log. I've been mate myself and kept the log, it's all so. When they wanted to get men to go sealing, they would sing this song. Most likely they made it up on board before they got back to the Pool.'

THE *EASTERN LIGHT*

Taken down in October, 1925, from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford, Maine, who learned it many years ago on board a fishing vessel. The *Eastern Light*, 70 tons, was built in 1866 and was owned by Maddocks and Company, of Gloucester.

1 'Twas of my sad misfortune in eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
I shipped on board the fisherman right off a drunken spree.

2 The *Eastern Light* it being her name, as you may understand,
We were bound away on a salt trip to the Banks of Newfoundland.

3 Our Captain's name being McCloud, the truth to you I'll tell,
He was a jolly Irishman, I 'spose you all know well.

[1] *Pool:* the dock. 'You see *dock* wouldn't make a good rhyme with *cool*, so they said *pool* to make it come out right.' *Pool* is not uncommon for a closely landlocked harbor.

4 He had a jug of rum on board that mustered the whole of our crew,
And we drank the health of the Gloucester girls when bidding them adieu.

5 Then Eastern Point we rounded by, left Thatcher's far behind,
We kept her east-south-east, my boys, the Grand Banks for to find.

6 And on our passage going out we were busily employed
Rigging up our fishing gear the halibut to decoy.

7 It's now we're anchored on the Banks our trials do begin,
The way the crew's all serving me I think it is a sin.

8 They had their choice of dories, and they chose their trawls likewise;
If I opened my mouth to say a word, 'twas 'Damn!' and 'Bugger my eyes!'

9 We cruised all o'er the foggy bank the space of eighteen days,
We boarded a couple of Frenchmen, no brandy could we raise.

10 The halibut they were getting scarce, we run our cod-fish gear,
McCloud he says, 'I'll fill her up, if it takes a half a year.'

11 So early in the morning the cook he loudly bawled,
'Come, jump and get your breakfast, boys, and go and haul your trawls.

12 'You'll have hardly time to light your pipe when over your dory goes,
You'll have to make three sets today no matter how it blows.'

13 'Twas Saturday the tenth day of June, the Captain he loudly shouts,
'Come, jerk along your dories, boys, we'll break the anchor out.'

14 'Our provisions they are getting scarce, no longer can we stay,
So give her the big mainsail, we'll get her under way.

15 'Now mind not lose a buoy line, an anchor or a knife,
For if you do it will be charged to you, now you can bet your life.

16 'And when you stand your watch, my boys, be sure and stay on deck,
If anything should happen you'll find it on your check.'

17 So now the anchor's on the bow and we are homeward bound,
And when we get in Gloucester we'll pass the glasses round.

18 We'll go down to Johnny the Lager and have a regular tight,
We'll drink the health of the Gloucester girls, success to the *Eastern Light.*

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE

Taken down, October, 1925, from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford, Maine, who learned it when a boy, fifty years or more ago, on board a fishing schooner.

1 'Twas on the twenty-fourth of March we got under way,
Bound to the Western Bank [1] on a bright and sunny day;
The wind was off the land and clear was the sky;
That night we shot in Portland Dock [2] — Root, hog, or die.

[1] *The Western Bank:* 'A fishing bank off Nova Scotia, perhaps 350 to 400 miles from Gloucester. They used to go there for cod, hand-lining them; now they go for halibut.'

[2] *Shot in Portland Dock:* that is, laid the vessel alongside the dock.

2 'Now, boys, bring down your stores and fix them all complete;
Bring up your fishing lines and fix your fishing fleets.'
The Captain came on board and 'Ready!' was the cry;
'We'll move down Hog Island Roads [1] — Root, hog, or die.'

3 'Now, boys, bring up your water-casks and carry them up on shore,
And fill them up with water till they will hold no more;
Then hoist up the boat, boys, we'll have another try
To get up on the Western Bank — Root, hog, or die.'

4 We hoisted up our sails and the wind began to blow,
We cleared up our decks and then went below,
We tumbled in our bunks but scarce shut an eye,
When 'twas, 'Turn out and reef, boys, — Root, hog, or die.'

5 We tumbled from our bunks, regard to no brain,
One says unto the other, 'I wonder if it rains,'
'It rains like the devil,' the other quick replied,
'And we will have to oil up [2] — Root, hog, or die.'

6 Now we've got her close fore and aft, and we will go below,
The wind is to the eastward and like the devil it does blow,
We beat about and banged about and never saw the sky,
At last we shot in Port Latoun [3] — Root, hog, or die.

7 We bargained with old Carter for to get some wood;
He said he had a-plenty and that 'twas very good;
He said he had a team he would send down bye and bye,
And help us get it to the boat — Root, hog, or die.

8 Bye and bye the thing he called a team came rambling through the field,
'Twas nothing but a goose-pen tied on to a pair of wheels,
And as for the driver, I would rather be he than I,
'Whoa! gee! drive them straight!' — Root, hog, or die.

[1] *Hog Island Roads:* 'They used to go there to fill their water.'
[2] *Have to oil up:* to put on oilskins.
[3] *Port Latoun:* Port La Tour, Nova Scotia.

9 And now I've sung you all about his farm and his stock,
I'll sing you about his girls, for he has quite a flock;
He's got one, she stands full eight feet high;
She doesn't favor wearing hoops — Root, hog, or die.

10 Now I says unto the cook, 'Make haste and bear a hand,
And we will take a walk on this Nova Scotia land.'
As we were going up the road two girls we did espy,
Sitting down upon a log — Root, hog, or die.

11 Now I wish you'd seen the cook, I think likely 'twould ha' made you stare,
For I thought he was as bashful as Timothy, I declare,
But if those rocks could speak as well as you and I,
Some one would be jealous at home — Root, hog, or die.

CAPTAIN WASGATT

Sent in, October, 1926, by Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, Baker Island, Maine.

1 Captain Wasgatt in the *John*
He just got home from Thomaston;
He fitted out, so they say,
To go fishing in Frenchman's Bay.
Fol-di-ri-dol-diddle,
Dol-di-ri-dol-diddle,
Dol-di-day-dol.

2 The crew, as you will understand,
Was Bill and Sam and Sally and Dan,
And now and then a point or two
And Captain Wasgatt makes the crew.
Fol-di-ri-dol-diddle, etc.

3 It being a fine summer day
They all went on board and got under way
To run her down to the Porcupine,[1]
And anchored her in half a line.[2]
Fol-di-ri-dol-diddle, etc.

[1] The Porcupines are three islands near Bar Harbor.
[2] *To anchor in half a line* means about thirty fathoms.

4 The hake began to strike [1] around
And Sal caught one that weighed ten pound;
Her heels went up and her head went down
And [she] thought to the Lord that she would drown.
Fol-di-ri-dol-diddle, etc.

5 Says Daniel: 'Don't you be alarmed,
We'll get a rope right under her arm;
Then alongside we will let her swim
And run our tackle and hoist her in.'
Fol-di-ri-dol-diddle, etc.

6 Sal says: 'I'll go home and see my grandma,
Tell her the time I had with the hake
And make her bake me a ginger cake.'
Fol-di-ri-dol-diddle,
Dol-di-ri-dol-diddle,
Dol-di-day-dol.

THE SEAL HARBOR WHARF

These lines were composed by 'Uncle' Jimmie Clement, an aged resident of Seal Harbor, Maine, for the hoisting of the American flag when the steamer *Mount Desert* made its first landing at the new wharf in 1882. It was a great occasion, celebrated by the townspeople with suitable exercises.

This is a fine wharf,
It stands on a fine spot.
God bless the owners
And all they have got.
It bears a fine prospect,
And stands in from the sea;
The steamers will come in
With their helms to the lee.

Surely these simple lines deserve to be preserved, for every summer the hundreds of visitors who land at this

[1] *The hake began to strike:* that is, to bite.

'fine wharf' have reason to be grateful to the residents of Seal Harbor for having built so good a one.

BRACEY ON THE SHORE

For many years this very local song has been one of the most popular songs on the Cranberry Islands, and it is still sung, especially on winter nights when the men are gathered round the stove in the store. It is said that the Spurling brothers can sing forty verses of it. Nevertheless, when asked for it by the collectors, no one could remember any of it, and it was only by heroic efforts that a few stanzas could be pieced together. Two years later, Mrs. Emeline (Spurling) Bulger, of the Big Island, very kindly gave us all of the song she could remember, and the date and name of the author. It was written, she said, by Mrs. Mary (Bulger) Hamor, of the Big Island, who is now dead, soon after she herself married Mrs. Hamor's brother, Enoch Bulger, which was July 28, 1871. The song, therefore, has been sung for considerably over fifty years. It went to the popular tune of 'Brennan on the Moor.' For years its authorship was kept a secret, although every one knew and sung the song.

The wreck occurred on 'Jimmy's Point' of the Big Island, which makes the right-hand guard to 'The Pool,' as you enter. A strong easterly drove the schooner hard on the sea-wall, half a mile from the captain's home on The Pool. The vessel was heavily insured and it was thought that little effort was made to save her, although, with the makings of a first-class scandal aboard, it is hardly likely that she was wrecked on purpose so near the captain's own home. Aunt Darkis was Mrs. Dorcas Bunker (1793–1873), wife of Benaiah Bunker. She was a Pung of Marblehead, hence possibly her favorite exclamation, 'I vanny!' Her daughter, Cordelia Bunker, in 1842, married Amos Howard, of Deer Isle. February 25, 1864, their daughter, Cynthia Howard, married Lewis H.

Bracey, of the Big Island, son of David and Hannah (Young) Bracey, of Otter Creek. He died in Cuba, January 31, 1877, at the age of thirty-three. Thus all the persons mentioned were well known in the places where the song was most sung.

Text taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Enoch Bulger, Big Cranberry Island, September 3, 1926, with some additions from fragments previously taken down from her brothers, Captains Archie S. and George Henry Spurling, of Little Cranberry Island.

1 It was of a young seacaptain, on Cranberry Isles did dwell;
He took the schooner *Arnold*, I suppose you all know well.
She was a tops'l schooner and hailed from Calais, Maine;
They took a load from Boston to cross the raging main.

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

2 He arrived to Cranberry Island and anchored off the Point;
The wind was to the east'ard, a-blowin' feather-white.
The *Arnold* dragged her anchor and drifted on the Bar;
They tried all means to get her off, but couldn't move a spar.

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

3 They had a little miss on board, I do not know her name,
They took her out of prison, all down to Calais, Maine.
They say she was part Indian, but that I do not know,
But when the *Arnold* struck adrift, it proved her overthrow.

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

4 They say that Captain Boardman has just arrived in town;
He says that Captain Bracey is the biggest rogue he's found.
Up speaks the other gentleman and says we'll have to stop,
For she's loaded with gin bottles from her keel up to her top.

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

5 Cynthy took a firkin full and lugged them way round home
To decorate her cupboard all in the no'theast room.
She says: 'Now dearest Lewis, pray do not drink no more,
For folks are talking very bad all down around the shore.'

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

6 They say that Mrs. Howard has got a case of gin;
She deals it out for medicine to cheat the eyes of men.
Aunt Darkis says, 'I vanny! I think it's very good
To have a little whiskey, when Amos's cuttin' wood.'

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

7 He has left the Cranberry Island and gone to Calais, Maine,
He's bought a pa-tent cookie to travel all through Maine.
They say he paid five hundred — I think it's very dear;
He'd better took the money and laid it out in beer.

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

8 The way he's got his living is smuggling tea and gin,
Across St. Stephen River up to Bar Harbor, Maine.
And now it's Captain Bracey, I'll tell you what to do;
It's leave off drinking whiskey and hugging the women, too.

Bracey on the shore, Bracey on the shore,
Bold and undaunted stood Lew Bracey on the shore.

OLD JOE

This song, which tells of the matrimonial venture of an old man and a young girl who was afraid of not getting married unless she 'took up' with old Joe, is still sung and enjoyed on the islands. Old Joe Bunker lived on Big Cranberry Island, and his descendants, as well as the descendants of Sarah Ann Bulger, also of the same island, who always enjoy talking about the affair and reciting or

singing the song for any one interested, are glad to have it perpetuated as a bit of Cranberry Island 'folk-lore.'

A composite text, made up from the words, with chorus, sent in by Mrs. Enoch Bulger, of Big Cranberry Island, Maine, in 1924, and from the recitation of Mrs. Lucinda Fernald and that of Mrs. Nathan S. Stanley, both of Little Cranberry Island, Maine.

1 There was a wealthy Irishman
On Cranberry Isles did dwell,
He had a handsome daughter,
Old Joe he loved her well.

Chorus.
And sing ti-re-um, sing tu-re-um,
Sing ti-ro-edle-o-a.

2 Old Joe went down to Bulger's
To ask him his consent,
Sarah Ann she packed up her clothes,
And over to old Joe's she went.

3 Now Bulger thinks it is first rate,
And Dolly thinks so too,
That Sarah Ann should have a home
Down there with Captain Joe,

4 Because he's got a barrel of pork,
And fifty weight besides,
And then there is a large firkin of rice,
And a bushel of beans likewise.

5 Now I've got my consent
There's nothing more I want,
And Bulger shall have a hundred fir poles
That's over in the swamp.

6 Now we will get married,
And nothing more to do,
And I will get a certificate,
And then we'll put her through.

7 On the twenty-second of February.
In eighteen fifty-three,
Old Joe he took Sarah Ann
For his wedded wife to be.

8 Said old Joe unto Sarah Ann,
'The folks may laugh and talk,
But you shall have one half of my land,
And the schooner called "The Fox."'

9 Sarah Ann is pretty lively,
And Katie she looks down,
And Sammie he goes crying
All around the town.

10 Says Sarah Ann to Katherine,
'O, Katie, don't you know
That I shall have a first rate home
Down along with Captain Joe?'

11 Sarah Ann she loved John Gilley,
And William Stanley too,
But for fear of not getting married,
She took up with old Joe.

12 Now what will William Stanley say
When he comes to hear of this?
Oh, he will jump up and pull his hair,
And then he'll smite his fists.

13 Now Sarah Ann is married,
I suppose you all do know,
And when she has a baby,
She will surely call it Joe.

14 But when Joe he gets a jug of rum,
He makes Sarah Ann stare,
He'll make her curse and rue the day
That ever she went there.

15 Come all you Cranberry Island girls,
Take warning now by me,
Never marry an old man
When your true love's gone to sea.

Sarah Ann Bulger, daughter of Michael and Dolly (Newman) Bulger, married, February 22, 1853, as second wife, Joseph Bunker, son of Joseph and Ruth (Cousins) Bunker, who was then fifty-six years old and who had ten children by his first wife, Abigail Gilley. He was thirty-four years older than Sarah Ann.

THE POSSUM SONG

The Possum Song is well known all along the coast eastward of Mount Desert Island, and we are told by a resident of Cutler that the song originated on board a coasting vessel that sailed out of Cutler, with Bradford Ollimore as captain. 'Other verses were added by local "poets" until the song became quite lengthy. Naturally some lines found their way into the song that were sung only among sailors.'

A

Contributed in 1924 by Mrs. Verner Gilley, of Islesford, Maine, who said these verses were only a fragment of a much longer song.

1 There's a tribe down in Cutler called Possum by name,
And God only knows from what nation they came;
With an old dog along they shoulder a gun,
And down to Long Point like Injuns they'll run.

2 They cruise on the shore from morning till noon
In hopes of an old-squaw duck, dipper or loon;
If one of these fowls they chance for to kill,
Their houses with Possums are instantly filled.

3 Then they all live well till it's gone,
Happy while with it, contented with none.

There's Ed, Rile and Luther, old Thad and young Sam,
Ham, Rube and old Freeman at the head of the gang.

4 If into a near house you chance for to peep,
One of these Possums you're sure for to meet,
Looking half-starved, half-fed, no clothes,
A-shiverin' and a-shakin' with a drop to his nose.

B

Sent in by Mr. C. G. Aldrich, Cutler, Maine, in 1927, who procured it from a number of the older people who recalled snatches of the song.

1 There's a tribe now in Cutler called Possum by name,
And no one can tell from what nation they came.
'Tis with an old dog they'll shoulder their gun,
And down to Long Point like Indians they'll run.

2 They'll cruise on the shores from morning till noon,
In search of an Old Squaw, a Dipper or Loon.
If one of these fowl they chance for to kill,
The house then with Possums will immediately fill.

3 There's Eb, Rube and Luther, Old Theod and Young Sam,
Hence, Rile and old Freeman, who's head of the gang.
If they do kill a Loon, they'll live till it's gone,
Happy are they with it, contented with none.

4 If into an ale-house you chance for to peep,
One of these Possums you'll [be] sure for to meet;
Half starved and quite naked for want of some clothes,
Shivering and shaking with a drop to his nose.

5 It's off to Machias old Aaron would run,
He'd shoulder his jug to get full of rum;
When he'd get back the Possums would meet —
'Welcome home, brother Aaron, it's now for a treat.'

6 I've travelled this country through city and town,
But the likes of these Possums I never have found;
For when everything fails the Loons are at hand,
And it's off to Machias all for to dig clams.

'The Possum Song originally included the hunting loafers, of whom there were many; but of late years the prevailing impression includes the "Maker tribe," or family. A few years ago, and within my remembrance, even to whistle or hum the tune when some were present meant a sharp rebuke to you. But of late, little or no offense is taken by any of the "Tribe" when they hear it. I have no doubt but the song has an interesting history, could we know it all.'

THE FUNCTION OF THE SINGER

THE poet, as Francis Thompson said, is too often 'a man who makes the worst of both worlds.' The singer who attains a reputation can get the best of this world — after the baseball idol, the football hero, and the prize-fighter have had their first pick at the laurels. In the lumber camp and on board ship, the man who is both poet and singer can reach all the highest honors. His literary occupation does not suggest effeminacy to the men he lives among. As in the olden, the golden, days of the bards, in camp or at table, the poet is the best man there.

He has, or used to have, a function. As a social unit both lumber camp and ship were primitive and pre-Homeric in their simplicity. The man who could sing a good song contributed to their enjoyment; but the man who could make one was the historian of the season's work, the chronicler, the annalist of the whole operation or drive or voyage.

In that song of the teamsters and horses at Grindstone, written in 1926, we have an illustration of his office as historian. What are 'The Burning of Henry K. Robinson's Camp,' 'The Sandy Stream Song,' and others, but an attempt to record the history of some event which except for the song would soon have been forgotten? What are Larry Gorman's verses on his winter's work in 1873 and his nephew Mike Gorman's 'The Drive on Cooper Brook,' in 1893, but chronicles of historical events fifty years apart? We do not know what has been lost in these forgotten songs of camps and crews and operations and drives; but they must have been numerous. The woods poet was the only historian of the woods. Where will you go for any exact information about what went on in them? In losing those old rhymes of camp and

shanty and tote-road we have lost the history of a great and epic movement of industry.

The shipping was also epic and had its own verse-makers, who wrote of voyages made, of captains good and bad, of mates and cooks. Some of the songs that remain are merry ones, like 'The *Dreadnaught*' and 'The *Maria T. Wiley*' and 'The *Eastern Light*'; but chiefly those that have been held in memory are the sadder ones of shipwreck and disaster. The storm that strewed the shore with wrecks found many to record the mournful tales, more to remember them. Many of these rude verses have never been put down on paper that we know, yet after almost a hundred years some one is still found to sing the story.

How many songs did these singers know? A hundred was not a great number to hold in mind. David S. Libbey could count up to very nearly three hundred, and two hundred was not unusual. Mr. William W. Tibbetts said that one night he and another man wanted to see which could sing the most songs, and they sang all night; he sang one hundred and twenty-five songs. Mr. Fred Bowden said that his grandfather used to know one hundred and fifty songs, and his uncle, the late Livy Penney, of Hancock Point, was 'a close second.' One man wrote that he knew five hundred and fifteen songs, — but many of them had no words! He was an old-time fiddler and counted in his dance tunes.

'I was never much of a singer,' said one, 'but I could make some sort of a *noise*, and I used to lie on my back and keep it up all night; but after I got married, I forgot all that.' And this is the common explanation for having forgotten songs, that the better the wife, the more likely one is to forget a great part of what was once known; they take to hymns and Sunday-School melodies when there is a woman to play the organ on evenings at home.

'One night,' said another, 'a fellow in camp bet me a

new red jersey that I couldn't sing fifty songs running and all on 'em different. I tell you I kep' it up all night, and never any part of the same one over again. And I could ha' sung some more, too, only he said he was satisfied that I'd earned that jersey good and fair, an', if it was just the same to me, he'd like to ketch a wink of sleep before breakfas'.'

At his best estate, the country singer was like the ancient bards, the conservator of traditions and the teacher of history. He it was who sung of 'Brave Wolfe,' of 'Lovewell's Fight,' of 'Paul Jones,' of the '*Constitution* and *Guerrière*.' A hundred years ago there was not much to American history except a number of individual adventures which stood out against a background of open sea or unbroken forest; and these few American historical songs, with their shipwrecks and mournful songs and local jests, their old English ballads and newer English and Irish songs, made up the repertory of the singers.

The manner of the earlier singers must have been brought from over the seas, for it was precisely what is recorded to-day of rural singers in England. The English testimony [1] is the same that Celia Thaxter wrote more than a half-century ago of a much earlier period upon the Isles of Shoals. Of one old man of her childhood days she says that he 'would sing you ballad after ballad, sitting bent forward with his arms on his knees, and his wrinkled eyelids screwed tight together, grinding out tunes with a quiet steadiness of purpose that seemed to betoken no end to his capacities. . . . At the close of each verse he invariably dropped his voice, and said, instead of sung, the last word, which had a most abrupt and surprising effect, to which a listener never could become accustomed. . . . One could but wonder whence these queer tunes came — how they were created; some of them reminded one of

[1] Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, in *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vol. I, p. 140.

the creaking and groaning of windlasses and masts, the rattling of rowlocks, the whistling of winds among cordage, yet with less of music in them than these natural sounds.'

Those were the old singers, with their store of ancient songs, still to be heard now and then singing in the same way, with the same spoken ending of the song. It mattered not whether a stanza had three lines or five, in some way it was ground out to the accommodating tune and reached the end of it at about the same time by stop-watch timing. Some one who had heard the old hermit Greenleaf Davis, of Shin Pond, near Patten, sing one of his songs, wrote: 'One would suppose that this went to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket," but instead it went to one of his own, which beggars description.'

But there came the era of the traveling singing master, when everybody learned to sing by note. 'It used to be a crime not to sing in camp in those days,' writes one old man. Another man, recalling days in the lumber camps of Maine wrote: 'How those fellows could sing! That was one of the things I enjoyed in eastern Maine — the singing. Nearly any lumberman, or for that matter other person, could read music at sight, and nine out of ten had good voices.'

'We are in the generation after the good old days,' writes R. G. Leonard, of Bangor, 'and while I have heard many of the songs I was not steeped in camp life and they could not mean as much to me as they did to those hardy old-timers. I listened, enjoyed, and forgot.... Samuel T. Porter, a nephew of Colonel Joseph Porter, knew many of those songs and was one of the best singers of his day. One year George Brann took charge of a camp at Nicatowis for me, and Samuel T., as we called him, cooked. We had some men and teams from Bangor, and some of the fellows were good singers. Of course George Brann knew Sam and planned when the time

came right to show the boys some real woods opera. He said one Sunday he had been over to Unknown Stream on a tramp to see the country and when he got back Sam was washing up the dishes and humming the old songs. George knew the time had arrived, so he said to Sam, "I want you to show these boys what real singing is." Samuel agreed. After his work was done and his pipe lighted he got his old chair (made from a sugar barrel), propped it back with a stick of wood and commenced. For over an hour the deep silent places of the woods were never quieter than that audience. Sam was an artist and his art was recognized and appreciated. He never sang again. It was near time to break camp, so he rested with his honors. Sam was a good singer, a good cook, a good woodsman, a good river-driver. I felt bad a couple of years ago when I heard he had gone.'

SONGS OF THE PIONEERS

HERE are a few songs which we have wished to include because they give the background of the life of the early settler. 'America's War of Independence' is a battered piece of history, but it shows the pioneer striving to bring up his children as patriots. 'The Life of Nicholas Thomas' is a famous song, known to many by reputation, though they may never have seen it. There is nothing else like it, and it is a human document of high value. 'The Bear Hunters of 1836' is an authentic story, still told by the older residents of Mount Desert Island. Not so 'The Moose Hunt,' though it shows the characteristic humor of the pioneers. And last of all, we give the rare little 'Chinkapin,' which we never have seen in print. After hearing this many a small boy on Mount Desert, with the beauty of the mountains behind him and the sea calling in front of him, must have turned a deaf ear to both and have dreamed of hunting buffalo on the prairies with Captain Beau.

AMERICA'S WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

Taken down in August, 1924, from the recitation of Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, seventy years old, of Gott Island, Maine, who learned it many years ago from her father and thought that it was written in 1813 'by a man, named Macomber.'

1 Come all you young Americans,
Come here my children, I'll rehearse
What wonders God has done
Here in this howling wilderness
Before that you were born.

2 A land of plenty and of ease,
With joy you called your own;
A land of liberty and ease
A kingdom scarce could own.

3 But have not you heard them tell,
Have not your fathers told,
How many thousand victims fell,
In blood their garments rolled?

4 Oh call to mind Columbus' voyage,
Who first this land espied;
Who but the Lord could be his guide
Through raging winds and tide?

5 Perils by land, perils by sea
They often passed through,
To gain the land of their abode
Which now belongs to you.

6 'Twas sixteen twenty our English fathers fled,
But Plymouth was a barren place,
Yet they the Lord would praise
For treasures that lay in the sand,
Abundant in the seas.

7 After this a number more
Went off from the British Isles,
But oh, their views were not the same,
They were a cruel band.

8 To steal and rob they were engaged,
The poor Indian's store,
And get the Indians in a rage
For to proclaim no more.

9 From time to time the war increased,
And the Indians raged and yelled,
But the poor saints their God would praise
Though thousand victims fell.

10 To see the numerous ships of war
Come then driving all around,
And threatening vengeance from afar,
On our defenseless town,

11 Our harbors blocked, our towns and plains,
Oh, what an awful sight
To see the poor Americans
In trouble take their flight!

12 And then pursued by British ships,
All armed and tutored well,
Oh, could we have one glimpse of hope
When thousand victims fell?

13 Females and males and children too
Fell in their barbarous hands,
And hired another savage crew
To take them to Till End.

14 Then this year sickness prevailed,
And almost every tent;
Many deserted from their friends
And to the Britons went.

15 And many poor souls
Fell in the hands of that inhuman crew,
I can't describe by tongue nor pen
What sufferings we went through.

16 Two hundred miles I came, or more,
With a large family,
And may I the name of God adore
For his supplies to me.

17 And as I traveled round from town to town,
And islands of the sea,
No church nor minister could find,
And fellowship with me.

18 But I believed there was a God,
And he was on his way
To bring down sinners by his word
The Gospel to obey.

19 As I set musing on the road,
How sweet the moments roll,
I saw a man clear as noonday
That rejoiced my very soul.

20 To see him stand on Pisgah's height
And view the promised land,
And holding God's truth up
Here in this Gospel plan.

21 I never saw that man before,
On Pisgah's top he stood,
He made the Gospel trumpet sound
To warn them in the wood.

22 He soon became a ranger bold
The Gospel to display,
The truths of God did not withhold,
But labored night and day.

23 After this his body was infirmed,
Which caused him for to cease,
But he still holds up
The free and sovereign grace.

24 'Come, bretheren, look upon my head,
What do you see me have?
You see me drawing near the cloud,
The tokens of the grave.

25 'When I depart I'll leave you here,
I'll leave you with the Lord,
Oh, may we all henceforth
To be of one accord.

26 'And if I never see you more,
While we on earth remain,
Oh, may we meet on Canaan's shore,
And never part again.

27 'There we will join and sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace,
So, bretheren, now farewell.'

28 And now advanced to a great age,
Almost three score and ten,
Ere long when I shall quit the stage,
So I conclude, Amen.

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT

This is a famous old song which many know about, but without being able to repeat any portion of it. Its extreme length of one hundred and thirty stanzas easily accounts for the difficulty of picking it up from singers. The following copy of the original, made by Leonard J. Thomas, 'only surviving son,' September 10, 1885, was loaned by Mrs. John Allen Somes, of Mount Desert, Maine, in August, 1926. It is reproduced faithfully except for the correction of two or three obvious minor errors of the copyist.

'The sketch of the life of Nicholas Thomas of Eden written by himself August 6, 1857, in the 78th year of his age, taken from minutes kept by him thro' the former part of his life.

'Children preserve this record to show to your children and friends.

'NICHOLAS THOMAS.'

1 In the year eighty I was born
In the town of Mount Desert
That lieth in the State of Maine
Of which it makes a part.

2 I in fair Eden was brought up
And learned to work and play
'Tis bounded South by Mount Desert
And North by Frenchman's Bay.

3 My mother's name was Lucy Somes
As you may understand
From Glous'ter they first removed
Their harbor was Cape Ann.

4 With pleasant gales they set all sail
In the year A.D. Seventy three
The wind increased they sailed East
A wilderness to see.

5 I understand they made the land
Not far from Cranberry Isle
Up Somes Sound their way they found
And anchored there awhile.

6 Their ship they moor and went on shore
And took a full possession
Of George's land on every hand
And deemed it no transgression.

7 And had not George, the British King
Disturbed their corporation,
In time to come they would increased
And multiplied a Nation.

8 But I'll return and fix my mind
On facts that's more pertaining
Unto myself throughout my life,
While lame I'm still remaining.

9 In ninety-two my mother died,
I keep that day in mind
'Twas on the eighteenth day of March
When the sun was near the line.

10 My father lived a single life
About a half a year
Then married Jane a second wife
Which filled my mind with fear.

11 I feared in her I should not find
The mother I had lost
For she was kind in all her ways and
Virtuous precepts taught.

12 In ninety-three two sisters dear
Likewise a brother too,
Was called away by sudden death
To bid this world adieu.

13 In one wide grave they three were laid
They died within one week
And no Physician could be found
To give the least relief.

14 Then out of six within one week
We were reduced to three
But I was one that still was saved
A lengthened life to see.

15 Now up to seventy years and six
My life has been prolonged,
While millions of the human race
Have sickened, died and gone.

16 Upon a farm I was brought up
And learned to plow and hoe
To use the pitchfork, scythe and rake
And after cows to go.

17 I learned to milk when very young
Not over twelve years old
And have continued in that course
Through seasons heat and cold.

18 Up to this time, I'm still inclined
To tend around the Barn
And feed the cattle, sheep and hens
Protecting them from harm.

19 To give them hay, day after day
And see they often drink
And see the calves they are not starved
I oft' times on them think.

20 I often thought when but a boy
If I was only free
What property I soon could make
By sailing on the sea.

21 The day at length it did arrive
And I was twenty one
I now enjoyed full liberty
Throughout this world to roam.

22 I first took up the coasting trade
And sailed along the shore
I sailed from Eastport to New York
And many places more.

23 My work was hard both night and day
I suffered heat and cold
I spared no pains made no delay
In search of glittering gold.

24 But seven years before the mast
Ship's duty I performed
But often times I thought and wished
I never had been born.

25 My captain he would curse and swear
Yes! curse me to my face
When I was doing all I could
To put things in their place.

26 O how I longed to see the day
When I should once command
Then I would take full liberty
In calling on the hands.

27 The day arrived and I was made
A Captain on the sea
But care and trouble followed on
There was no peace for me.

28 For four years more I tried my luck
I sailed along the shore
And freights of various kinds I took
For to increase my store.

29 Sometimes I got the best of freights
And sometimes not so good
Sometimes I freighted boards and plank
And sometimes Maple wood.

30 The Fall before the British war
I took a load of Plaster
Laid on the line, took coarse and fine,
Disasters followed after.

31 For Philadelphia we set sail
The wind at East was blowing
Which soon increased into a gale
And soon commenced to snowing.

32 We double reefed our lower sails
And for Cape Cod we steered
But fell to leward off the Cape
And Chatham lights appeared.

33 Across Nantucket Shoals we sailed
By soundings of the lead
And anchored safe in Holmes's Hole
Upon its sandy bed.

34 The wind at Northeast blew a gale
About the hour of noon
We lost an anchor, drifted up
On shore at the Lagoon.

35 I hired a crew to get her off,
They used both boat and barge
And soon we found our ship afloat
By six days working hard.

36 We found by beating on the shoals
Had caused our ship to leak
And that some Port for to discharge
We now were bound to seek.

37 Then for New York we set our sails
And sailed along the sound
We passed through Hurlgate on our way
And anchored off the town.

38 We sold our Plaster on the wharf
Got ready to return
The wind and weather proving fair
We now set sail for home.

39 We crossed Nantucket Shoals once more
With fair and pleasant gales
While one kept heaving of the lead
The others trimmed the sails.

40 The Pollock Rip we safely past
And hauled up for Cape Cod
We shortly met the Northern sea
Our ship began to nod.

41 The wind it quickly died away
Then came in with a squall
Which carried spars and sails away
With shrouds and lanyards all.

42 And now before the wind and sea
We send our shattered Bark
A cargo we had none on board
Unlike to Noah's Ark.

43 We drove about from East to West
Before the sea and wind
Our terror I cannot express
We feared a fatal end.

44 For many days and many nights
The furious gale did blow
The waves ran high toward the sky
Our ship rolled to and fro.

45 When thirty days had passed away
A sail we did espy
A signal flag we hoisted up
And hove our vessel by.

46 And soon we had the pleasant sight
A schooner bearing down
We hailed her from our Quarter Deck
To know where she was bound.

47 Her Captains name was Henry Tew
He proved to us a friend
He well supplied our present needs
And then conveyed us in.

48 His name I ever shall respect
So long as I have life
But death has taken him away
He left a tender wife.

49 For four days more we sailed on
And then we made the land
It proved the Island of St. Kitts
Upon our starboard hand.

50 And now anew we shaped our course
A harbor for to find
St. Thomas soon it did appear
A harbor to our mind.

51 For nineteen days we tarried there
Our vessel to refit
And brought up ballast, beef and bread
To last us for the trip.

52 Then from that harbor we set sail
And passed out by the Fort
To Carolina we were bound
On fair Columbia's Coast.

53 In ten days time we made the land
Not far from Charleston Bar
It was to us a pleasant sight
To find that we were there.

54 For nineteen days we tarried there
A cargo to obtain
We took in Cotton, Rice and wood
And soon we sailed again.

55 In twenty days we did arrive
In Massachusetts Bay
In Boston Harbor moored our ship
On March the twentieth day.

56 Our cargo we did then discharge
The wind it proving fair
We sailed our craft to Beverly
And then we left her there.

57 To Marblehead we soon did go
Took passage then for home
And likewise made a solemn vow
No more on seas to roam.

58 I to my family returned
And was rejoiced to see
My wife and children all were well
Long time they'd mourned for me.

59 They thought we'd perished in the sea
Where waves like mountains rise
But God by his divine decree
Had spared all our lives.

60 What can I render to that God
Who gave a safe return
That cheered my wife and children dear
Whose absence they had mourned.

61 Now I resolved to stay on shore
And go no more to sea
I thought to work upon the farm
How happy I should be.

62 I built a house, likewise a shed
To keep my cattle warm
I found my family in bread
That I raised on the farm.

63 But money I could not obtain
My taxes [for] to pay,
So I was led to think for once
To find some other way.

64 At trading soon I did commence
Set up a little store
And filled the same with merchandize
Of eighty pounds or more.

65 I kept but little goods on hand
But often sent for more
Tobacco was in good demand
And Spirits were quite sure.

66 For women's wear I kept a stock
That best would please the eye
For they were always sure to pay
And seldom known to lie.

67 A Tipling shop I also kept
For which I was to blame,
In every town it proves a curse,
In practice and in name.

68 It injures persons old and young
A Tipling shop to keep
They take the earnings of the poor
And widows cause to weep.

69 I prospered on a trading scale
But still was not content
I looked around on every hand
For something to invent.

70 And soon a windmill I contrived
To grind both wheat and corn
Eleazer was my grinding man
My hopes proved all forlorn.

71 For every peck of toll I got
For to increase my store
It cost me sixty cents a peck
And often something more.

72 I found I should not get rich
By grinding wheat and corn
I took it down unto its base
And made of it a Barn.

73 Into shipbuilding soon I went
For to increase my store
A Schooner of one hundred tons
And likewise fifty more.

74 She proved to be a lucky craft
Till she was two years old
Then took a squall and down she went
Upon Nantucket Shoals.

75 By her a thousand dollars lost
Hard earnings of my gain
I counted up the total cost
And nothing did remain.

76 Once more I thought I'd try my luck
Upon another rig
I with the Spurlings built a craft
And rigged her in a Brig.

77 For two long years she prospered well
And many voyages made
I got my freight in gold and Silver Crowns
But little up I laid.

78 To Martinique she being bound
A Hurricane she met
Which carried away both masts and spars
But did not her upset.

79 The captain, mate and all the crew
Were taken off the wreck
And put on board a British Brig
Which soon conveyed them back.

80 To Mount Desert from whence they sailed
Not many Weeks before
In safety back they all returned
Upon their native shore.

81 I next into the forest went
Shiptimber to procure
And then with oxen, carts and sleds
I hauled it to the shore.

82 I sent a crew into the yard
I gave them Rum and Beer,
They stoutly drank, did little work
My Brig she cost me dear.

83 At length we laid the launching plank
And launched her off the ways
I paid the crew for all their work
Their price was by the day.

84 Her measure was one hundred tons
And sixty seven more
We towed her Eastward to a point
And safely did her moor.

85 I made of her a full rigged Brig
While she laid on the shore
And named her the *Royal Arch*
Which name she always bore.

86 I found that I must fall in debt
By building of the Brig
It cost me much for iron work
And likewise much to rig.

87 I soon made up my mind to sell
She kept me in a pet
I thought she would bring enough
To pay my honest debts.

88 I sold her to some Boston men
They sailed her from the Bay
And I have never seen her since
And never got my pay.

89 Now I again had to return
And cultivate the earth
That I had been accustomed to
Yes! almost from my birth.

90 The farmer is as free from care
As any class I know
He eats, he drinks, he sleeps secure
Tho' furious gales may blow.

91 If you ask what my Politics
Throughout my life have been
I am a Democrat I answer
Dyed in the Wool and Skin.

92 I hold the Constitution
Of these United States
As sacred as the Bible
Of what it does relate.

93 And we the Yankee Nation
Are bound for to obey
That wholesome Constitution
Unto our dying day.

94 So let us be united
Our Country to defend
Support our Constitution
And ever prove its friend.

95 We have become a Nation
The world cannot subdue
So long as we are united
And keep our rights in view.

96 One Public Act which I have done
Of which I am proud to name
Our Constitution I did sign
Which rules the State of Maine.

97 I thank my townsmen for their choice
Which they bestowed on me
They trusted me with dearest rights
In a Convention free.

98 To Portland soon I did repair
With Delegates of Maine
For nineteen days we tarried there
Our Constitution framed.

99 I trust the same will long endure
A blessing may it prove
And all our Civil rights secure
In equity and love.

100 A Tan yard small I likewise had,
I bought up Hides and Bark
And took them often by their weight
But sometimes by their mark.

101 A master Tanner soon I found
George Hudson was his name
And one would think by his account
He was a Man of fame.

102 He told me much that he could do
In shaving down the hides
And what good leather he had made
I could not think he lied.

103 I gave him wages very high
For to instruct my sons
But he proved only full of noise
He proved an empty gun.

104 In one year's time I found him out
And settled off his bill
And then I sold the Tanworks out
Together with the mill.

105 Within that time I built a shop
And made up Boots and shoes
But still that proved like all my luck
For I was bound to lose.

106 I the Freemason's Order joined
And entered in the Lodge
I learned the Apron for to wear,
And likewise carried the Hod.

107 The trowel soon I learnt to use
And work by plumb and figure
So when the craft was hard at work
They often found me there.

108 From Step to Step I went ahead
Improving in the Art
I entered soon a Chapter Lodge
Became a Royal Arch.

109 There's many things both said & done
We Masons keep concealed
But those who enter in the Lodge
To them they are revealed.

110 Freemasonry has stood the test
For many thousand years
They help the Orphan in distress
And dries up the Widow's tears.

111 I went as Legislator
In twenty two and four
And tarried there the session
Of forty days or more.

112 Good laws and regulations
We for the people made
Then called upon the Treasurer
And all our bills were paid.

113 I, in a garden take delight
To use the Spade and Hoe
And keep it clear of grass & weeds
So that the plants may grow.

114 I like to pluck delicious fruit
That grows upon the vine
And press the juices of the grape
To make a pleasant wine.

115 Thus many years have passed away
And I have lived to see
My sons and daughters married well
O, happy may they be.

116 Eleven children we have had
But seven now remain
The other four have passed away
We could not them retain.

117 For twenty years I with my son
Have worked about the farm
He takes the lead and goes ahead
And I keep following on.

118 But death has taken him away
And left me here to mourn
I know I soon must follow him
But he will not return.

119 I live with Bancroft Thomas now
He is my younger son
I trust he will provide for us
Until our days are done.

120 Ive married persons old and young
Of Damsels many a score
One hundred as my Record saith
And fifty seven more.

121 I wish them joy and health thro' life
O happy may they be
Each man enjoy a tender wife
And living blessings see.

122 Now Ive no more to write or say
On the events of life
Ive lived in health for many years
So likewise has my wife.

123 Death strikes us all with solemn gloom
To think that we must part
With all our friends and kindred dear
When death shall say depart.

124 When I go hence I bid farewell
To all I leave behind
To children, friends and kindred dear
Likewise to all mankind.

125 O, may they prosper one and all
While they on earth remain
And with the labor of their hands
An honest living gain.

126 There's one thing more in place I did forget
Advice unto the young,
So I will add a word or two
Then close this lengthy song.

127 Dont never take up drinking Rum
Tobacco never chew
Dont take the snuff or use the pipe
But bid them all adieu.

128 For when a habit we have got
Tis hard for to refrain
And often we may take too much
And find ourselves to blame.

129 Thus I have wrote my journal through
And brought it to an end
Farewell, to all both friends and foes
So finis now, Amen.

130 Ive lived in Eden all my life
In District Number Four
My neighbors all are just and kind
What can I wish for more.

NICHOLAS THOMAS.

'Copied from the original, by Leonard J. Thomas, only surviving son.

'September 10, 1885.'

Should any one challenge 'The Life of Nicholas Thomas' as too long and too dull to be worth printing,

the reply is that it is one of the most adequate life-histories of a pioneer settler ever written. There is no other picture of life on Mount Desert so simple, so complete, so unbiased and so typical as this old song which Nicholas Thomas, the grandson of the first settler on Governor Bernard's land, composed for his children when he was enduring an enforced leisure from lameness. As a piece of historical writing it compares favorably with President Charles W. Eliot's 'John Gilley, Maine Farmer and Fisherman,' though nothing else could displace that noble tribute to 'the forgotten millions' for whose quiet, simple lives 'God made and upholds this earth.'

THE BEAR HUNTERS OF 1836

This song is famous in Mount Desert annals. According to Mr. Charles Wasgatt, of Everett, Massachusetts, a younger brother of the Asa Wasgatt mentioned in the song, the verses were written by the Reverend Levi C. Dunn, a Methodist preacher, and the printed copies contain several variations from the original. The lines are printed here according to Mr. Wasgatt's corrections of the printed copies. The original copy of this poem was given by Mrs. Newell Coolidge, of Lamoine, a daughter of David Hadley mentioned, to Mr. Eben M. Hamor, the antiquarian of Mount Desert, and by him published in the 'Bar Harbor Record,' March 8, 1900. More recently it has been reprinted in other Maine newspapers. Copies of the poem were furnished by Mrs. John Allen Somes, of Mount Desert, and Mrs. Ezra Lurvey, of Southwest Harbor. Mrs. J. Albert Lethiecq, of Brewer, loaned a copy of the notes written by Mr. Charles Wasgatt in correction and extension of Mr. Hamor's, which were printed in the 'Bar Harbor Record,' March 12, 1900.

Mr. Hamor wrote: 'I can remember the transaction and knew all of the men. They all belonged on Beech

Hill. They "took" the tracks near Beech Hill and followed them three [eight] miles or more, to a cave or den in the side of Seal Cove Mountain, where they killed the bears as told in the verses. . . . It seems to me that this account of this bear hunt is well worth preserving, as it shows the courage and perseverance of the actors. They were not conducted by trained guides, nor armed with double-barrelled guns or Mauser rifles, neither did they hunt for pleasure; but armed with their flint-lock muskets they hunted and killed to protect their flocks, their herds and their families from the depredations of the wild beasts that infested the almost unbroken forest of this island.'

1 'Twas in December's dreary month,
The snow lay on the ground,
When Wasgatt, travelling in the woods,
A track of bears he found.

2 Not being armed, he turned his back
And told two other men,
Who soon with him were on the track
Which led them to the den.

3 Hadley and Seavey were the two,
With Wasgatt and his son,
Who armed themselves for the pursuit
With axes, balls and gun.

4 They travel-ed for eight long miles
O'er mountains and through snow,
Determined, if 'twere possible,
To overtake the foe.

5 When to a mountain's craggy side,
This little band drew near,
Young Asa Wasgatt he espied
The den, 'twas dark and drear.

6 Hadley first entered with his gun,
He had no room to spare,
When two large eyeballs he beheld,
With bright and hideous glare.

7 So little air was in the place
That he could scarce get breath,
But he shot his gun at the old one
And laid her low in death.

8 He next retreated from the den,
To calm the others' fears,
But soon he entered in again
And took her by the ears.

9 Now Hadley's men, outside the cave,
In spite of wind or weather,
Laid hold of Hadley by the heels,
And hauled them out together.

10 But two fierce bears did yet remain
Within this gloomy cave,
And when the torches were all lit,
Young Wasgatt he proved brave.

11 With torch in hand he sought the bears
And found them in their lair;
Then Hadley entered with his gun
And fairly killed the pair.

12 The slaughtered beasts were all dragged out,
And brought into the town,
And the brave men who did the deed
Did gain a great renown.

13 Had this been done in ancient times
And by historians told,
Not Putnam's courage would exceed
This same adventure bold.

Mr. C. Wasgatt says that he and an older brother Thomas, when they were small boys living on Beech Hill, one day late in the fall found their sheep had been much frightened, and, on looking, found the hairs of a bear upon a fence through which the bear had pushed its way. Their father and older brother Asa were away from home, and the neighbors, whom they told about what they had seen, called it merely a small boys' tale. It was two weeks later when David Hadley, David Seavey, the elder Wasgatt, and his son Asa started on the bear hunt. In a sandy place they found the tracks of an old bear and two cubs, but the trail, covered and largely obliterated by two light snows, was hard to follow. 'They followed them around the head of the "great pond" and some distance northerly on the western side, when they struck across to Seal Cove Mountain,' where the bears denned in a cave in a tract of fallen timber. No tracks led to the cave, and it was found that 'the bears had leaped onto a fallen tree, then carefully walking the length of the tree had leaped to another, and then to another and another until within about twenty feet of the den, when they had made a final leap to the entrance, and all this distance avoided making any tracks on the ground.'

Mr. Wasgatt says the poem is not wholly accurate; for it confuses the return of the two small boys two weeks before the hunt, with Asa Wasgatt, who from the time the hunt started did not leave it. The old bear was only about six feet from the entrance of the den when Mr. Hadley fired. He then crawled in and took her by the ears, while the others dragged him out by the feet. They then shot the two cubs.

The bears had been near by some time before first reported by the Wasgatt boys. Mrs. Ezra Lurvey writes: 'They were killed about a mile from Ezra's father's old home. In September, before they were killed in December, Ezra's father, "about five years old" and his sister "about eight," met this old bear and her two cubs about

half a mile from home. The old bear got on her hind feet and chased the children clear home, with her two cubs running beside her. The sister, running backwards, noticed some peculiar spots on the old bear, which she recognized as being the same old bear.' It sometimes happens that Maine black bears will have white hairs, or spots of white, upon the brisket, which would be noticeable only when the animal rose on its hind legs, thus fully bearing out the accuracy of the tradition in the Lurvey family of the brave little girl who retreated from the bears, but cannot be said to have run away from them. The old bear, of course, was not attempting to catch the children, but only to scare them away from her berrying ground and her cubs. This story of the bears is so fully authenticated among the innumerable other bear stories, improbable and impossible, which are in print, that the details have been repeated. The scene of the story is in the vicinity of the pond now called on the maps 'Long Pond.' Beech Hill lies on the eastern side of it and the bears were killed on the western side upon what is now called 'Western Mountain.'

THE MOOSE HUNT

Written by 'Old Lynit,' of Gouldsboro, Maine, and printed in the 'Ellsworth American,' for April 11, 1856.

It was one chilly morn in March
I started for a ramble
O'er mountains and through forests wide,
Through brushwood and through bramble.
I shaped my course 'bout No'-Noath-East,
Right straight for Bogus Ledges;
The rout lay through a jungle deep
Of brooks and bogs and hedges.
My gun I carried on my back,
And in my hand a cleaver;
I wore my snow shoes on my feet —
Behind me followed 'Beaver.'

Thus all equipped, I took my leave,
All right for any fighting;
What I endured, heard and saw
Is here boiled down to writing.
When I had got a mile from home,
Perhaps a little shorter,
Old 'Beaver' he pricked up his ears,
And then began to snorter.
The brute would snarl and show his teeth,
His eyes like fire did glisten,
He'd bark and jump about a spell,
Then stand stock still and listen.
We soon did come upon a track,
Perhaps a moose or doe;
But what it was, and all the rest,
You all shall quickly know.
Old 'Beaver' made a horrid yelp,
Then started like a rocket;
The way I lifted my snow shoes
Was death to Davy Crockett.
I ran, I guess, 'bout seventeen miles,
And did not slack a hooter,
My aim was to get near enough
Then take my gun and shoot her.
I traveled over No. 7 [1]
'Till darkness gave me warning;
I stopped all night at Luther's Camp,
Till early the next morning.
My dog, I calculated then,
Was forty miles ahead O,
I kept the track across the heath
And Nahum's and Williams' meadow;
I followed on 'bout Nor-Nor-West,
O'er mountains, hills and valleys;
Now if I crossed the 'Boundary Line'
I'd have to join the allies.
But nevertheless I followed on
For seventeen nights and mornings;
I did not come upon the beast

[1] Township No. 7.

Until the eighteenth dawning!
I drove him in St. Lawrence stream
Close by the Quebec city;
The way my dog had wilted down
Was a tarnation pity!
He's run down to a whoppet now,
But once he was a whopper!
If any one has a good dog
I'd like right well to swap her!
I found the object of my chase,
And eagerly did grab it;
It was a moose at 'Bogus Heath,'
In Canada, a rabbit!
I sold his hide for four and six;[1]
His tallow was not there,
In fact, there was not half enough
To grease a dandy's hair.
The horns, I guess, were ten feet long, —
Here rested all my glory,
I packed and sent them by express
To Mrs. Queen Victoria!
I shouldered gun and moose meat then,
(This fact is quite alarming)
And when I got back home again
The folks had done their farming!
The meat was tough, would not go down
However long you chawed it;
I hauled it down to Guptill's mill
And into shingles sawed it!
And when I came to reckon up —
True as I hope to holler! —
I found by throwing out my time,
I'd gained a half a dollar!
Now folks may talk about the chase
And with loud words may praise it,
But when I want Moose meat again,
I'll buy a calf and raise it!

[1] *Four and six:* seventy-five cents.

CHINKAPIN

Written down by Mrs. Frank L. Higgins, Indian Point, Mount Desert Island, in 1926. She learned it fifty years before of Miss Mary Ann Carroll, now ninety-three years old, who learned it seventy-eight years ago from a newspaper copy. Miss Carroll for fifty-three years was a teacher on Mount Desert and this was one of the songs and stories with which she entertained her pupils. (She died November 29, 1926.)

1 Once there was a little boy,
He lived in a cottage by the wood;
It was at the end of the prairie wide
His father's cottage stood.

2 This little boy was fair and brave,
And he was good and true,
His father loved the little boy
And taught him all he knew.

3 He taught him first to read and write
And shoot an Indian bow,
And how to aim his rifle ball
At the heart of a buffalo.

4 He gave him a little pony, too,
And taught him how to ride
And to chase the wild horses when they flocked
Across the prairie wide.

5 This little boy rose every day
As soon as the sky was light,
And was off to hunt and shoot and ride
And follow the chase till night.

6 And he was dressed in a hunter's dress,
'Twas green from top to toe,
But his plume was black and his belt was red
And his pony white as snow.

7 He carried his rifle on his back,
In a tasseled cord 'twas slung;

His hunting horn was tipped with gold
And in his belt it hung.

8 His lassoo hung at his saddle-bow
And his spurs were bright and keen,
And a prettier hunter boy than he
On the prairie never was seen.

9 This boy got on his horse
And went to ride one day;
He stopped awhile at the village school
With the village boys to play.

10 And the village girls came out to see,
And they all admired him so
They gave him a name to know him by,
And they called him Captain *Beau.*

11 Now Captain Beau had a little friend
And his name was Chinkapin,
And he, the poor fellow, had never a dress
To go a-hunting in.

12 He had no rifle, nor cap, nor plume,
Nor hunter's belt, nor horn;
And he sat himself [down] and cried,
For his heart was all forlorn.

13 'Cheer up, cheer up,' said Captain Beau,
'And come tomorrow to me
And see what can be done for you;
Cheer up, my lad,' said he.

14 'We'll give the tanner ten buffalos
Tomorrow night, or less;
But anyway we'll give him enough
To pay for a hunter's dress.'

15 And so each day to the chase they went
And they bought the dresses next night,

And the cap was as green as Captain Beau's
And the spurs as sharp and bright.

16 And Chinkapin was happy and proud
But he had no horse to ride,
And as soon as he thought of that
He sat himself down and cried.

17 But Captain Beau bid him cry no more,
For said he, 'You foolish child,
There are horses enough for us all to ride
On the prairie running wild.

18 'Come down to me in your hunter's dress
Tomorrow before 'tis light,
And I'll warrant we'll catch you a famous horse
Before tomorrow night.'

19 So away they went next morning togetner
Far out on the prairie grass,
And they hadn't been out an hour before
They saw the wild horses pass.

20 And they found a tree where Chinkapin
Could climb in the boughs and hide,
And Captain Beau went after them
As fast as he could ride.

21 Now when the pony came near the herd,
They jumped and pranced and neighed,
And looked delighted, so prettily
The little white pony played.

22 And they always followed him round and round
Till at last they came to a stand
Right under the tree where Chinkapin lay
With lasso in his hand.

23 He tied one end of it hard and fast
To a stout old knotty bough,

And there came a fine horse right under him,
Says he, 'I'll noose him now.'

24 So he slipped one end of it over his head
And drew it fast and tight,
And the wild horse kicked and pranced in vain
And the rest ran out of sight.

25 The pony came up. 'Well done, my friend,
Well done,' said Captain Beau.
'Here's a fine gray horse; now
Didn't I tell you so?'

26 Now when the wild horse grew hungry and tired
He began to gentle and tame,
And the little boys left him there all night
And then with a saddle they came.

27 And put a bridle over his head
And quietly led him away,
And put him in the barn at home
And fed him on oats and hay.

28 Next day Captain Beau and Chinkapin
Rode down to the village again,
And the village all came out to see
The little brave hunter men.

29 And the village boys cried out, 'Well done,
Let's all be dressed up so
And ride in a troop with Chinkapin
And follow the Captain Beau.'

30 So every day they caught a horse
Till each little fellow had one
And they paid for the dresses with buffalo
As fast as the dresses were done.

31 And they blew their horns and cried 'Hurrah!'
Till the prairie rang with noise

And the prettiest troop in all the world
Was Captain Beau and his hunter boys.

After such a song as this should any one marvel that boys in those days wanted to run away from home and live on the prairies? It is true balladry, attuned to the child's imagination, but offering the same stimulus as the ancient bards, who told a good story and recognized no difficulties in the way of its realization. There are few better modern ballads than this little one of 'Chinkapin,' so vivid and so artless.

OF BALLADS AND BALLAD-MAKING

It seems not generally understood that you cannot have ballads without the raw ballad stuff to make them out of. The ballad in its day was as much news as the morning paper. It dealt with the staples of the 'front-page story' — crimes, tragedies, disasters, the recent wreck on the coast, the facts of the last murder, the details of the latest execution; but always *news*. Even the very old ballad, unless it was of a riddling or theological gesture, told a story. That the story happened to be sung for centuries, while the morning paper goes into the waste-basket in an hour, does not so much mean that the demand is different as that the supply to-day is vastly greater. There is always *newer* news to-day to crowd out the old; yet there is a certain sort of news which we may recognize as proper ballad stuff.

In support of the thesis we quote the following newspaper story of comparatively recent date to show that a contemporary version of the right sort of event may be substantially a ballad. This is a country correspondent's letter to a Bangor newspaper, describing a man-hunt in Maine, January 18, 1913. The writer was a young woman, Miss Mabel Squiers, whom we have met. She was only trying to give the facts; but observe how the story shapes itself along well-known ballad lines. It is the tale of a sheriff who had arrested a man for a minor offense; but the man was a deserter from the United States Navy, and rather than be taken back he turned upon the officer and, without warning, shot him with a heavy revolver and then fled for the woods. Omitting head-lines the story runs as follows:

> The story of the Passadumkeag man hunt as told by one of the hunters of the assassin of Maurice Bean, con-

stable of Passadumkeag, while trying to arrest him for forgery at Hotel Phœnix in Passadumkeag on January 18, sounds peculiarly strange to this section. The spirit of the hunt was very much like that of a wolf hunt in old days, the men carrying rifles and looking as if they would use them if necessary.

The hunt was led by citizens and not by officers. The one man who followed the track all the way, through swamps, across lakes and over hills, ever relentlessly pursuing the trail, was Jim Bowden of Passadumkeag. He was accompanied about half the time by Jack Weart of Passadumkeag and the rest of the way by Charles Darling of Enfield.

The route taken was up the river road half a mile, through the woods to the railroad, up the track to within half a mile of Enfield station, through the woods to Cold Stream Lake, following the south shore several miles, then through the woods to the Vinegar Hill road in Lowell. Here the track was taken by Labree and Smart, who in the meantime had secured doughnuts at a farm house, which they had eaten as they climbed the hill. They were refreshed and ready for double quick time, and at a house where the fugitive had stopped to get a lunch, they were just ten minutes behind him, with Joe Laing and Willis McGowan (who had gone over the road with a team) ahead.

The man next called at Lloyd Fox's in Lowell and asked, 'Are there any men here?' Receiving an answer, he started across the field, going along the edge of some bushes, still going toward Lowell.

Mrs. Fox telephoned her husband at his shop a mile from his home and he got into Rufus Page's team and was driven quickly home, missing the man while he was in the field. Mr. Page took Labree and Smart in his team and carried them back to the finish, which came soon.

After Page's team went by with Fox, the outlaw came up into the road just in time to be seen by Laing and McGowan, this being the first time he had been seen by any of his pursuers, who were coming back from Lowell. As he stepped into the road, Laing leaped from the sleigh

with a 40–65 rifle in his hand and called on him to halt, but he broke for the woods which were only a few rods distant, and as he ran, Laing, after calling to him several times to stop, fired three shots at him, none, however, taking effect.

The race was now an uneven one, for Laing is fleet of foot and was fresh, having come several miles in a team, while the fugitive was nearly exhausted.

As he entered the woods, the fugitive placed his revolver to his head and fired. He had not fired a shot at his pursuers. The bullet entered the top of his brain and he was unconscious when his pursuers reached him and did not regain consciousness although he lived an hour and a quarter.

He fell on his face and laid until Mr. Smart came up and turned him over and took the revolver from his hand. In it were four loaded cartridges and two empty shells.

About five minutes after the shooting, Dr. Laura M. Preble, of West Enfield, arrived on the scene with a rifle in her sleigh. The wounded man was taken in the doctor's sleigh to Fox's blacksmith shop where the doctor dressed his wound and did all for him that could be done.

The way that the people turned out to hunt and helped when called upon at houses for information or to use the telephone is worthy of much praise. Many men were in the hunt, and below is a list of those who were seen by the writer. After the man died, Mr. Smart turned him over to Coroner Haskell of Lincoln, who took him to Spencer's undertaking rooms at West Enfield.

The list of pursuers included Joe Laing, Will Labree, J. J. Smart, Willis McGowan, James Bowden, Charles Darling, Jack Weart, George Leonard, George Whittier, Bert Knowlton, Paul Hannaman, Lon Spearen, James Cutler, Will Dennis, Ernest Tinkham, Harry Tourtelotte, Fred Burgess, Silas Hodgdon, Will Gray, Eddie Gray, George Dolley, Constable Lawrence, J. W. Haskell, Edwin Doane, Lawrence Witham, Charles Morris, O. H. Wakefield, Harry Wakefield, Deputy Gillis, Rufus Page, Lloyd Fox, Laura Preble, Al Kimball.

Several men whose names were not known were met

and the *Commercial's* informer may have overlooked some whom he did not know, but he tried to get it right.

The whole story belongs back with 'Kinmont Willie' and 'Clym of the Clough' — the sheriff shot down treacherously by the deserter, the flight of the armed assassin in midwinter into a wild wooded country, the quick gathering of all the deer-hunters in the region and their hard hunt upon the murderer's track in the snow, relaying each other, holding to it like hounds, hunting in couples so that, though the fugitive might kill one, he could never get both of a brace, even the woman doctor with a rifle beside her following the chase.

When this clipping was shown Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, with the comment that it was 'good ballad stuff,' his comment was, 'It is not only the spirit that is there; it is the ballad itself.'

We have here the ballad spirit, the ballad material, and the endorsement of an expert in literary criticism, saying that it is a ballad. It has also passed through a stage which the experienced writer will say is of great help in giving dramatic form to a story; that is, before being written down, it has been through the mind of an individual who has sorted the material and put his own imprint upon it before he tells it to the scribe. No material is so good for use, the literary artist will admit, as that which some one else has already trimmed of its non-essentials and put into partial perspective. Even Shakespeare got his stories in this way. This is the process which brings out the romantic element of a story — this and not the notion that the romantic deals with 'old, forgotten, far-off things.' One reason why so many romantic novels are cast in the first person, as told by an observer, who either is not essential to the tale or by one who recalls his own experiences long since past, is to give this look of mellow romance to raw material. The old ballad-maker, speaking full and by, did not use old

stories, but took those already colored for him by some one else and turned them into verse. This newspaper prose ballad is similarly shaped by one who had already rejected much that was not essential or dramatic. The reporter got it at just the stage when it should have crystallized into verse. Apparently all that prevented 'The Man-Hunt of Sheriff Bean's Slayer' from being a fine old ballad was the decline of ballad-singing in the countryside.

The present extinction of balladry is more economic than sentimental. When songs were in demand, they meant a living to some man who could sing well enough to be paid for doing it. The blind old harper was earning a living by his singing and song-making; the broadside-maker of later date was working for money. Balladry died when ballads ceased to be paid for in some fashion, even if only by food and lodging. In the present instance the newspaper gave the facts to more people and more promptly than any song carried about by broadsides or by strolling singers could have done. And the next day the paper would bring another story equally engrossing; so why trouble to make and learn a song?

It is not so much the extension of the art of reading and the cheapness and the abundance of print which have made the ballad out of date — for hundreds of years after printing was invented the ballad thrived — but a change from the supremacy of the ear to that of the eye. Improvements in artificial lighting have done more to hasten the decay of balladry than either education or newspapers. In the dawn of the world men and animals alike spent half the daily circle of the hours in darkness and for warning of danger depended upon smell and hearing. When by his edifices and weapons man had made the night hours more secure, he still had too little light during his hours of relaxation and amusement to make sight as pleasurable to him as hearing, and singing in concert or listening to a singer was at once instruction

and entertainment. Singing was the door to the primitive man's mind. To-day the appeal to the eye is dominant. Print and pictures, produced in quantity, instantly comprehended, always available by the new lighting which has banished the hours of darkness, have made sight the sense of preëminence. The business of entertaining, which formerly was that of the singer and player, has become vastly more profitable in the exploitation of the silver screen. The ballad has no place in an age of consolidation and machine-directed industry. Small, primitive, like a wild plant persisting as long as it had its native environment, but unable to cope with changed conditions, it went out by economic necessity, and now, even when we have the ballad stuff at hand, it is no longer moulded into ballads except where life approaches its old simplicity.

THE END

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